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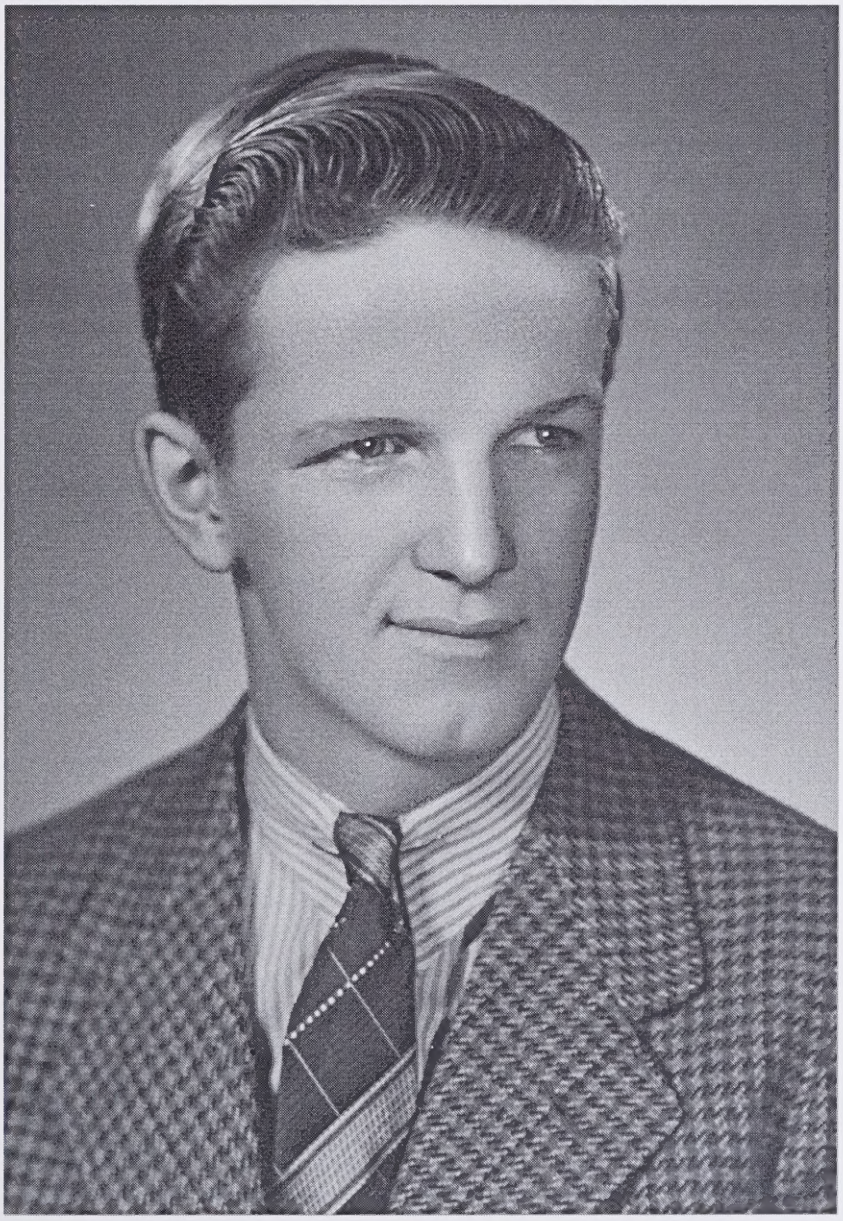
CHAPTER TWO: RECENT EMIGRANTS
THE ANCESTRY OF ALBERT WILLIAM HOFMANN
PATERNAL GRANDFATHER OF MATTHEW AND NATHANIEL HOFMANN

MIT HERZEL, GRUSSEN UND KUSSEN

(With regards, greetings, and kisses--concluding phrase in correspondence used by our German relatives)



PATERNAL ANCESTORS OF MATTHEW AND NATHANIEL HOFMANN

Generation one	Generation two	Generation three	Generation four	Generation five
				adopted by #18 William Petersen
			#9 Wilm. Petersen (birth name Schwenin) B. October 13, 1904 Hamburg, Germany M. Kurt Hofmann M. James Adams D. July 28, 1972 Hammond, Indiana Children by Adams: Bonnie, Ralph	#19 Bertha Dahnke
				#16 Karl Hofmann B. June 15, 1874 Altenburg, Germany M. July 7, 1900 Hamburg, Germany D. January 8, 1955 Hamburg, Germany
#1 Matthew Hofmann B. Sept. 19, 1974 Logansport, In M. Heather Liviskie May 16, 1998 Chagrin Falls, Oh Ch. Ewan Alexander Liam Robert D.	#2 Allen Hofmann B. December 6, 1947 Hammond, In M. #3 Roberta Burns* September 7, 1968 S. Plainfield, N.J. D.	#4 Albert Hofmann B. November 21, 1926 Gary, Indiana M.#5 Bonnie Gibbs* June 11, 1945 Wichita Falls, Texas D.	# 8 Kurt Hofmann B. May 9, 1901 Hamburg, Germany M. Wilm. Petersen M. Kathryn Yuriga D. June 7, 1971 Bass Lake, Indiana	
#1 Nathaniel Greene B. July 19, 1976 Logansport, In M. Lesley Schroeder M. Ch. D.				
	*Ancestry of Roberta Burns can be found in the Maternal Ancestry of Matthew and Nathaniel Hofmann	*Ancestry of Bonnie Gibbs can be found elsewhere in this book.		#17 Johanna Hartung B. September 16, 1876 Hamburg, Germany D. May 1, 1947 Hamburg, Germany

Generation Six (Carried over)	Generation Seven	Generation Eight	Generation Nine	Generation Ten
			#256Andreas Hofmann B. Dobitschen M. September 24, 1775	#512 Georg Hofmann B. Poderschau, Germ.
#38 John Dahnke		#128 Christ. Hofmann B. April 14, 1780 Dobitschen, Germany	#257 Sabina Scheffel	#514 Michael Scheffel
		#129 Sibilla Herold B. September 29, 1778 Kostitz, Germany	#258 Gottfried Herold B. Kostitz	
	#64Melchior Hofmann B. March 19, 1812 Dobitschen, Germany M. April 20, 1840 D.		#259 Sibilla Gabler	
#32Hermann Hofmann B. October 29, 1847 Dobitschen, Germany M. August 9, 1870 D. January 28, 1883 Hamburg, Germany		#130 Gottfried Brumme B. April 10, 1786 Burkersdorf, Germany M. May 31, 1808	#260 Christ. Brumme #261 Anna Schade	
	#65 Sophie Brumm B. June 7, 1814 Kertschutz, Germany	#131 Christina Gentsch	#262 Georg Gentsch	
	#66 Friedrich Stange of Oestlich, Holstein			
#33 Albertine Kath. Ehlerding B. April 13, 1848 Kranenburg/Unterelbe D. January 27, 1910	#67 Kath. Ehlerding B. October 18,1818 Kranenburg/Unterelbe D. March 18, 1885 Hamburg, Germany unmarried	#134 Jurgen Ehlerding B. March 19, 1784 M. April 11, 1815 Hechthausen, Germ.	#268 Johann Ehlerding B. Hannover, Germany #269Margreth Muggen	
		#135 Cath. Holthusen B. May 19, 1792 Kranenburg	#270 Hein. Holthusen #271 Marg. Hagenahs	
	#68 Franz Hartung B. November 17, 1804 Gieboldehausen, Germ. M. January 5, 1832	#136 Johann Hartung #137 Elisabeth Kaufner		
#34 Christian Hartung B. January 13, 1830 Gottingen, Germany M. 1) .Bertha Schumacher 2.) Auguste Puttfarken December 4, 1864 Moorfleth, Hamburg D. August 15, 1891	#69 Johanna Weber B. April 18, 1808 Gottingen, Germany	#138 Georg Weber #139 Maria Ribsam		
		#140 Johann Puttfarken		
	#70Heinrich Puttfarken B. October 11, 1810	#141 Anna Strokarck B. Hamburg, Germany		
#35Auguste Puttfarken B. July 13, 1841 Hamburg, Germany D. May 2, 1909				
	#71 Amalie Sternburg B. May 28, 1815	#142 Magnus Sternberg #143 Maria Petersen		

Current Generation	Generation one	Generation two	Generation three	Generation four	Generation five
Ewan Hofmann B. July 24, 2003 Indianapolis, In. Liam Hofmann------ B. January 4, 2006 Lafayette, In.	**#1 Matthew Hofmann** B. September 19, 1976 Logansport, In. M. Heather Liviskie Chagrin Falls, O D.	**#2 Allen Hofmann** B. Dec. 6, 1947 Hammond, In-------- M. Roberta Burns September 7, 1968 S. Plainfield, N.J. D.	**#4 Alb. Hofmann** B. Nov. 21, 1926 Gary, Indiana M. Bonnie Gibbs June 11, 1945 Wichita Falls, Tx D.	no issue	Bothilde Hofmann B. January 10, 1877 Hamburg, Germany M. Adolf Rathmann April 21, 1906 No children D. January 26, 1940 Hamburg, Germany
	#1 Nathaniel--------Hofmann B. July 19, 1976 Logansport, In M. Lesl. Schroeder Franklin, In M. D.	Karen Hofmann B. July 30, 1950 Hammond, In M. Tom Verplank February 22, 1969 Merrillville, In. M. Dom Pecararo May 2, 1975 LaGrange, Il M. Keith Fellers December 13, 1986 Cape Coral, Fl.	---------	**#8 Kurt Hofmann** B. May 9, 1901 Hamburg, Germany M. Wilm. Petersen M. Kathryn Yuriga D. June 7, 1971 Bass Lake, In	
no issue	Kelly Michael------- Verplank B. June 17, 1970 Hammond, In M. Dawn Shoop (?) April 1994 Walland, Tn. M. Amparo Elizondo October 15, 2005 Cape Coral, Fl			----------	**#16 Karl Hofmann** B. June 15, 1874 Altenburg, Germany M.Johanna Hartung July 7, 1900 Hamburg, Germany D. January 8, 1955
Jeremy Pecararo---- B. January 28, 1992 Cape Coral, Fl.	Brian Alan (Verplank) Pecararo B. Sept. 1, 1971 Hammond, In M. Shawn Tefteller (Jorden) February 2, 1991 Cape Coral, Fl.	Karl M. Hofmann--- B. July 15, 1960 San Diego Co., Ca.	½ brother of Albert Kurt Karl Hofmann B. January 25, 1937 Hammond, In M. Nelda Turk July 25, Vallejo, Ca.		
		no issue	Erich Hofmann----- B. January 16, 1936 M. Marina Van Mudlers September 14, 1979 Dilbeck, Belgium D.	Henry Hofmann B. Feb. 24, 1905 Hamburg, Germany M. Erna Lehmann October 26, 1929 Hamburg, Germany D. Dec. 5, 1985 Hamburg, Germ.	
DETAIL OF HOFMANN CHART					
	no issue	Anja Gehrt---------- B. Sept. 19, 1968 Wandsbek, Germ. M. Michael Bacher August 5, 2002 Spandau, Berlin, Germany D.	Jurgen Gehrt------ B. May 3, 1935 Wandsbek, Germ. M. Ilse Hinsch August 1, 1963 Hamburg-Rahlstedt, Germany D.	Karla Richter-------- B. July 8, 1907 Hamburg, Germany M. Ernst Gehrt July 7, 1928 D. Sept. 10, 1979 Wandsbek, Germ.	Hermine Hofmann B. May 23, 1883 Hamburg, Germany M. Robert Richter October 21, 1905 Hamburg, Germany D. December 23, 1936

Generation One	Generation Two	Generation Three	Generation Four	Generation Five	Generation Six
Daughter Miles	Martin Miles--------	Louise A. Seymour 1914-1995 M. —Miles	Emily Martin B. May 23, 1890 Hamburg, Germany M. George Seymour January 15, 1913 Detroit, Michigan D. October 7, 1979 Saline, Michigan—	by Bertha Schumacher Auguste B. March 28, 1857 Hamburg, Germany M. Johann Beu D. March 21, 1890 Buenos Aires, Argentina	Bertha Schumacher D. By 1864
	Nancy Crandall----- Elizabeth Crandall	Helen Seymour----- 1915 -2002 M. Deron. Crandall			
	Michael Kilian----- John Kilian Gerald Kilian Patricia Kilian	Jane E. Seymour 1917- M. Robert Kilian		by Auguste Puttfarken	
	Frederico Nogueira Marta Nogueira----- Ana Nogueira Adolfo Nogueira	Ana Timm---------- M. Leon. Nogueira	Emilia Naumann B. Sept. 24, 1892 Buenos Aires, Arg M. Fred. Timm D. Feb. 15, 1952 Buenos Aires, Arg.	Louise Frederica B. Dec. 14, 1865 Hamburg, Germany M. Charles Martin 1899, Hamburg D. January 25, 1938 Gary, Indiana	**#34 Christian Hartung** B. January 13, 1830 Gottingen, Germany M. 1) .Bertha Schumacher 2.) Auguste Puttfarken December 4, 1864 Moorfleth, Hamburg D. August 15, 1891
Enrique Velasquez- Ana Casani Augusto Casani Federico Casani Veronica Aguirre Martin Aguirre see applendix	Jorge Gualco-------- Carlos Gualco Elsa Gualco Norma Sala Casani Esther Sala Aguirre	Ida Timm 1914-1960 M. Vicente Gualco Margarita Timm M. Pedro Sala	Pablo Naumann B. Dec. 28, 1893 Buenos Aires, Arg M. Maria Gonsalez February 27, 1937 Buenos Aires, Arg. D. Dec. 23, 1956--- Buenos Aires, Arg.	Karl (mother unknown) No further info.	
	Erika Naumann ---	Pablo Naumann--- 1949-	Maria Naumann B. January 10, 1896 Buenos Aires, Arg. M. Jorge Girardo April 6, 1921 Buenos Aires, Arg. D. February 4, 1995 Buenos Aires, Arg.	Anna Christine B. Nov. 6, 1867 Hamburg, Germany M. August Paul Naumann February 6, 1891 Buenos Aires, Arg. D. August 27, 1927 Buenos Aires, Arg.	**#35 Auguste Puttfarken** B. July 13, 1841 Hamburg, Germany D. May 2, 1909
many Girardos See appendix	Federico Girardo Jorge Girardo Alicia Girardo Federico Girardo Irene Girardo Ana Girardo Eduardo Girardo Santiago Girardo Marta Girardo Luis Girardo Maria Girardo Felipe Girardo Juan Girardo & others	Jorge Girardo Federico Girardo Juan Girardo Carlos Girardo no issue	Ernestina Naumann B. Ca. 1902 Buenos Aires D. Sept. 12, 1905 Buenos Aires, Arg.	Emmi M. — Knobloch Nothing further known.	
Santiago Nocera Tomas Nocera Lucas Nocera	Elisa. Rouff Nocera Silvia Rouff	Renate Wagner----- M.-- Rouff	Ida Alina Naumann B. July 3, 1907 Buenos Aires, Arg M. Friedr. Wagner January 27, 1934 Buenos Aires, Arg. D. Sept. 21, 1987 Buenos Aires, Arg.		
	Gisela Fagaide Monica Wolfsteller Siegf. Wolfsteller Cynthia Wolfsteller Norb. Tossenberger Alej. Tossenberger Vanes Tossenberger & others	Gisela Wagner Marta Wagner Ula Alina Wagner Juana Wagner			
Matt Hofmann- **Nath. Hofmann**	**Allen Hofmann**	(Earlier chart) **Albert Hofmann**-- 1926-	**Kurt Hofmann**----- (see earlier chart)	**Justin Johanna** (See earlier Chart)	
Kelly Verplank------ Brian Verplank Pecararo	Karen Hofmann----- (Verplank, Pecararo, Fellers)	Kurt Karl Hofmann 1937-			
	Karl M. Hofmann--			Martha (?)	
	no issue	Erich Hofmann----- 1936-	Henry Hofmann (see earlier chart)		

DETAIL OF HARTUNG CHART

#4 ALBERT WILLIAM HOFMANN (1926-)

Albert ("Al") William Hofmann was born in Gary, Indiana, on November 21, 1926, to immigrant parents from Germany. I have several primary sources of information about him, the most significant of which is an interview which took place at his home in December of 1996 and another which took place years earlier with both him and his wife, Bonnie Jean Gibbs. Another significant source is the autobiography which he wrote in 2004. In addition to those sources I also have three travel journals which he kept.

As I believe it is best that he speak for himself about himself, I have reproduced all those interviews and journals in their entireties here with the single exception of the interview that he gave with Bonnie which will appear within her biography in the Gibbs chapter of this genealogy.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: 2004, Cape Coral, Florida

My earliest recollection is that of being four years of age when my Grandmother came to the United States all by herself. I can see the headlight of the train coming into the station in Gary Indiana in the winter of 1930-1931. This little old lady that could not speak English got off and gave me a big hug. I think her luggage was bigger than she was. My grandfather had been killed by falling off one of the big ships in the Hamburg Germany harbor where he worked. Within two years of her arrival my Mom and Dad had gotten a divorce and the custody/support battles began. Mom, Grandma Petersen and I moved to Hammond Indiana because my Mom had a frightening experience in Gary when she was down in the basement of our apartment doing laundry and a black man walked in and walked toward her. She screamed for my dad who wasn't even there and the man ran out. I always wonder if the guy wasn't a meter reader or something like that and meant her no harm. In Hammond we lived in a second floor walkup over a grocery and motorcycle shop. I remember one night I "lost" Mom and Grandma and went out to look for them in bare feet and only my pajamas. I had gotten about three blocks down very busy Calumet Avenue and was in front of the Graham/Auburn dealership and there were people inside. They came out, took me in and took me back home in a new automobile. Mom and Gram had been playing cards with a German couple that lived down the hall and when they checked on me they found that I was gone. I don't remember getting spanked or anything but I sure deserved it.

We moved closer to Lafayette School, still on Calumet Avenue, and again we were on the second floor over a store. Mom had gotten a job as a secretary for the German-American Lloyd Ship Line in Hammond so we did pretty good foodwise. While Mom was working, Grandma took care of the apartment and did the cooking and she would bake a cake and then her and I would jump up and down on the floor to make the cake fall in the center because I really liked the gooey center that this produced. Mom was always after Dad to increase the support money from $3.50 weekly to at least $5.00 and one time promised me a BB gun if I would lie and tell the Judge how bad my Dad was. I was taken into his chambers and I think he realized that I had been rehearsed because Mom did not get her money and I didn't get my BB gun! One day I got up from the dinner table and just had to show them how well I could do tumbling. I broke open a big growth on my back and started bleeding profusely. I didn't know how we got to St. Margaret Hospital, which was quite some distance away but I did find out that one of Hammond's best surgeons, Dr. Jones, happened to be there and he offered to

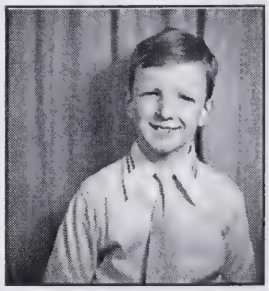
do the operation. I guess he knew we were not able to pay so he did my back, flopped me over and did my tonsils and adenoids and never charged Mom a thing. I was released the next morning and there was no way to get me home so they borrowed a baby buggy and pushed me all the way home in it. I made them put the cover on so no one would see me in this mortifying situation. Mom also started dating and I guess that is when Grandma and I moved out. I guess an eight-year-old kid can cramp your style, especially in those days. I had learned German, so I became Grandma's interpreter.

Grandma and I moved to Wilcox Avenue. I transferred from Lafayette School to Columbia School and went there til I was 12. In those days female teachers were not allowed to marry and I guess they channeled all their efforts into teaching because I had some awfully good teachers. Grandma and I lived in a little two-story house that was converted from a stable/carriage house that was subsidized by the local township trustee welfare office. We received $5.00 monthly for food and bought all our food at the local IGA Store. I can still see the checkout lady today with her blonde hair. She would sometimes slip in a piece of candy and wink at me if no one was looking. In the evening after closing, we would go out in back of the store to see what vegetables they had thrown out and we would take them home for extra food. I remember how mad Grandma would get when we found turnips back there. She had gone through World War I and had learned how to fix turnips so many different ways that you could not believe it but she sure had gotten sick of them. I was always as glad as she was upset to see them. Due to the lack of refrigeration (ice boxes!) milk did not keep for very long. She would pour the old milk out in a bowl and let it "clabber" and we would eat it on bread or just with a spoon after putting a little sugar on it. We also used grease from the frying of foods as butter because we could not afford to buy that on our meager allowance.

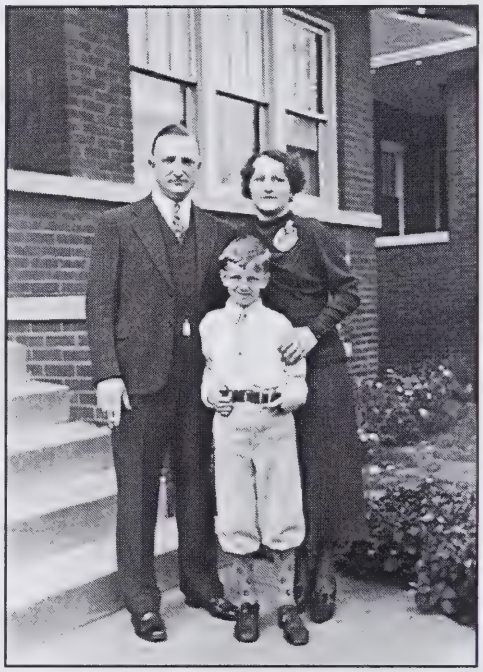
I guess Grandma and I had it pretty tough although I did not know it at the time. We got very little coal for our stove that sat in the middle of the living room downstairs and we banked the fire every night and then in the morning ran like heck down again to stoke it back up. I wonder why those days seemed so much colder than today? I always wondered why I was so bad that I was sent to bed without dinner so often– now I realize that on that day there was no food! I can remember that Christmastime was a tough time because there was just not enough to go around. I didn't realize that till many years later. At Christmas time I got a lump of coal many nights for being bad and other nights I

Opposite top: Al and his father
Opposite, bottom: Al
This page, top left, Al and his father
This page, top right: the building in which Al lived in 1931 on Calumet Avenue, in Hammond, Indiana
This page, bottom: Al

would get a piece of fruit or some other goodie for having been good. Yep, the lump of coal was all there was. Speaking of coal, every Christmas I looked forward to going down to the Township Trustee office for my Christmas present (the only one I would usually get) and I can still see the repainted Greyhound Coaster Wagon that had been fixed up and painted by the fire department. I told Grandma that this was the best Christmas I had ever seen because now we could pull the wagon down to the Erie yards and get the coal that we had seen lying on the ground where the steam engine hostlers would shake the fires down and throw out the clinkers. When the engine hostlers would see what we were doing they would throw out coal to us and we couldn't thank them enough for their kindness.



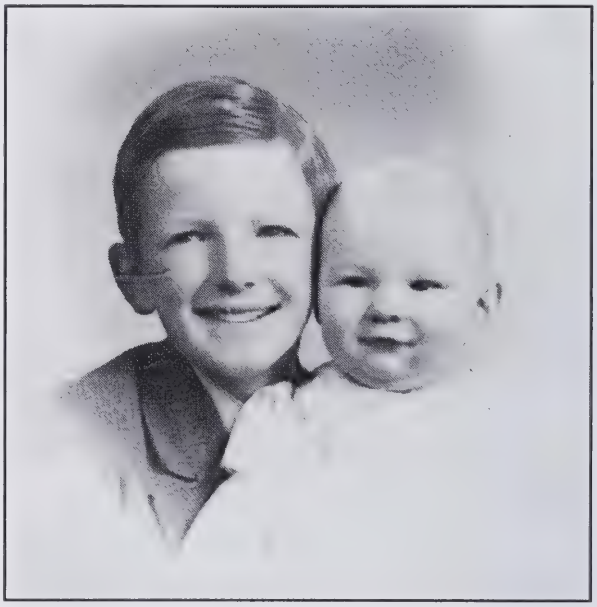
Due to our friendship with other German people, we started going to the German/American Bund meetings at one of the local churches a couple of miles away. The reason for going was due to the fact that they served a meal after you sat through the Nazi propaganda meetings. I wanted no part of the boys' camp they had in Michigan, and thankfully, neither did Grandma. Our friend, the one down the hall at our first apartment, that got us involved in all this was made the head of the local Bund because when war broke on December 7, 1941, all the Nazi higher ups had already high tailed it back to Germany and left him holding the bag which caused him to get interned for awhile. The poor guy was exonerated, I think, due to the publicity in the *Hammond Times* stating that he was just a dupe and nothing but a maintenance man at the hospital. The FBI checked on us because of Mom's connection with the shipping company offices, which were suspected of being a Nazi front and our going to the meetings. However, Mom told us that we had been completely cleared and for us not to be worried about it.



Due to my desire for money, I got a job setting pins in the local bowling alley. I got five cents a line and learned the only way to go was to set "double" and earn twice as much even if it was very tiring. They made us get Social Security Cards and I started paying my FICA money very early in life. We got paid every night after the last bowlers left and then I would walk home from there.

Mom had gotten married again and after a couple of years Grandma and I moved in with them. Her husband was someone that I just could not call Dad, so he became Uncle Jim and that is the way that I still remember him to this day. We moved to the North side of Hammond and I can still see how my stepfather got car jacks from the B&O Railroad where he worked, and with a crew jacked the house up and then had a black man from East Chicago dig out to make a basement. The man dug the basement out with his horse and a big scoop that he walked behind. That was the way it was done in those days. It's a wonder the house didn't collapse with all that sand it was sitting on. Although I should have gone to a different school due to moving, I was able to keep going because my Columbia School teacher also lived on the North side and I would walk to her house every morning and ride with her to school. This went on for almost two years and then she was getting married and had to quit, so I lost my ride and was found out for being in the wrong school area and had to go to Irving school for a year.

We had lived there for a couple of years and then moved to a big house in the better part of Hammond. It had seven huge rooms on two floors. At that time I had one morning paper route and carried two evening ones. I remember when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor to start WWII and I went down to the newspaper distributor to pick up a special wartime edition of the *Chicago Daily News*. I sold papers right off of my bicycle to people on the street and in their cars. I had people at the traffic light that would give me a dollar for the paper, get the green light, and drive off leaving me a heck of a tip. Then Uncle Jim told me I was almost 14 and it was time to start earning my keep around there. So after my paper routes and dinner I would work with Uncle Jim and the guys that he hired part time from the railroad til late in the evening and we turned that house into an apartment building. We took the beautiful inside staircase, turned it against an outside wall, cut a hole for an outside entrance door, and put up a wall against the stairs. We created two apartments upstairs, made an apartment in the basement for Grandma and I and later on, even took the garage and converted it into a little rental house. Later he added on a kitchen, bath and bedroom in the back of the house. The bedroom was supposed to be for us but neither Bonnie nor I trusted



This page, from top to bottom: Al, Al with his father and step-mother, Al with his step-brother Kurt Karl. Next page: Al's step-father James Adams and his house, which was covered with *insulbrick*, a thick tar paper that served as insulation in the days when Al lived there with him.

him so we declined the offer of the bedroom that he had supposedly made just for us. All this remodeling was a good learning experience for me so that in my adult years I was able to do any job needed in my own home.

I did not do that well in High School. I guess because of working so much, very little sleep and so little time for studying. When I was fifteen I worked the night shift on the railroad, went to school days and even got a job after school in a local garage and parts distributor. During the school summer vacation time this gave me the opportunity to work full time on the railroad and full time at the garage. All the parts delivery people there were women because of the shortage of men due to the war. One of these ladies had a daughter that would come there after school to get a ride home. I can still see her there sitting in the waiting room with her sailor hat on her head. I used to find all kinds of reasons to go to the front of the building where she was and say hello. Finally I got the nerve up to ask her out. We went on our first date on September 4, 1943 and I told myself that I was going to marry this girl and I did! I did not want that first night to end, so we even walked down to Harrison Park, sat on a bench by the tennis courts and watched a non-existent tennis match at ten o'clock at night. I fell in love that night with Bonnie and have stayed so for the rest of my life.

Living with Uncle Jim was pretty tough. He was a man who knew nothing but work. He never seemed to tire or run out of steam. He also was very opinionated about things that he really knew nothing about. He formed his own opinions about things and you just could not sway his thinking after that. I remember the time that he had bought some antifreeze that I had just read about that was no good and was very inflammable. He had bought it and I was going to put it in my car and reimburse him for it–NOW. I refused and he beat the daylights out of me with a yardstick and by god I put that stuff in my car and paid him for it or I was not going to leave the house and see Bonnie. Needless to say, I got as far as the fire station on Calumet Avenue and Conkey Street and when I hit the brakes the radiator fluid sloshed out, caught on fire and I had a horrible blaze going immediately. I ran back to the fire department and we all went out to put out the fire but the car was on the other side of a train pulling out of the Erie yards and we could only stand helplessly watching the flames going up over the top of the boxcars. The garage I worked at let me work on my car there and I rewired it completely, rebuilt the burned items and they even re-cored my radiator for me. It had been a beautiful bright red 1935 Oldsmobile convertible and it was never the same again because they could not find matching paint for it to do the hood and front fenders.

I always had a car from the time I was 15 because of my jobs and the ability to get from home to Blue Island Illinois where I worked on the railroad. When I went to the service I had another convertible and this one was a 1936 Dodge. The doorsills were rotted out and I had them replaced with lead which I knew would never rust. Then I was classed as an incorrigible due to disciplinary problems at school and the military agreed to take me in before graduation, which was usually a no-no. Hammond High gave me my diploma and said GO! So I asked Uncle Jim to sell my car for me and he did. He sold it for double what I had bought it for and gave me back what I had paid for it and kept the rest to reimburse him for his trouble. Nice man.

I have also been asked to write my memories of my time in the service during World War II, and I will do it by going to my overseas photo album and trying to remember the things that happened to me during that period of time.

However, before I go to the album, let me tell you a little bit about my military experiences. When I was 15 I tried to enlist in the Navy but was found out before I got to Great Lakes and my Mom took me back home. I enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps while still in High School on March 9, 1944 but was not called to active duty till April 1945 and reported to Camp Atterbury in Indianapolis, Indiana for processing. I was pronounced fit and then sent by train to Sheppard Field in Wichita Falls, Texas. There I was in my heavy wool uniform in the Texas sun!

As I remember, the cars we rode in were old commuter cars with hard straw seats and we spent three days on this thing! Upon arrival we were given more comfortable khaki uniforms and life got just a little better. We were given all kinds of tests to see what our fitness was to serve in the Air Corps. They graded you from one to nine (they called them stanine scores) in the three categories of Pilot, Bombadier and Navigator. I had the good luck to get three nines and was immediately given the designation of Air Cadet. When I completed my basic training I was made a Drill Instructor until I was to be assigned to a school and I became one of the much-hated "Blue Beetles" with my blue helmet that I wore as a DI. This was a basic training base and the DI's were the real authority there. We did things that would not be allowed today. I can remember a group of real goof offs that I had and I took them out behind one of the mess halls and made them stand at attention till enough of them dropped from the heat that they would not give me any more trouble after that. I also assisted on the firing range and that is where I got my Tinnitis from all the noise of the rifles, pistols and machineguns being fired. Bonnie came down to visit me and yes, we got married and that was the end of my career as an air cadet. I was then washed out at the convenience of the government due to getting married, which was not allowed. I was then assigned to Teletype school at Scott Field in Belleville, Illinois. Although I only had a 50-mile pass I would hitch hike with some of the guys on weekends, the 300 miles to visit Bonnie and she finally came down to be with me, which was the end of my hitching rides home. I finished my training and was sent to the Replacement Depot in Greensboro, N. Carolina for shipment overseas. While there, on November 7, 1945 I re-enlisted for another year and was sent home as a sort of a re-enlistment reward and was able to be home for Christmas 1945. I then went overseas to the Mediterranean Theater of Operations and landed in the Naples Italy harbor. We went over on this old converted boat that had been used to ship bananas in the Caribbean with only 325 men on board and we were overcrowded! Some of us were assigned to KP Duty the first night out and we saw that this might be a good thing so we volunteered to do KP for the entire trip, which we did. We were given the old gun crew quarters for the rest of the trip. I won't go into some of our more gross experiences but I do remember one thing that really stands in my memory to this day. We had just pulled into Naples Harbor and were doing a final cleanup and I remember the people in boats begging for food and cigarettes. I thought I would be nice and dumped overboard many dozen boiled eggs into the water expecting them to float and of course, they did not float. You never saw so many upset Italians in all your life– they were starving and I threw all that food away!

Now on to my photo album. The inside front cover contains some of my ID cards from various places before and after arriving in Italy. The first page is the pictures that I carried in my wallet and a picture of one of the vehicles that my loaders drove with Bonnie's name on it while I was assigned to Rome, Italy. More about that later.

The next pages show me in the Greensboro, N. Carolina Replacement Depot waiting for orders to go overseas. Many of the guys went to the west coast to go to the Pacific area but my scores still stood me in good stead and I was ordered to Italy for assignment. The trip on the U.S.A.T. (United States Army Transport) J.W. McAndrews was not too bad since we had good quarters due to having volunteered for KP duty. Upon landing at Naples Harbor we were sent to the Naples Replacement Depot which was a site built by Mussolini for the 1942 Summer Olympics, which never happened due to the war in Europe. The complex was a beautiful place and we stayed in the areas that would have been designated for the Olympic entrants. I was asked to talk to some of the German prisoners because they had so many of them at that time and not enough people fluent in German for interrogation. All prisoners were interrogated to see if they were associated with any atrocities and if they were okay to return to Germany. We had a big bar in the enlisted men's club and the POW bartenders called me Herr Hofmann (a bit more respectful title than their normal Corporal, Sergeant or whatever rank the customer held) because they knew what I was doing and wanted to be on the good side of me and of course, I never had to pay for my drinks. Later I found out that all prisoners in Italy had been transferred to the prison camp in Pisa for processing for return or trial. They had one food riot there but it was quickly quelled by an MP battalion that we flew up there to handle it.

That didn't last very long and I was assigned to the 492nd Air Service Group in Rome Italy at Ciampino Air Base. That airport is still in operation today as Ciampino. I was part of a 13-man outfit, 5 officers and 8 enlisted men on this big Air Transport Command base. We were a part of a new group known as EATS (European Air Transport Service), which had routes all over Europe. We had jeeps, weapons carriers, command cars and four airplanes at our disposal. Not bad for such a small group. In fact, we were the envy of the ATC fellows that we had met because they had to

Al's barracks, and Al recovering from a severe sunburn in Italy.

Memorabilia from Al's childhood. On the this page, a newspaper clipping with announcements from Columbia School, his birth announcement, a spelling list he wrote out when he was ten, his 1944-1945 report card from his senior year, and a picture of Al in his scout uniform in 1937. On the opposite page are various items from his boy scout days and another column of Columbia School announcements.

COLUMBIA

Columbia school's intermediate chorus sang over radio station WWAE Monday morning. . . . The 4B-4A class has organized a travel club. . . . Miss Knapp's 1B-1A class is studying milk and making a model dairy. . . . Steve Vido leads his 2A-3B classmates in outside reading for the first six weeks period with five books read. . . Robert Ellis of 4A brought a complete Dutch costume to school. . . . Margaret Walker, 3A, is testing sand, loam and clay soils to see which soil is best for plants. . . . Officers for English elected in Miss Lewis' 6B room are Billy Smith, pronunciation, and Andrew Nelson, grammar. . . . Albert Hoffman visited Field Museum over the week-end. . . . New entries at Columbia in the 2B-2A room are Johnny Houser, from Rockford, Ill. and Jack Alsman from Lafayette school. . . . Walter and Oscar Horton, Wanda Lark and Virgene Poinsett of the 7B class have transferred to other schools during the past week.

Albert
Sept. 18. 1936
1. doesn't
2. wasn't
3. sew
4. ~~days~~ says
5. prove
6. laugh
7. haul
8. playground
9. playmate
10. women
11. woman
12. goote
13. vote
14. merry
15. erry
16. erry
17. rtzaw
18. law
19. aw
20. aw
21. aw

NAME OF PUPIL HOFMANN ALBERT
Last First Middle

Report for First Semester Adviser MR. HIGHTOWE

Teacher	Subject	1st Period Effort	Conduct	Scholarship	Days Absent	2nd Period Effort	Conduct
MR. WIPERT	SCIENCE VII	D	D	D	4		
MISS STRANGE	BUS. ENG VII	D	A	F	1		
MR. JACOBSON	PHYS. ED. II	B	B	A	3		
~~MR. BOYER~~	~~[illegible]~~						

stand inspection and on parade every Saturday and we were so bad that they put us in the transient area so no one would think we belonged on the base. The last day of the month the promotions would come through, the first was payday and the second was our monthly liquor ration and the next day turned out to be demotion day. I even made sergeant once for almost 48 hours. My duty was to have my civilian crew unload and load all the EATS aircraft that came to Rome. On a busy day we had as many as six arrivals and departures. I was responsible for weight and balance control, making sure that the planes were loaded safely and properly by using a slide rule that I was issued solely for that purpose. I had a slide rule for all of the different planes that were used for hauling troops and cargo by EATS. Once I was given the opportunity to see the Isle of Capri and one of my ATS buddies and I went there. It was really something to see and I do not regret having gone there. The rest of the guys in my outfit thought I was nuts for wanting to see it.

I saw many different aircraft while stationed in Rome and saw an awful lot of crashes also. We saw General Eisenhower's plane, the Sunflower II and the inaugural civilian flights of both Pan Am and TWA toward the end of my duty there. I even was able to get the world famous columnist Walter Lippman's signature, which I have given to my son, Allen. One of the pictures is of an observation plane (L4) that Lt. Joyal was hot-dogging with me in it. One of the other enlisted men and I used to taxi this thing over to the Administration building and the officers would log flight time in it to qualify for their flight pay if they needed it. The officers used to kid us about how careful and slow we were in bringing the plane over. So Lt. Joyal showed me how to taxi with the tail up off the ground, a gust of wind caught us and we flipped it on it's side and totaled the thing!

I saw history being made when the Italian Democrats and Communists voted to do away with the Monarchy on June 2, 1946. We had been restricted to base because of all the rioting and killings in Rome for over a week before the elections. King Umberto and his family went into exile and left our base in a small Italian Air Force plane to Switzerland on June 13, 1946. I remember the little boy I saw get on the plane who would now be King Vittorio Emmanuel if they still had the House of Savoy Monarchy.

We lost a B17 that was scheduled for the demolition area in Pisa, Italy, which we had stolen, put our C47 numbers on it and burned it up over Lyon, France and I am sure glad that we got out of that one okay. We had some of the guys get burned and one of the officers broke his leg. We ended up at Air Force Headquarters in Wiesbaden Germany over that one, scheduled for a court martial but we all got out of it okay with no one even being reprimanded. None of us enlisted personnel were even called in. I think there was a big cover-up for some reason. Don't know what happened to the plane itself and what damage it may have caused to the French countryside.

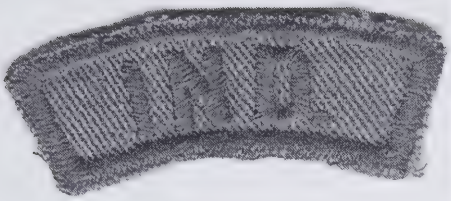
The big super carrier, the Franklin D. Roosevelt came into Naples harbor and many of their guys came up and landed at our base and went in to see what Rome looked like. We decided that we wanted to go down and see the carrier for ourselves so a bunch of us went in the A26 bomber that was assigned to us and would you believe? The carrier had pulled out of the bay so that the populace and dignitaries could see the fighters doing take offs and landings from the ship. So, we put our landing gear down and got into the flight pattern as if we were going to land and the back end of that ship lit up with all kinds of red lights and wave offs! It was fun and we did not get into trouble, but we sure sweated that one out.

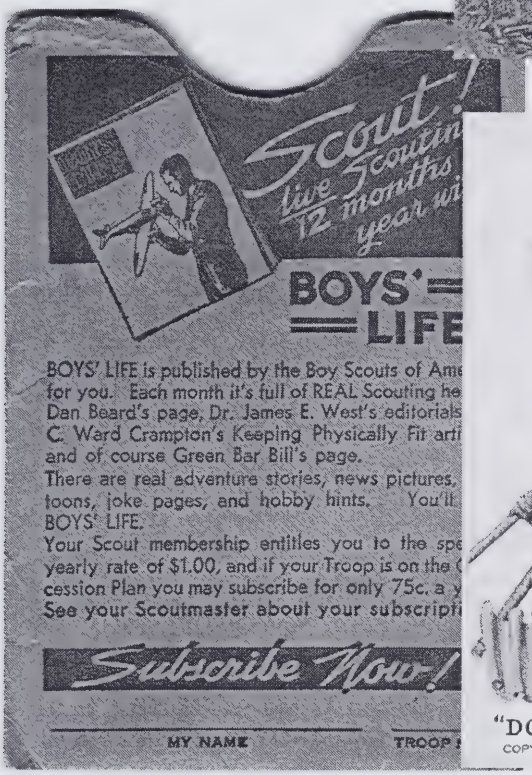
I remember our planes taking the USO people all over Europe to entertain the guys but the only USO troupe we got in the MTO (Mediterranean Theater of Operations) was Jess Willard and his four co-horts. Jess was the boxer that beat the much hated Jack Johnson, a black man that was not only disliked by the racists but also because the government was chasing him for importing women into the country for prostitution. Jess beat him in 26 rounds in Havana Cuba in 100 plus heat in 1915 and Jack Dempsey in turn beat Jess in 1919. They did a wrestling (he called it Rassling) exhibition for us and we all walked out before it was over. I think they had too much to drink before they started the show.

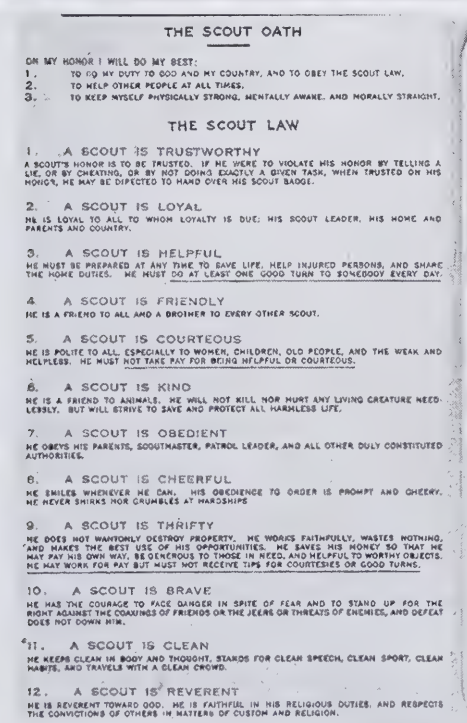
During the summer there was a rash of sunburn cases reported and the commanding officer of the base made an edict that anyone missing work or reporting to sick call with sunburn would be charged with "bad-time" against their record. One day I had lain out in the sun for about half an hour and rather than get burned I put a "GI" towel over my legs and lay out on a blanket. I got the worst burn of my life and still have the marks on my leg from the burn. The guys covered for me, brought my meals to me and covered for me with the unloading and loading. I did finally go to sick call when I healed up a little. They scared the daylights out of me threatening to amputate and I never went back again. In the fall the orders came out that we could wear "civvies" when off duty and off base. I went into Rome and went to a tailor and had him make me a sport coat and slacks for two packs of cigarettes. I really didn't enjoy them as much as I thought I would so that kind of died out, but it certainly was a novelty to wear them.

We had a five-man Army Courier squad that occupied the building next to my warehouse. They took papers and Government Documents all over Europe and to the USA. They had a really interesting job. They also had one very interesting vehicle. It was an olive drab 1936 Ford sedan that had the Italian insignia, the Swastika was painted over it and the American Star was painted over that on its' side door. One day they called me over to their office to see a package that was being sent to the USA on the next available flight. It had come down from Nuremberg and contained the pictures of all the Nazis that had been hanged including Hermann Goering with the noose lying on their chest. Later I found out that Goering had poisoned himself with a cyanide pill that he had secreted in his body cavity until he needed it.

The Nuremberg trials continued for some time after that and more Nazis were tried. I remember one day I walked into our terminal to pick up the loading manifest for one of my planes and I could not believe my eyes. Standing by our counter was a German General by the name of Kurt Malzer with his entire staff waiting to go to Nuremberg. There he was all spick and span with his Gray leather coat and his gloves. His staff also was completely dressed in their Nazi uniforms. I can still see them just as if it was yesterday and this was 57 years ago. I was told that he had caused many deaths in Rome and was going to be tried for them. I later found out that the 11th Company of the German 3rd Battalion of the S.S. Polizei Regiment 'Bozen', consisting of 156 men, were on their regular daily march through the streets of Rome to the Macao Barracks, when they became the target of the Italian underground movement. On March 23 (the 25th anniversary of the day Mussolini formed his Fascist Party) the police company was climbing the narrow Via Rasella when a bomb, placed in a road sweepers cart, exploded. Twenty-six SS policemen were killed instantly and sixty others wounded, two more died later. Some civilians were killed. The German Commandant of Rome, General Kurt Malzer, drunk and shrieking for revenge, ordered the arrest of all who lived on the street. Some 200 civilians were rounded up and turned over temporarily to the Italian authorities. Hitler, on hearing of the bombing, immediately ordered that 30 Italians were to be shot for every policeman killed. This number was later reduced to ten.







THE SCOUT OATH

ON MY HONOR I WILL DO MY BEST:
1. TO DO MY DUTY TO GOD AND MY COUNTRY, AND TO OBEY THE SCOUT LAW.
2. TO HELP OTHER PEOPLE AT ALL TIMES.
3. TO KEEP MYSELF PHYSICALLY STRONG, MENTALLY AWAKE, AND MORALLY STRAIGHT.

THE SCOUT LAW

1. A SCOUT IS TRUSTWORTHY
A SCOUT'S HONOR IS TO BE TRUSTED. IF HE WERE TO VIOLATE HIS HONOR BY TELLING A LIE, OR BY CHEATING, OR BY NOT DOING EXACTLY A GIVEN TASK, WHEN TRUSTED ON HIS HONOR, HE MAY BE DIRECTED TO HAND OVER HIS SCOUT BADGE.

2. A SCOUT IS LOYAL
HE IS LOYAL TO ALL TO WHOM LOYALTY IS DUE: HIS SCOUT LEADER, HIS HOME AND PARENTS AND COUNTRY.

3. A SCOUT IS HELPFUL
HE MUST BE PREPARED AT ANY TIME TO SAVE LIFE, HELP INJURED PERSONS, AND SHARE THE HOME DUTIES. HE MUST DO AT LEAST ONE GOOD TURN TO SOMEBODY EVERY DAY.

4. A SCOUT IS FRIENDLY
HE IS A FRIEND TO ALL AND A BROTHER TO EVERY OTHER SCOUT.

5. A SCOUT IS COURTEOUS
HE IS POLITE TO ALL, ESPECIALLY TO WOMEN, CHILDREN, OLD PEOPLE, AND THE WEAK AND HELPLESS. HE MUST NOT TAKE PAY FOR BEING HELPFUL OR COURTEOUS.

6. A SCOUT IS KIND
HE IS A FRIEND TO ANIMALS. HE WILL NOT KILL NOR HURT ANY LIVING CREATURE RECKLESSLY, BUT WILL STRIVE TO SAVE AND PROTECT ALL HARMLESS LIFE.

7. A SCOUT IS OBEDIENT
HE OBEYS HIS PARENTS, SCOUTMASTER, PATROL LEADER, AND ALL OTHER DULY CONSTITUTED AUTHORITIES.

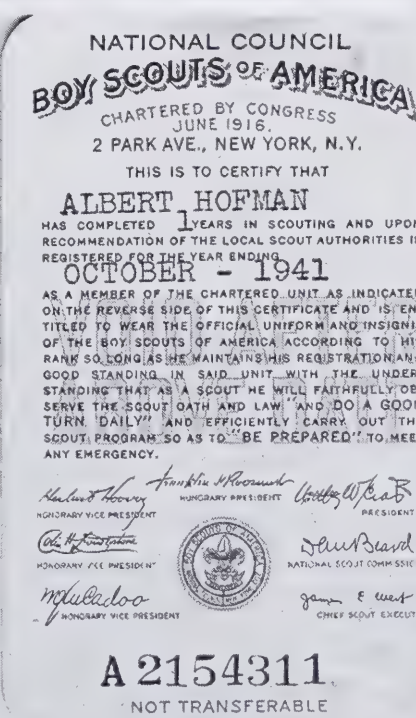
8. A SCOUT IS CHEERFUL
HE SMILES WHENEVER HE CAN. HIS OBEDIENCE TO ORDER IS PROMPT AND CHEERY. HE NEVER SHIRKS NOR GRUMBLES AT HARDSHIPS

9. A SCOUT IS THRIFTY
HE DOES NOT WANTONLY DESTROY PROPERTY. HE WORKS FAITHFULLY, WASTES NOTHING, AND MAKES THE BEST USE OF HIS OPPORTUNITIES. HE SAVES HIS MONEY SO THAT HE MAY PAY HIS OWN WAY, BE GENEROUS TO THOSE IN NEED, AND HELPFUL TO WORTHY OBJECTS. HE MAY WORK FOR PAY BUT MUST NOT RECEIVE TIPS FOR COURTESIES OR GOOD TURNS.

10. A SCOUT IS BRAVE
HE HAS THE COURAGE TO FACE DANGER IN SPITE OF FEAR AND TO STAND UP FOR THE RIGHT AGAINST THE COAXINGS OF FRIENDS OR THE JEERS OR THREATS OF ENEMIES, AND DEFEAT DOES NOT DOWN HIM.

11. A SCOUT IS CLEAN
HE KEEPS CLEAN IN BODY AND THOUGHT, STANDS FOR CLEAN SPEECH, CLEAN SPORT, CLEAN HABITS, AND TRAVELS WITH A CLEAN CROWD.

12. A SCOUT IS REVERENT
HE IS REVERENT TOWARD GOD. HE IS FAITHFUL IN HIS RELIGIOUS DUTIES, AND RESPECTS THE CONVICTIONS OF OTHERS IN MATTERS OF CUSTOM AND RELIGION.



NATIONAL COUNCIL
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
CHARTERED BY CONGRESS
JUNE 1916.
2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
ALBERT HOFMAN
HAS COMPLETED 1 YEARS IN SCOUTING AND UPON RECOMMENDATION OF THE LOCAL SCOUT AUTHORITIES IS REGISTERED FOR THE YEAR ENDING
OCTOBER - 1941
AS A MEMBER OF THE CHARTERED UNIT AS INDICATED ON THE REVERSE SIDE OF THIS CERTIFICATE AND IS ENTITLED TO WEAR THE OFFICIAL UNIFORM AND INSIGNIA OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA ACCORDING TO HIS RANK SO LONG AS HE MAINTAINS HIS REGISTRATION AND GOOD STANDING IN SAID UNIT WITH THE UNDERSTANDING THAT AS A SCOUT HE WILL FAITHFULLY OBSERVE THE SCOUT OATH AND LAW, "AND DO A GOOD TURN DAILY" AND EFFICIENTLY CARRY OUT THE SCOUT PROGRAM SO AS TO "BE PREPARED" TO MEET ANY EMERGENCY.

HONORARY VICE PRESIDENT
HONORARY PRESIDENT
PRESIDENT
HONORARY VICE PRESIDENT
NATIONAL SCOUT COMMISSIONER
HONORARY VICE PRESIDENT
CHIEF SCOUT EXECUTIVE

A 2154311
NOT TRANSFERABLE

E-MAIL in regards to the Boy Scout Patches pictured on this page
"That was when I was the Scribe for Troop 3, one of the oldest (troops) in Hammond. I wrote the articles to be posted in the *Hammond Times*. The other was the IND one that went under the city."

"I was thirteen and had already made Life, which is still just under Eagle. I had done Second and First Class, and then Star and Life in less than one year of scouting. They made me Assistant Scout Master and then my Scoutmaster, Mr. Prechtel got Cancer and died. We then had a problem. Disband one of the oldest troops in Hammond (we had the number 3) or I take over and have one of the fathers be there to be kind of overseer. This worked out till we moved and I had to give it up. I then dropped out of scouting and moved on."

COLUMBIA
Rite Off the Slate

An experiment with two white rats, to show the effect of a milk diet upon health, is being carried on by Miss Ellen Wallin's 4B class. . . . Betty Parker collected 23 kinds of leaves while spending a week-end at Starved Rock. . . . Miss Dorothy Pratt, who was graduated from Hammond high school last June, is serving as clerk in the school office this year. . . . Julius Lenz has replaced John H. Wills, recently moved to Morton school, as assistant custodian. . . . Victors in the school softball tournament were the members of the 8A squad who triumphed over the 3B1's in the finals. . . . A nature study field trip to study weeds, seeds, and leaves prived of interest to Miss Aldea Pepin's 1A students on Monday. . . . Lucy Jo Brusch, clerk in the schol office last year, has enrolled for study at Indiana university. . . . Bonita Vinyard is leading in the cooperation contest being held in Miss Dorothy's Graves' 4A room. . . . In the 8B1 English contest, the A's, captained by Catherine Grabill, are leading by a score of 3 to 2. In the 8B2 class, the C's, led by William Ware, are ahead by 5 to 2. . . . Leaders in the 4A spelling contest this week were David Bjorklund, Wilma Gerber, Violet Duke, Nick Galovic, Bonita Venyard, Edward Suroviak, Ollie Sweeney and Patsy O'Brien. . . . Leonard Ross, 7B, caught a fish by hand recently that was over two feet long. . . . Oscar, a pet turtle belonging to Albert Hoffman, 6B, visited at Columbia last week.

TO WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN:

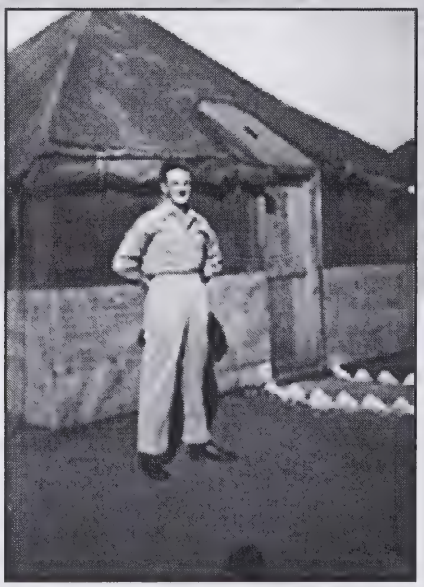
I, Albert W. Hofmann, 5969 Park Place, Hammond, Indiana, do hereby give my mother, Wilma B. Adams, 5969 Park Place, Hammond, Indiana, full Power of Attorney to act for me and in my stead in the sale of my 1935 Plymouth Convertible Coupe bearing motor number 226746 and to sign all necessary papers pursuant to the completion of the above sale.

X Albert W Hofmann
Albert W. Hofmann
5969 Park Place
Hammond, Indiana

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 11th day of April, 1945.

Eleanor Rhodes
NOTARY PUBLIC

My commission expires September 3, 1947.



Picture at left: "I had just shined my shoes and got a haircut for the first time in weeks."

IDENTIFICATION CARD—ENLISTED RESERVE CORPS

This is to Certify, That Albert W. Hofmann Pvt. AF Enl. Res.
(Name) (Grade) (Arm or service)

Serial No. 15345581 Home address Hammond, Indiana.
(City) (State)

was ~~transferred to~~ enlisted in *grade shown in AIR FORCE ENLISTED RESERVE (Ann Gade-AF Crew

Enlisted Reserve Corps of the Army of the United States, on the ..... day of ....., one thousand nine hundred and MAR 9 1944, for

Duration of war plus 6 mos. the period of ..... year. When ~~transferred~~ enlisted *he was 17 years of age, and by occupation a Student. He has Blue eyes, Brown hair, Ruddy complexion, and is 5 feet 10 inches in height.

Dates of immunization: Smallpox ..... Typhoid .....

..... Other ..... Blood type .....

Given at Headquarters Baer Field, Ft. Wayne, Ind., this ..... day of MAR 9 1944 one thousand nine hundred and .....

* Cross out words not applicable.

FOR THE COMMANDING OFFICER Earl B. Ward

W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 166 October 2, 1943

EARL B. WARD, 2nd Lt., AUS

INSTRUCTIONS FO

Immediately upon
Enlisted Reserve Corps
the commanding general
stating his new place of
cate copy of the report t
in the event he is assi
W. D., A. G. O. Form N
which may be obtained f
it may be by letter, post

Right thumb print of Reserv

Albert W. Hofmann
(Signature of Reservist)

Photograph (optional)

TELEGRAMMA
VIA ITALCABLE

7 0967 NRGS/20 HAMMOND IND
24/23 20 6CoP ITC

Le ore indicate sono quelle del paese di origine

PFC AL HOFMAN 15345581
1419 ARMY AIRFORCE BASE
UNIT AP 512 ROME

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DARLING MISS YOU LOVE YOU MORE EACH DAY
- SHORTY

Il Governo italiano e la Compagnia non assumono alcuna responsabilità in conseguenza del servizio telegrafico

Within twenty-four hours 335 people were loaded onto lorries and driven to a network of caves on the Via Ardeatina discovered by the Germans earlier and where the disbanded Italian army had hidden barrels of petrol and some vehicles. At 3:30 pm the executions started, each victim ordered to kneel and was then shot in the back of the head. By 8 pm it was all over. In 1947, SS Obersturmbannfuhrer Herbert Kappler, who was in charge of the executions, was arrested and faced court in Rome. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. In 1972 Kappler was allowed to marry his German nurse, Anneliese Wenger and in 1976 with her help, he escaped from the prison hospital. Seven months later, at her home in Soltau in Nothern Germany, Herbert Kappler died of cancer of the stomach. SS General Malzer as sentenced to life, later reduced to 21 years, but died in prison on March 24, 1952.

One of the first deaths of the Cold War was one of our own EATS planes. They were on the way to Vienna Austria from our base, having just been loaded by my crew. Somehow they got a little off course and Yugoslavia shot them down with the lend lease P5 that the USA had given them! I was a member of the honor guard and their bodies were kept in my warehouse till they could get sent back to the states. I can still see the graves registration non-com opening up two of the boxes that were smelly and stirring in some chemical on the body parts. I thought it might be formaldehyde but I have no idea what it really was. I saw a uniform, a white sheet, and then the body parts. I think they just portioned them out to come out even with the number of casualties.

Rome, being an open city, was saved from the demolition suffered by most of the other large cities in Europe. It was a beautiful, very scenic place to visit. I was fortunate to see all the sights of Rome at one time or another but never went into the Vatican itself. I now look back one some of the things that we did and wonder why they had any use for us at all with all the stuff we used to pull. I remember going up the stairs at the church of Santa Maria Maggoira in my jeep and having to veer around the people prostrating themselves on the steps during a pilgrimage! We would go to their movie houses and watch the American movies with English sub-titles. All the guys would wait for a screen gunfight and pull out one of the pistols most of us carried and shoot through the open roof. All of us really liked Westerns because they had lots of gun shooting scenes. They did not have air conditioning and they slid the roof back in nice weather to allow the body heat to escape. It really was quite comfortable as I remember it.

Another time we had some guys that were waiting overnight for us to take them out on a flight in the morning and they wanted to see Rome. We loaned them one of our jeeps and warned them to stay away from the packs of kids roaming the town. They didn't listen and got surrounded by kids apparently wanting to buy cigarettes. The kids got too close and on one of the kids command they ran and they had taken off the jeeps tires and wheels and they dropped it right in Piazza Barberini Plaza with no wheels. Boy did we catch heck over that one.

The government was selling and destroying a lot of surplus stuff in addition to the planes in Pisa. We were offered brand new Jeeps in the shipping crates for $300.00 and the German prisoners were willing to uncrate, clean up and start the engines on them for four cartons of cigarettes! I didn't do it and found out that I would have been paid mileage from where we landed in New York to Chicago and new Jeeps were selling for $3,000.00. I sure messed up on that one!

In the back of the book is a picture that I had taken of some guys in the Aurora Club in Rome. This was a nightclub in the rest center of Rome for transient GIs that were going through and did not want to stay in a base and were willing to pay for nicer accommodations. One of the guys that I have by the shoulder is Gus Gavrilos of Hammond, Indiana that I met in the lobby of our reservations area. He had gotten as far as Rome in his attempt to see his relatives in Athens Greece that he had never seen before. He was as far as he was going because there were no scheduled flights with either EATS or ATC going there. He was really down hearted that he had gotten so far and was going to have to go back to his infantry base in Germany unable to see them. I was able to get him on with one of the Army Couriers going to the American Embassy in Athens and then was going to come back in a few days so I got him well taken care of. He even got to see Rome, which he did not expect to see.

Well, it is November and time to go back to the states. I had tried to re-enlist again pending the arrival of my spouse and have Bonnie come to Rome but she would have none of that so I said send me home, and they did. I came back to the states on a Liberty Ship with some 2,000 other guys and this was some trip. I sure wish I could have had permanent KP duty on this one. It took us from November 29, 1946 till December 11th to get to New York Harbor. We hit very rough weather and the bunks were five high. If you got seasick and didn't make it out of your bunk in time you went to the bottom bunk where you could really get splashed. I worked my way up and spent the rest of the time in the top bunk even though it was kind of smelly up there. It was a real experience to see that lady with her up stretched arm welcoming us back to the states. It was quite an experience and I certainly don't regret having done it.

So I traded my uniform for overalls and went back to the B&O Railroad in January of 1947. I trained as a Car Repairman and transferred to the car repair yard of East Chicago Indiana. I did this for a while and even got promoted to the Wreck Train taking care of derailments and accidents on the main line. We even got to go to the big passenger train wreck of the Columbian in Alida Indiana. I tired of this very quickly and felt that I really did not want to spend the rest of my life lying in frozen slush in the winter and sweating in the summer working on boxcars. So in November of 1947 I went to the Indiana Harbor Belt RR as a switchman, a job that I enjoyed for quite some time. It was certainly a much more exciting way of life compared to "Car Knocking". I was a hump rider, switchman, conductor and a retarder operator. We had two humps for the classification of East and Westbound cars. The hump rider would get on the bad loads that had a chance of being damaged by the excessive impact with the other cars in the yards. The job was fun and very easy to do. You just got on at the top of the hump and then operated the hand brake to do a good job of very little impact. Then you also caught any cars coming in behind that car so also protect it. That was fun in the daytime and quite different at night. You could only guess where the cars that you were going to come into contact with were at in the dark. I remember one night I was riding a bad load and thought I had 10 car lengths to go and did not see the line of flat cars and hit with an awful jolt that knocked me off of the car. Being a switchman was pretty easy, you had a conductor to tell you what he wanted done and you did it. This usually meant a lot of walking but you got so that did not bother you at all. Retarder operators had a pretty stressful job. They worked in elevated shanties with a set of electrical controls for the switches under your care and the retarders had to slow the cars down. The cars came over the crest of the hump at about four miles an hour. You had to use your car retarders to slow the cars down but also keep them separated for the next man in line but take your own cars out of line and place them in the tracks that you were assigned to.

ENLISTED RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION
HONORABLE DISCHARGE

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL	2. ARMY SERIAL NO.	3. GRADE	4. ARM OR SERVICE	5. COMPONENT
Hofmann Albert W	15 345 581	Pvt	AAF	AUS

6. ORGANIZATION	7. DATE OF SEPARATION	8. PLACE OF SEPARATION
1060 AAF BU	6 Nov 45	ORD Greensboro N C

9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES	10. DATE OF BIRTH	11. PLACE OF BIRTH
5969 Park Place Hammond Ind	21 Nov 26	Gary Ind

12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT	13. COLOR EYES	14. COLOR HAIR	15. HEIGHT	16. WEIGHT	17. NO. DEPEND.
	Blue	Brown	5'10"	145 LBS.	1

18. DATE	19. MARITAL STATUS	20. U.S. CITIZEN	21. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO.
X	X	X	High School Student O-X

MILITARY HISTORY

22. DATE OF INDUCTION	23. DATE OF ENLISTMENT	24. DATE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE	25. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE
	9 Mar 44	12 Apr 45	Ft Hayes Ohio

RELEASING SERVICE DATA	26. DISCHARGE	27. SERIAL NO.	28. COUNTY AND STATE	29. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE
	X			5969 Park Place Hammond Ind

30. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO.	31. MILITARY QUALIFICATIONS
Teletype Opr (P) 237	SS Carbine .30 cal

32. MAILING AND SAMPLING
None

33. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS
WW II Victory Medal

34. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION
None

35. LATEST IMMUNIZATION DATES

SMALLPOX	TYPHOID	TETANUS	OTHER (specify)
27Apr45	14May45	30May45	TF 20Oct45 Ch 20Oct45

36. SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U. S. AND RETURN

DATE OF DEPARTURE	DESTINATION	DATE OF ARRIVAL
None		

37. TOTAL LENGTH OF SERVICE

CONTINENTAL SERVICE YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS	FOREIGN SERVICE YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS
1	7	28		None	

38. HIGHEST GRADE HELD
Pvt

39. PRIOR SERVICE
None

40. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION
AR 615-365 C of G WD Cir 310 45

41. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED
AAFTS Scott Fld Ill 6 wks Tel Type Opr Prof III 237

42. EDUCATION (Years)

Grammar	High School	College
8	4	0

PAY DATA

43. LONGEVITY FOR PAY PURPOSES YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS	44. MUSTERING OUT PAY TOTAL	THIS PAYMENT	45. SOLDIER DEPOSITS	46. TRAVEL PAY	47. TOTAL AMOUNT, NAME OF DISBURSING OFFICER
1	7	28	$200.00	$		$ 85.50	$ 200.00 N C MCOWEN Lt Col AC

INSURANCE NOTICE

IMPORTANT: IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY-ONE DAYS THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL LAPSE. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE PURCHASER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTIONS SUBDIVISION, VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

48. KIND OF INSURANCE	49. HOW PAID	50. Effective Date of Stock Plant Discontinuance	51. Date of Next Premium Due (One month after 50)	52. PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH	53. INTENTION TO VETERAN TO
				$6.40	

54. FIGHT THUMB PRINT

55. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in W. D. Directives)

Discharged as PVT AUS
Honorably discharged C of G to re-enlist in RAND Cir 310 45
Received mustering out pay
ERC from 9 Mar 44 to 12 Apr 45
No time lost under AW-107

REENLMT ALWS $ [illegible]
[illegible] Owen Lt Col AC
[illegible]
Deputy

56. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED
Albert W Hofmann

57. PERSONNEL OFFICER (Type of Name, Title and Organization - Signature)
VANCE H LUKE Major AC

WD AGO FORM 55-55
1 November 1944

This form supersedes all previous editions of WD AGO Forms 55 and 55 for enlisted persons entitled to an Honorable Discharge, which will not be used after receipt of this revision.

E-MAIL: comments by Al regarding these pictures. At far right-- In this photo I am "waiting for assignment in the Naples Italy Replacement Depot." Below-- "These (the small picture of him on page 12 and this photograph) were ones I sent to Bonnie..me sitting in my favorite seat on one of our C47's that we used in our Airline-European Air Transport Service. I was always glad when the guys would let me sit up there when up in the air. It was fabulous. The guys knew I was nuts about flying and would let me sit there many times."

IMPORTANT—Allotment forms will not be accepted by central allotment offices unless forms are channeled through appropriate personnel and disbursing offices.

AUTHORIZATION FOR ALLOTMENT OF PAY

(See AR 35-5520)

HOFMANN, ALBERT W. 15 345 501 Pvt. RC, Camp Atterbury, Ind.
(Last name) (First name) (Middle initial) (Army serial number) (Grade) (Company, regiment, or arm or service)

The * [illegible] RC (enlisted man) named above hereby authorizes a Class -5- (Type of allotment) allotment of his pay in the amount of $ 6.40 per month for Indefinite months commencing 1 May 45, 19..., and expiring ----------, 19..

(3) premiums deducted from pay for month of May 45 (Applicable to Class N insurance only. See W. Cir. No. 288, W. D., 1943.), 19..

to Veterans Administration (Name of allottee) Washington, D.C. (Number and street or rural route) (City, town, or post office) (State)

or to (Name of alternate allottee) (Number and street or rural route) (City, town, or post office) (State)

Date of [illegible] Call to adtive duty 12 Apr 45, 19.. When other than "Finance Service, Army" is affected, state allotment chargeable ..... Relationship of allottee ..... (Applicable to individual allotments only.)

If allotment is in favor of a bank, the following is required to be stated: Deposit should be made to the credit of—

..... (Name) ..... (Relationship)

(Statement below not applicable to Government insurance)

I hereby state that the purpose for which this allotment is granted is solely for the support of wife, child, or dependent relative; or if made for the payment of life insurance premiums, the insurance (including indemnities and or money or other payment policies) is on the life of the allotter only; that the insurance constitutes the trust and not a mere incidental or collateral element of the transaction; and that the allotment is made in favor of the insurance company issuing the policy and not in favor of a bank or other agent.

Place RC, Camp Atterbury, Ind. ..... (Signature of allotter)

Entered on service record 17 Apr 45 (Date) 17 Apr 45 (Date) 19..

S. BLOOM
1st Lt., AUS
(Signature of commanding officer or personnel officer, with grade and organization)

* Strike out words not applicable.

IF CLASS E, SEND ORIGINAL TO OFFICE OF DEPENDENCY BENEFITS, NEWARK 2, NEW JERSEY. IF CLASS D OR N, SEND ORIGINAL TO GOVERNMENT INSURANCE ALLOTMENT DIVISION, OFFICE OF SPECIAL SETTLEMENT ACCOUNTS, 25 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK. NO COPIES WILL BE SENT TO VETERANS ADMINISTRATION.

WD AGO Form 89—5 February 1943 16—9421-2 5 OPD
This form supersedes WD AGO Form 28, November 4, 1942, and the stocks of which may be used until exhausted.

INTERVIEW: December 1996, Brookville, Florida

R.H.: What's the first thing you can remember?
A.H.: Four years old. My grandmother coming to the United States.

R.H.: Grandma Petersen?
A.H.: Yes, I met her in Gary at the train depot. I can still see the train. I can still see the engine. I can still see the train coming down the track at night with head lights on, and here was this little old lady coming off.

R.H.: Did you know it was your grandmother?
A.H.: Oh, yeah, because Dad and Mom, they took me down there to meet her, and I thought, "Man, she was really old." She was really little. Almost my size, I thought. At that time I thought she was my size, and I'll never forget that. Of course, she only spoke German. Couldn't speak English. I couldn't speak German, so we had a devil of a time communicating.

R.H.: I thought you spoke German.
A.H.: I learned after Grandma came. That's when I learned to speak German. I spoke German from the time I was four until the time I was 18 when I got married. And I never spoke it again after that. But I spoke it every day from four to 18.

R.H.: Did she come over because her husband died?
A.H.: Yeah, and Mom brought her over here. My Mom and Dad.

R.H.: They were still married then?
A.H. Yeah, that was about a year before they got a divorce. And then Mom and I moved to Hammond. She wanted to get away from him. And we moved to Hammond and took Grandma with us, and we lived in Hammond for years after that.

R.H.: You lived with your mother?
A.H. I lived with Mother and Grandmother over on Calumet Street in Hammond for quite a long time, and I can't think of anything that happened then. I can remember one night they went out to get something for Christmas or something. It was cold, and the snow was on the ground. And I woke up. Mom said that was the first time they'd ever left me alone. We lived on the second floor. And I woke up, and the apartment was empty, and I got scared and ran out. No shoes on in the snow. I was I think five then. I can remember that one, too. Walked down about two blocks. There was a Graham Dealer, Graham Page Automobiles two blocks down. They saw me. They were working inside there. Setting up a showroom or something. And they grabbed me and brought me inside the showroom cuz it was cold. And I was in my pajamas, barefooted, no coat. They didn't know me, but I was able to tell them where I was from and what was the matter. I had lost my grandmother and mother. Scared the hell out of my mother and grandmother. And they told me afterwards.

R.H.: Did they seem more German or more American?
A.H.: Well, probably, you know my grandmother was an old, old lady when I met her. She must have been at least 40 we figured out later. But she was white-haired and dressed very old-worldish. They wore the widow's weeds. Black. She wore black for years and years.

R.H.: When did Adams come into the picture?
A.H.: I don't know exactly when that was. Grandma and I, when my Mom started going with him, we kind of resented him. Cuz he was very, very rough. *Rough* meaning *uncouth* for want of a better word. He wasn't really uncouth. But we looked at him as from the sticks–that kind of a person. He was a gang foreman on the railroad. He was a foreman for the section gangs. He worked with these Black people all day long and the Mexicans. That came home with him at night. He didn't speak to you like we talk to each other. He talked railroad. And so we, Grandma and I, we just couldn't seem to get along with him. And I think Mom would really have felt better if those two were alone. So then Grandma and I went on our own, and we went down to Wilcox Street in Hammond. Had a house to ourselves. No, first Mom was there, and then Adams, he bought a house about two blocks down. She married him and moved in with him. And Grandma and I lived in this house. We stayed there together. We had no money. I was 8 or 9 then. It was tough going. I didn't know it was tough, but it really was. I thought I was the worst kid in the world. I was really bad. I'd have to go to bed at night without dinner because I was so bad. Didn't know there wasn't any dinner. There was nothing to eat. Then the big deal, of course, was at Christmas time. Worst kid in the world again. At night. It wasn't really Santa Claus. I can't remember what they called it. But they would leave you a fruit. If you were a good kid, you'd get a fruit by your bed. When you woke up in the morning, there'd be an orange or an apple. Man, I got a lot of coal. I got so much coal. I'd get a lump of coal because I was bad. Now I know and later on I learned from my mom that the reason I got the coal wasn't because I was bad. The reason I got the coal was because there wasn't nothing else there. They didn't have anything else to do. We slept on the second floor. I can remember that. It was a little house. Downstairs all we had was a kitchen and a living room. We had a stove in there, a space heater. But it was cold. We had to stoke it. I can remember running from the upstairs to the downstairs in the winter time because, man, it was cold down there. But then, of course, the water was down on the first floor. There was no running water up there because it would freeze up. They shut it off in the winter time. The landlord did–the people in the front. Betts. It was Betts.

R.H.: Your mother must have paid the bills for that house, I would think.
A.H.: No, we were on relief. Grandma and I were on relief. We got our food from the township. That was how they did it then. The township gave us food.

R.H.: All the time?
A.H.: Yeah, we got $5 a month for food. And so then Grandma and I would go behind...Over on Michigan Avenue was an old IGA store. We'd go back there and go through the produce that they'd thrown away. She knew how to make turnips. She went through WWI over there, and that's all they had was turnips. She could make turnips 50 different ways. They were always throwing turnips away because nobody wanted them. So we'd get the turnips, and she'd fix them somehow. I never knew it was rough going. I thought I was really living the good life and here....

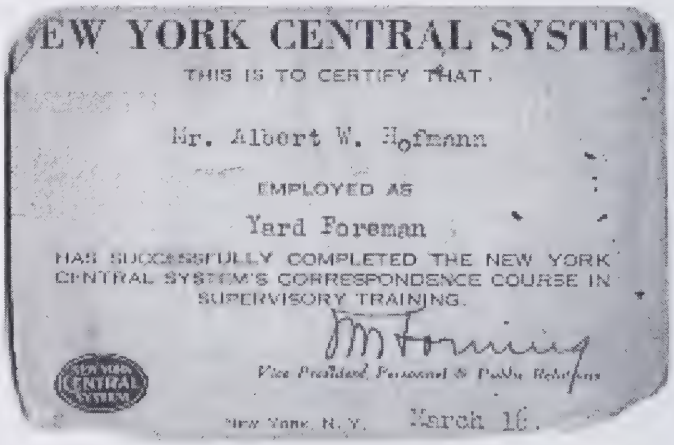
R.H.: Did relief pay for the apartment then?
A.H.: Yeah, the people that owned the house had some kind of a deal with the township to where they picked up the majority of the money. And probably "Uncle" Jim Adams–I think he still picked up a portion of it because they still had a responsibility. But then, of course, I remember going to court. God! If I did it once, I must have done it five times. We'd go to court, and my dad would try to get the support money reduced. He was paying $2.50 a month. And Mom wanted $5. I didn't even live with her. She'd give me all these lies to tell about my dad so she'd get the sympathy of the court. I found out if you lied–I got a BB gun one time, and I got something else another time. I tell you that was very difficult for me later in life because I learned if you lied, you'd get more. If you think that wasn't hard to mark out of my head– not to do that. I do owe my dad something. I learned how not to treat my children. I think I had more love for my children even though I had a difficult time showing it. Because I used to get the hell beat out of me for "affection." Affection would always backfire on me with my father. And my mother was a very cold woman. She couldn't show affection or love. It was very difficult for her. So I had become the same way in life. It was very hard for me to touch a person or put my arms around a person. Very difficult.

R.H.: Your father would hit you for touching him?
A.H.: It wasn't really that. You'd come up to him, thinking you would get a hug or something–And I learned don't get too close because you don't know if he had a bad day or not. I can remember one time I opened the glove compartment on an old '26 Oldsmobile, and it had a little food storage thing in there. He had candy bars in there, and I took one. I got the living crap beat out of me for that one. Hell, I didn't get candy that often. Christmas I'd get some down at the Township shelter, you know– when they handed out the stuff for Christmas. I got the living hell beat out of me for that one. I can't remember any other correction of any kind other than getting yelled at. That's the only time I can remember actually being touched or hit.

Al's railroad watch

R.H.: Was Grandma Petersen loving?
A.H.: I guess she was in her own way. I don't know– the German people looked like it was a sign of weakness to show affection–in my estimation. I got my first job at 12 in order to help Grandma and I out because we really had tough going. I worked two jobs. I set pins at Twentieth Century Bowling Alley at night, and I had– at one time when I wasn't setting pins– I had five paper routes. I had two in the morning, and I had three *Daily News* routes in the evening. In the afternoon, the *Chicago Daily News*, and in the morning the *Chicago Tribune*.

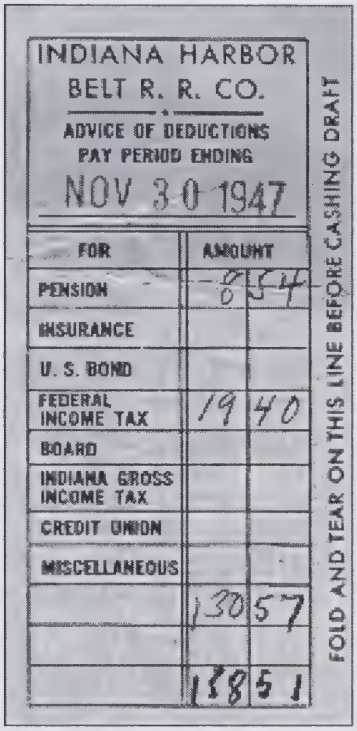
R.H.: How much did you get paid for that?
A.H.: You were paid commission by how many people you had. So I just got all the people I could get, you know. Then you got fifty cents if you were able to get a new one that would stay with you for three months. I'd do some of that. That was my first salesmanship. It was tough going because if you had a person who called and said they didn't get their paper, it cost you fifty cents for them to go over there and deliver it. And I'll tell you, you didn't make much more than five bucks in the five routes. You didn't make much money in a week. You collected every week. You had to go to all those people and collect every week. I used to collect every two weeks. One I'd collect three, and then the other two the other week. I did it that way. On my bike. I delivered on a bike. You couldn't have walked it. It was too far. I started on Walbus (?) Street clear up to 169th so that was two to three miles. It was wide besides that. (Clarification in 2005: Waltham to 169th and from State Line to the old Pullman Standard Plant in East Hammond. That area included my two evening *Chicago Daily News* and morning *Chicago Sun* routes.)


EW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
Mr. Albert W. Hofmann
EMPLOYED AS
Yard Foreman
HAS SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED THE NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM'S CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN SUPERVISORY TRAINING.
Vice President Personnel & Public Relations
NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
New York, N.Y. March 16.

R.H.: What was your next job?
A.H.: Oh– at 15 I went on the railroad. Because of the war I got on. My parents had to sign a waiver. So I went on the railroad. I lived in Hammond and had to go to Blue Island, so I got a car. I got a special permit to drive a car. Then I worked at Quint Brothers Garage. I went to school, worked at Quint Brothers garage, and worked nights on the railroad. A whole eight-hour shift on the railroad and two or three hours at Quint Brothers every day.

R.H.: How were your grades?

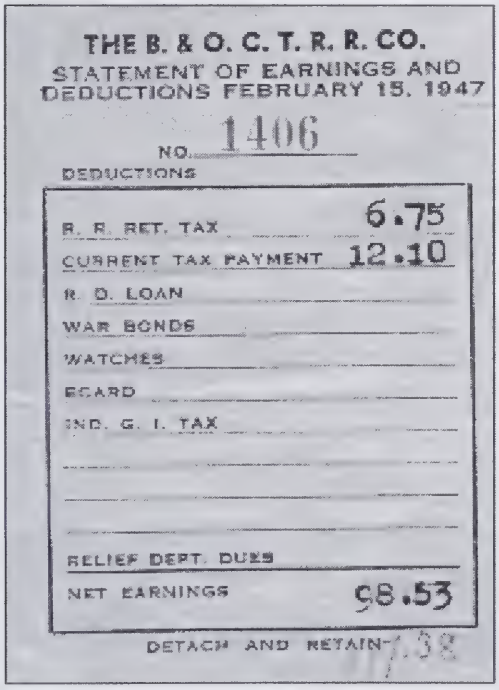
A.H.: Not too well. They were not very good. The emphasis was not academic at that time anyway. The emphasis was to get out and get a job. And then, of course, the war effort. It was to get out of school as quickly as you could so you could help out your country. That's what I did. I left school early and joined the military. Of course, there was a story behind that, too. I was an *incorrigible*. I wasn't really. I was a Casper Milquetoast. But what happened was– when you work full time– eight hours– on the railroad and three hours or two hours at Quint Brothers and then try to go to school at 8 a.m.– you had to be there at 8:20– so I had to barrel from Blue Island, Illinois, to Hammond to go to school. I fell asleep in one of the teacher's classes. One of the nicest old men you ever saw. Pop Witham– nice man. He had just had it that day for some reason. He had a yardstick, and he hit me with the yardstick. I took the yardstick away from him, and I beat him to smithereens with that yardstick. When I was done with that yardstick, there was nothing left except the piece I still had in my hand. I just beat it all to devil. I went down to Mr. Spone, the principal, and he says, "Albert, that's it. We can't keep you here. You now have a record with us, and we can't keep you." I says, "Well, I've enlisted in the air corps. I'm just waiting to graduate." He says, "Fine, we'll take care of that." He wrote a letter, said I was *incorrigible*. Seemed to be more interested in helping his country than in getting an education. So they said, "Okay, we'll take him, and we'll give him credit towards his diploma." And that's how I got my high school diploma. I'd never had any other problems before that. It was just that one time. I spent all my time over at Hammond Tech anyway with Bonnie.



INDIANA HARBOR BELT R. R. CO.
ADVICE OF DEDUCTIONS
PAY PERIOD ENDING
NOV 30 1947

FOR	AMOUNT	
PENSION	0	54
INSURANCE		
U. S. BOND		
FEDERAL INCOME TAX	19	40
BOARD		
INDIANA GROSS INCOME TAX		
CREDIT UNION		
MISCELLANEOUS		
	130	57
	138	51

FOLD AND TEAR ON THIS LINE BEFORE CASHING DRAFT



THE B. & O. C. T. R. R. CO.
STATEMENT OF EARNINGS AND DEDUCTIONS FEBRUARY 15, 1947
NO. 1406
DEDUCTIONS

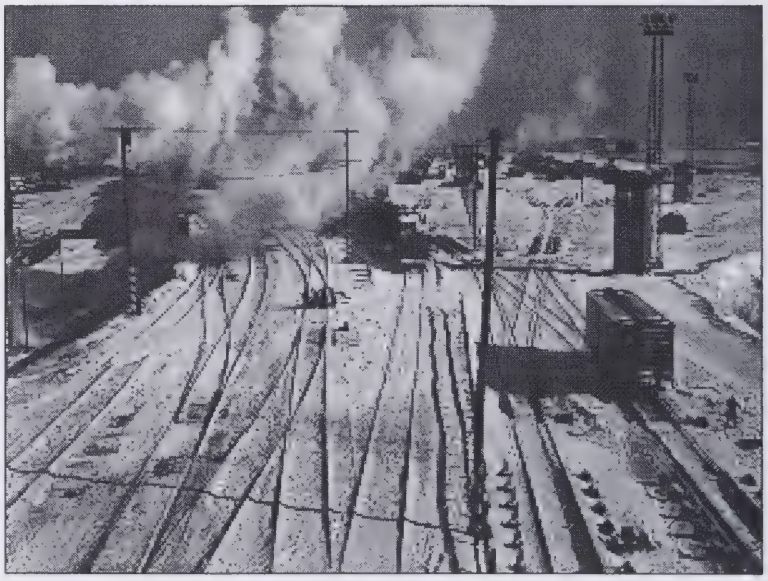
R. R. RET. TAX	6.75
CURRENT TAX PAYMENT	12.10
R. D. LOAN	
WAR BONDS	
WATCHES	
BOARD	
IND. G. I. TAX	
RELIEF DEPT. DUES	
NET EARNINGS	98.53

DETACH AND RETAIN

R.H.: Why were you at Hammond High?
A.H.: I had enrolled at Hammond Tech. Hammond Tech used to be over on Hohman Avenue as Hammond High School, and then they built the new Hammond High School over on Calumet Avenue which was miles away, and they moved the old Hammond High School off Hohman Avenue. It was an old dilapidated building. So they used this old building for Hammond Tech Vocational School. I had enrolled at Hammond Tech because I wanted to get skills for going on the railroad and improve myself. I knew I was going on the railroad because Uncle Jim, my stepfather, was on the railroad. I was going to earn my keep because by this time Grandma had gotten sick, and we have moved back in with them. She died of cancer of the stomach. So I had enrolled in Hammond Tech, and I walked in that school, and I looked at that thing. And a piece of plaster had fallen off the ceiling and hit the deck. And I said, "The heck with this. I'm not going to this school." And I walked out and went to Hammond High. I didn't know Bonnie at that time. Then when I went to Quint Brothers, her mom was driving a parts truck for Quint Brothers. And so that was how I met Bonnie. My only friends in Hammond High School were the kids from over in East Hammond– the incorrigibles, the low lifes and the Black kids from East Hammond. Those were my friends. I knew them from my paper route. The route was over there. The Black guys and the Bohunks from East Hammond. I swam. I got into swimming because you had some sort of physical education you had to take for your credits. So I took swimming. I said, "I'm going to learn how to swim." I seemed to be a natural for it. So Coach Davey, the swimming coach, he took me under his wing. I actually tied the state record, and I was only a freshman. Of course, we had a twenty- yard pool, and that was not the right length– it was twenty-five. They had a special category for students whose pools were twenty yards. He wanted me to go on. He said, "You can get a scholarship, the way you swim." My stepfather said, "Bullcrap. That boy is going to earn. I've carried him all these years. It's his turn to start carrying me." Davey offered to let me come live with him– he and his wife. I didn't do it. I was scared. I was 14. At 14 you are scared to walk away from even as poor a family as I'd got and be alone. Oh, Uncle Jim, he made sure I got on the railroad at 15. Legally I could get on there then. He got me a job there. I packed boxes. Journal boxes on the box cars. That's an axle that protrudes from each side of the wheel and goes into a journal box where there's a

bearing. I'd oil and pack those. We'd get these oil trains and the perishable trains come in at night, and we had to go oil all the boxes on it. They'd be out there on the main line. We had to go out there as fast as we could so that the train could go on. It was required by law every so many miles they had to be inspected. The caboose was on; the engine was on; they were waiting for you to get done so they could go on– that was the B&O, over in Blue Island. I did that until I went to the service, to the Air Corps. When I came back in '47, I asked for my seniority back. Because they had not given it to me because I quit, they said. I said, "No, I didn't. I went into the service. Here's my records." And I got my seniority back. I found out that packing boxes was not what I wanted to do the rest of my life. So I decided, I thought, I wanted to be a car man.

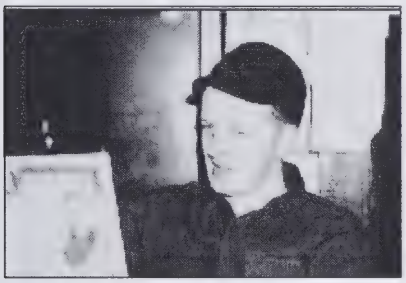
R.H.: What's that?
A.H.: You repaired the box cars. I started at night. I wanted to try to make as much money as I could and going at night, you got a differential. It was hard work because those were all the rush cars that came in during the evening, and you had to try to get them repaired as quickly as you could and get them going again. Then I got a job as a burner. This was still the B&O. I got an acetylene torch and learned how to burn. Like if you took a journal box off, you had to burn the bolts off because they were usually rusted solid, and you couldn't get them off. But you had to be careful you didn't burn the box. So I learned to be a pretty good burner. Sometimes we'd have to change the couplers, the draw bars. The entire draw bar. Then you had to burn off some of the bolts and cut holes so you could bolt them back together again. I found out I didn't want to do this forever because, man, it was tough. In the winter time you had these refrigerated cars full of ice. And they would drip. The water was salt water because you'd put salt on the ice to keep it from melting too fast. Here I'd be, laying in that salt water at ten degrees below zero. I said, "I don't think I want to be doing this too long." So I went into switching. I started switching boxcars. And I did that and kept trying to get higher paying jobs as I went. Started with the steam engines, as a switchman, of course. When the forty-year syndrome hit me, when I became forty years of age, it hit me one day, and I said, "Wait a minute, when I started this job, I



Pictures taken of various IHB yards in 1943 and on the opposite page, a picture of Al when he worked on the railroads. At bottom of the opposite page, a picture of an IHB hump with retarders in the foreground

stepped one foot off the ground onto the floorboard of an engine, and I'm still there today." I said, "There's got to be something else." When I worked on the railroad, I wasn't making what I thought was enough. I worked a full-time job. For a while I was cleaning rugs and then helping a guy out. And, of course, I was always shooting pictures to get money for Christmas. Photography. Then I had a full-time job in the steel mills, switching. Then one night I jumped on this car as we were pulling the ladle car full of molten iron. I jumped on this thing, and there was no sill step, no stirrup for my feet, and I just dropped. And all I could see when I looked down was where they dumped the molten steel into this great big ladle, and I said, "You know what? This ain't for me." I worked there just two months. Then I was working at Towers one night–when a train comes from the East, it goes into the hump, and then we classify these cars. Some go to– We were an industrial railroad. We serviced all the plants and all the railroads in the Chicago area. As we always said, "We are not very long, but we are wide." You would classify the cars and send them out. You'd send some to CBQ Railroad, some to the Sioux Railroad, some to industrial plants, and things like that. We had thirty-six classified tracks but some of those had ten to twelve designations. Some of them didn't get very many cars from us. So these guys would go to IC South. They'd cut them out and go back on the train.

R.H.: The trains come in. They stop at the Hump?
A.H.: It pulls into the Hump. The engine goes off to the Roundhouse to be serviced. Then they take the caboose off and put it over where they store the caboose because those guys are over-the-road guys. They weren't allowed to do anything in the yard. Then the car men would bleed the air out of the train because the brakes were all flopped up. Then they would check all cars to make sure there was no damaged vehicles in there. If there were, they would call it a bad order, and they would mark it, and we would send it over to the repair tracks to be repaired– for those guys to repair it. After it was all blowed out and ready to be humped, we would hump it. We had fourteen tracks there in the Hump. Cars come up, and you had a typewriter list that came in over the telegraph in those days, and it had all the numbers of the cars on it, and the ultimate destination of the cars, and you had to know if you were the conductor– and I used to do that all the time– I liked to be the conductor of the Hump– and you had to know where that– you'd mark it on your list with your pencil– and you could get maybe two or three cars to go at one time; otherwise you had to keep pulling one car at a time. And that Hump where I used to work all the time, that's where Bonnie's uncle was killed. He was a conductor. Clark (Moon)– He was killed there because what happened was– Clark had a long overcoat on. You were not allowed to do that, but we all did it. We'd go in between because you couldn't



E-MAIL: comments regarding photo below sent by Al to Roberta Hofmann
That hump one..sure could be the North Hump. I remembered that the scale shanty that I was looking for in that picture was not built till the fifties. Also it looks like the roof of the Trainmasters office just shows up on the near right and the South Hump on the far right. The tracks where the trains were made up is down at the left and it looks like a train on the Main Line way over. I kept looking and the guy was standing between 14 and 15 and the retarders kept throwing me due to being so close to the North and South leads. Then hit hit me. He was using a wider angle lens for getting overall focus and this distorted the near stuff making the Retarders appear so close to the leads. They were down a full car length so that when you put the retarder in to play it would not interfere with the following car going on down the lead.

E-MAILS: comments regarding the watch pictured on page 18
I believe I bought that watch from Jake Sklarawitz. He had a store on Sibley Street behind Rovais restaurant, and we bought all of our work clothes,lanterns, watches, etc on the books. I think he had a book on every switchman on the IHBRR. In order to be a conductor you had to have a "standard watch," and I paid $71.50 in about 1949! I wonder what that would be in today's money? Hundreds! There were very few watches that could be called *Standard Watches* They had to be accurate within a second or two within a certain time frame-- I think one month. We used to have to compare to standards before going out on the road

whip the pin, they called it. You couldn't uncouple that car, so rather than stopping the train that you were humping, you stepped in between the cars and reached and lifted it up with your hand and pulled it that way. And as it started to break away, you'd jump out because the other car was coming behind you, too. And he got his coat caught, they say, in the wheel of the car, and it just climbed right up on him, and it killed him. That was Clark. It was an interesting job. I liked the Towers the best. You made more money, and you got to be inside, and you had a little stove that you could keep warm with, and it was a lot easier work.

R.H.: What did you do in the Towers?
A.H.: There were five towers on this Hump. The *Chief,* as they called him, the guy in the junction tower, he would send the cars down two primary leads. You had retarders you slowed the cars down so that they didn't run wide open down there and crash down there and bust up. And then you would divert these cars into these different tracks either to the right or left. And the chief also had two or three tracks that he had to handle the retarders on. You were really busy. It was complicated. Nowadays it's all automated. It's all computerized. The only time the tower operators touch a switch is manually to allow an engine that's been down there coupling up tracks–they allow him to come up. The actual humping of the train is done automatically today. We had to do it manually. It was kind of tough because if you weren't careful, you'd throw a switch right under a car, and I tell you, that really caused a lot of trouble because you'd derail it. You'd probably throw and put the next car right beside it. I had that happen many times.

R.H.: How did you get it back on?
A.H.: Well, depended on how bad you did. Sometimes you could pull it back on with re-railers that we had. Or sometimes you'd have to call the wrecker out and pick it up. They had investigations on that kind of stuff. I bemoan the fact that the railroads are no longer the entity that they were. I think that this government missed the boat because you go anywhere else in the world, and the railroad is still a viable, necessary part of transporting goods. Here we do it all by trucks. You've got all these millions of trucks on the roads, beating the hell out of the roads. You could put a hundred trucks on a train. For every truck you've got a driver and equipment and breaking up the roads. You could put them on a train and get them there. The problem is you can't get them as selective, especially with all the railroads being put out of business. There's just no place for it to go. You can't go to these different places like they used to.

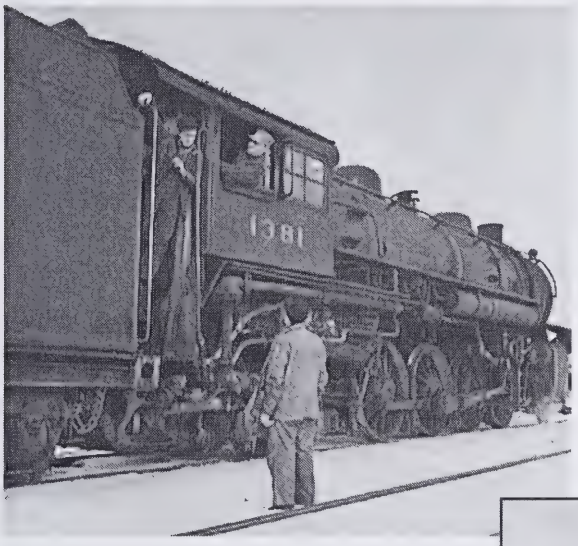
R.H.: How many guys worked out on the Hump?
A.H.: Oh, quite a few. In the winter time we had as many as three hump crews, three engines working, and then, of course, three switchmen and two up in the engine. And then you had the five retarder operators. And when you worked the South Hump– when I first started on the railroad, you had hump riders, cuz the South Hump was a small hump, and it was very difficult to control those cars over there because you had such a short run. And it was just as steep as the North Hump. So what they did was– we had hump riders. You would get on a car– if it were a dangerous car– the hump rider would ride that car until it reached the other cars on the track, and he would stop it there. You used a brake club if it was one of the old ones. In those days we had a lot of the old type brakes– one wheel like a steering wheel, sticking straight up in the air? (See picture on opposite page.) We used to like the other ones. The steering wheel ones were tough because they didn't have any power. All it did was wrap a chain around this rod, and you just couldn't keep it tight enough to really stop those things, so when it was your turn to ride a bad car, you'd walk back down while they were humping and get on that car and test the brake and see how good it was before you got over the top of that hill because that was kind of late to test that brake out. Because if it didn't work, you'd have to yell, and they'd have to shove that car over. The yard master never liked to do that because he wanted to keep his car count up. It was exciting, especially at night. You'd be riding down there with some heavy cars that they wanted you to ride because they were afraid they were too heavy, that they'd get away from them. And you'd be riding that car in the dark and looking down there in the dark. You'd see them cars ahead of you, and you'd say, "Okay, I've got about three or four hundred feet at least before I have to really tie this brake down." And here's a bunch of flat cars. And you hit them things. I got knocked off. I tell you, that'll scare the daylights out of you when you're flying through the air. I only did that once. I got knocked off once.

R.H.: Did you get hurt?
A.H.: No, I just landed on the flat car, and that was all. But, I mean, Jesus! Did it hit! They said they heard it hit. They figured this guy's dead. They came down to see if I was okay. I limped around for a while, but it didn't work. They put me on another car and made me ride another one down.

R.H.: Did you like working on the railroad?
A.H.: Oh, yeah, it was an exciting time of my life. Early railroading was an exciting time. After that, it got to be old hat.

R.H.: Was there a lot of camaraderie?
A.H.: Yes, yes. They would think nothing– like a guy– I remember one case. A guy called me at 3 o'clock in the morning. He said, "Al, I've got a chance to buy some golf clubs for $5. Would you like them?" Bonnie says, "You guys are nuts." Didn't think a thing of it. They didn't think anything about calling me. I didn't think anything about answering the phone. We were so used to it. We lived on call. We never knew if we would be called at one o'clock in the morning or get called at three o'clock in the afternoon.

R.H.: You didn't work a regular shift?
A.H.: I did later on. Yes, but for the first few years, you were on the extra board. And then when the forty-hour week came in, when it first came in, we were short-handed. So you got a chance to go on the extra board like for any extra work that came along. Man, I would get on that sucker right now. You never knew when that was going to come along. That was time and a half. You had to be there for that one.



E-MAIL sent by Albert Hofmann to his daughter-in-law Roberta Hofmann regarding railroad photographs

When I went out on the Outer Belt to make deliveries to the different railroads I was always the Head Man (the rest of the crew was always old timers and 1929 scabs) which meant I had to ride up in that drafty old engine and when we got to the CNW I had to get out in the cold and uncouple the engine, find an empty track to go back on from the yardmaster in his warm shanty, go back and get my caboose, hook up the air hose, uncouple from the train if the hind man had not done so and then I could go into the warm caboose. If our trains were short the hind man would uncouple the caboose and it would be waiting for me just inside the track. If the train was too long he would activate the air brake SLOWLY so that we did not break any couplers due to the cold. Then I would have to do the setting over of the extra cars by myself. Sometime you could not see the engine when doing the double so it was all done by my getting my switches lined, as the train was passing by so that I was ready because there was no way for them to know if I was out of the way or not. I would reach in, pull the valve (stiff in winter) and when the brakes released the engineer would back up till he could not move the card any more, I would have to "pull the pin" and he would pull forward till I chased the cars and opened the valve to stop the cars, turn the valve closed, run back and throw the switch and as soon as the air came up he backed up.

IHB photos taken in 1943. At top, a conductor releases the brakes on the caboose. In the center a train awaits assignment. At bottom, a train is waiting to be "doubled up."

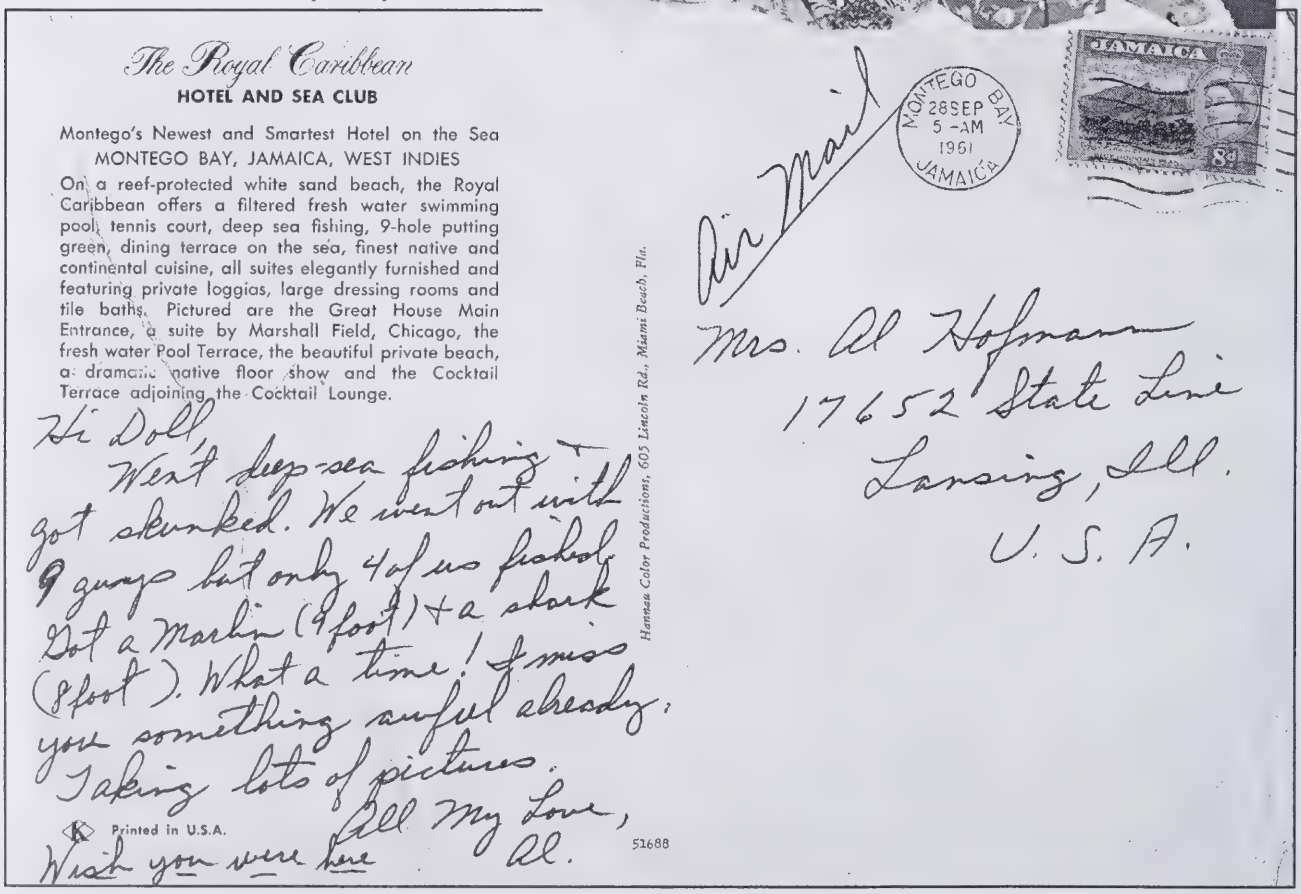
E-mail from Albert Hofmann to Roberta Hofmann in response to a request for a railroad story (12/6 2005)

I was working the night shift in one of the classification yards and was working with a conductor that no one wanted to work with because we were positive he was nuts. I had to go up in the yard and couple up a long line of cars so that they could be readied by the car men who coupled up all the hoses so that the train could leave the yard. I was up in the yard doing my job. I would signal the engine to back up which would reveal where I had to open and align the couplers, signal the engine to come forward to connect the cars and then back up again to reveal the gap. This idiot conductor decided that I was out of the way and decided to signal the engine to come forward even though I had not signaled him to do so. I didn't know he had done this because one of the couplers had been pushed over so far that I was having difficulty getting it properly aligned. I was just coming out to signal them to come forward and the couplers caught my coat, and I had to take it off, step out and signal a backup, picked up my coat, stomped past the conductor, called the trainmaster, and went home! Then there is the time that I was dragged across an open red hot ladle at Youngstown Steel, but I think the other one is probably better.

Pictured above at the Bass Lake, Indiana, cottage owned by Kurt Hofmann: Karla Richter Gehrt, Karen Hofmann, Jurgen Gehrt, Al Hofmann, unknown woman (maybe Kay's mother), Kay Yuriga Hofmann, Allen Hofmann, Kurt Hofmann, Bonnie Hofmann.

Shown at right: the 1954 Christmas card designed by Al Hofmann, picturing his daughter Karen and son Allen

Bottom: A postcard written by Al to his wife when he was in Jamaica on a Whirlpool trip.



The Royal Caribbean
HOTEL AND SEA CLUB

Montego's Newest and Smartest Hotel on the Sea
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, WEST INDIES

On a reef-protected white sand beach, the Royal Caribbean offers a filtered fresh water swimming pool, tennis court, deep sea fishing, 9-hole putting green, dining terrace on the sea, finest native and continental cuisine, all suites elegantly furnished and featuring private loggias, large dressing rooms and tile baths. Pictured are the Great House Main Entrance, a suite by Marshall Field, Chicago, the fresh water Pool Terrace, the beautiful private beach, a dramatic native floor show and the Cocktail Terrace adjoining the Cocktail Lounge.

Hi Doll,
Went deep-sea fishing & got skunked. We went out with 9 guys but only 4 of us fished. Got a Marlin (9 foot) + a shark (8 foot). What a time! I miss you something awful already. Taking lots of pictures.
All My Love,
Wish you were here Al.

Printed in U.S.A.

51688

Hannau Color Productions, 605 Lincoln Rd., Miami Beach, Fla.

MONTEGO BAY 28 SEP 5 -AM 1961 JAMAICA

JAMAICA 8d

Air Mail

Mrs. Al Hofmann
17652 State Line
Lansing, Ill.
U. S. A.

Top: Allen (right) dressing up for Halloween with his friends.

Middle: Christmas at the Hofmanns' Lansing (Illinois) house in 1957: Don Gibbs, Karen Hofmann, Bonnie Gibbs Hofmann, Allen Hofmann, Margaret Moone Gibbs Ottarson, Dick Gibbs, Al Hofmann, Chester Ottarson. And a picture of Karen and Allen.

Bottom: The Hofmanns' Christmas card for 1957. Al was a very good photographer. Unfortunately, when he moved to Florida, he threw out all the negatives of events he had photographed such as the Whiting refinery fire.

The 1957 Christmas card of the Hofmann family. Shown are Allen, Karen, Al, and Bonnie

R.H.: Bonnie's father, Lowell Gibbs, worked on the railroad?
A.H.: Yes, he was a yard clerk over in East Hammond. They were car checkers. He was in the industrial part in East Hammond. He went to all these industries– and then there were a lot of them. Like where Allen started– LaSalle Steel. And he would go in there and check all these cars to make sure that they were in the right place, whether they were empty or full and how long they'd been there. Because these people had to pay to merge if they were in there more than 72 hours. So he had to do all that.

R.H.: Have you ever been back to the Hump?
A.H.: Yes, when Hedgie was alive, he took me out there. Hedgie Hendricks. About four or five years ago. We went out there, and it's so sad to see the Hump gone– both humps. They had torn them all down in order to– What killed the railroads was the taxation. What they did was tore all this down so they wouldn't have to pay the taxes. There's all the rails still there, but the buildings are bulldozed down; the signal towers were all knocked down; the hump towers were all knocked down. It was sad to see it all gone.

R.H.: Does the Hump look like a hill?
A.H.: Yes, it's a hill. It's a real gradual slope where the inbound trains came in. And then there's a very severe drop where the classification part of the tracks started because you had to build this speed up to get them off because in those days, not all cars rolled the same. Some cars rolled faster than others. Most cars did not have roller bearings. They had a lead and brass – journal brass, they called it– that rolled underneath the journal box itself on top of the axle itself. And that was how it was able to roll. And then you put oil in the journal box with this wicking, and that kept it lubricated. It was not in a bath of oil. As they went down the roads– the railroads were rough– in the days when I first started, when you had to pack these journals– they had a tendency to ride up on the back edge of the journal box in the bouncing. And you've got to take this packing iron and push it all back down again to get it more towards the front. Because you knew when it got to the next station, it would have to be done again. It was busy in those days.

R.H.: How many years did you enjoy it?
A.H.: Twenty. I worked on the B&O from the time I was 15. Of course, I went into the service. Then I came back and worked a little while. Then I worked at the other one (Indiana Harbor Belt) until I was 40. Then one day– Bonnie was home and I was working. I was known in the house as "Shhh, Daddy's sleeping." Because I was always working two jobs. The kids, that's all they knew of me was "Daddy's sleeping." My dad had a heart attack, and my stepmother knew where we lived. We had not had contact with them for years because they did not approve of my marriage and neither did my mom. So it was either Bonnie or them, and I chose Bonnie. So she said my dad had a heart attack, and they needed my help, and I went to the store. Here's old Casper Milquetoast going to the store. That was the toughest thing I ever did. My dad says, "Don't worry about a thing. You can do it."

R.H.: You felt too shy?
A.H.: Oh, yes, I was the person who– I worked all the time. I had no contact with people– talking like this. I went out and switched boxcars, and I scrubbed rugs. I did things that had nothing to do with intercourse between people. So it was tough for me to talk with people. If the telephone rang, I knew it wasn't for me unless it was a call from the railroad. If I didn't think it was for me, I really didn't answer it because I didn't want to talk to people. I was a Casper Milquetoast. I thought, "My God, I'm going to talk to people?"

R.H.: Did you know about appliances then?
A.H.: No, I didn't know anything. So, I can still remember– Dave Novotny, a friend of my stepmother's, was in the store because my stepmother was with my father, and she couldn't be there. She said, "Don't worry about a thing." My dad says, "I've got these little books. You can learn." I can still see them. Little, tiny red books from LaSalle Institute out of Chicago, made in 1926. It was a salesmanship course. I read this thing that weekend, and Monday morning, I had to go to the

Chicago Builder Team Meets "Loneliest Man In Town"

Contractor's Service, a contract distributor for the Chicago Sales Division, held an Open House on September 9, 1980. Several Whirlpool people were invited along with representatives from other appliance manufacturers. Among the industry celebrities attending was Jessie White, Maytag's friendly repairman. White has made a big name for himself as Maytag's "loneliest man in town." But both Fred Findeisen, Builder Sales Manager, Chicago Division, and Al Hofmann, Territory Manager, Chicago Division, assured Mr. White that Whirlpool has many service people who receive less service calls than he does. So he is not really the loneliest service man in the appliance world!

Meet WD9COX

The Chicago sales division has a "ham" in the office. It's not the porky variety though. The ham is Al Hofmann.. amateur "ham" radio operator.

Al, who doubles as builder territory manager, just qualified for his General class license and is proud of his endeavors. And he has every right to be because an amateur operator needs more than just a "handle" and the right channel. To qualify for his license, Al has to have the ability to send and receive international Morse code at 13 words per minute. He had to pass a written test requiring knowledge of radio theory, transmitters, antennas, and FCC and International rules governing operation of transmitters in the amateur spectrum. Al received his Novice class license on March 22 this year and says he studied for five months to pass the test for his General license.

His first week of operation resulted in phone contacts with Ecuador, Hawaii, Mexico, New Zealand, Paraguay, Costa Rica and Puerto Rico. Al's antennas take up his roof and back yard with his 10-80 trap vertical, a 40-meter vee and a 10 through 20 meter beam—whatever those are!

Al says all you CBers should take a hard look at upgrading to amateur radio. He is also looking for other Whirlpool amateurs to contact and would appreciate hearing from you.

Hope all your neighbors have radio wave filters on their televisions, Al!

WD9COX CALLING THE WORLD: Al Hofmann, builder territory manager, Chicago sales division, has the world in his backyard through his amateur radio system. Al demonstrates his radio equipment

store. First customer walked in. I said I got to go in the back and check because the guys are getting ready to make some deliveries. And Betty took care of him. Second time, I had to go to the bathroom. Then, finally– she demonstrated Neccher-Elna Sewing Machines, made in Switzerland– and she had to demonstrate– she had some people coming in. And here comes a customer. Talk about panic. Thank God, I sold that customer. Sold him a washing machine. And that was the start of my salesmanship.

R.H.: Did you like it?
A.H.: Yes, I loved it. I loved talking to people. I went to Dale Carnegie. To their classes. It was a six-week course, once a week. And it really brought me out of my shell! I can still remember Lesson Five. You had to stand up there, and you had to be vehemently against something. And you had a rolled up piece of newspaper. I got so– everybody did it– you got so wrapped up in what they were doing, when they got done, there was nothing but confetti all over the place. Beating that newspaper on the desk, screaming. I think it was women that I went against– I didn't think of anything else to do. And the women loved it. It was a ball, and it really helped me. Then I joined the Toastmaster's Club after that. One of the fellas was in it and asked me to join. You got up and talked, and you had an *er* counter. Every time you said *er*, he would count it, and it counted against you in your presentation. And they would say, "Nate, get up and talk about the boll weevil," and you had to stand up and start talking. And you had five minutes to talk. Talk about trying and going far afield, but it worked. I could talk to 1,000 people and think on my feet. I don't worry about what I'm going to say. It was like a club– like a Dale Carnegie type thing. And it was a real good thing for people that had to get up and speak in front of people. It was self-help. You'd help each other. It wasn't a formal class. It was fantastic. They still have Toastmasters' today, but you never hear about them. And then, of course, with Whirlpool. That was the best thing that ever happened to me.

R.H.: How did that happen?
A.H.: Realize I'm not educated. So we just did the whole thing, and everything seemed to work so well, and I said, "What am I going to do with this thing?" I was working at Hofmann Appliance. And Charlie Conturba was the sales manger for Gibson Home Appliances, and he sold to my father, and I was like the manager, so he had to deal with me. And he used to watch me sell, and he says, "I can't believe how you can sell to these people. You can't say the things you say to people and still sell them." So he was there the day that– the guy's name was Harold– the sales manager of General Electric. They would talk to each other like over in Gary. They wouldn't dare talk to each other in Chicago. And they would try to pick each other's brains as to what they were doing. So they would meet me over there, and then we'd go to lunch or something. So they were sitting there one day, and Harold came in– They had a washer– I can still remember– the 950. I was the only salesman in the Chicago market that earned the diamond– it wasn't a very big diamond. But I earned the diamond award for selling the most washers in the Chicago market of this model.

R.H.: Was it a ringer?
A.H.: No, it was when they were automatic. The 1020 was the top of the line. The 950 was the next one down. It wasn't that much less, but it was tough to sell. You either sold the top of the line or you sold the bottom. You didn't sell this other stuff that was over here off in left field. They really didn't know how to merchandise it. And here I kept selling this thing. I kept ordering cuz there were good deals on them. These other guys would order them, and they couldn't sell

them. So Harold came in with his sales rep. So he was there, and the sales rep was there, and Charlie Conturba and his salesman, Harold said, "Al, how in the hell do you sell the 950? We can't sell them. You can't give them away." I said, "I'll sell it to the next person who comes in." He says, "Okay." So they're standing by the counter. My dad was there then. My dad was back in the store by that time. Lady came in and said, "I want a Maytag automatic washer." I said, "Great. Fantastic machine. Let me show it to you." They went into the TV room. Color TV was coming in. So they went into the TV room with my dad, and they're both trying to sell him stuff. So I came in there after it was all over, and they said, "What did you end up selling her?" And I said, "950." They said, "Bull crap!" I said, "Here's the receipt." They said, "Damn."

R.H.: What was your secret?
A.H.: Just salesmanship. That's all. Same old story. It was really an experience. So then one day I caught my step-brother, Kurt Karl (pictured below)– when he had come back from the navy. He went into the navy to get away because he had killed a kid one night in a car and rather than face what was going on, he skipped out. He ran over him in the dark. He hit him on his bike and killed him. So he went into the service and got out of there and missed it. So when he came back, I caught him stealing money. I said, "Don't you make enough money?" It was simple because we didn't have a very good control over parts. I had found a way to buy GE pumps– WH23X25– for $2.25, and we sold them for $24. I even guaranteed them for a year, and I wouldn't complain about it. Old John, the guy who sold them to me came in. I said, "John, there were ten of them suckers here this morning." So I got the service manager, and I said, "I want to see your truck." And he said, "The truck hasn't left. I've been downstairs working." So I went out to the truck, and there were just the normal ones that I had developed an inventory for him. And there were four missing. I remembered that we had sold some, and I looked at the sheet. There was one marked, but the other three weren't marked. So I jumped him (Kurt Karl) about it. He admitted he had the money. He said, "I need the money. My wife needs it. We gotta have the money. I promise I'll give it back." I said, "Okay, but I want to see it back there when you get paid, or I'll tell Dad." Well, he didn't have it. He went to Mammy. And they went to Dad and said, "There's money missing, and we think Al took it." So then they came to the store that next day– my father and my stepbrother. And my father said, "I think you're done." And I said, "Yeah, I think I am. I think I know what happened. I caught him stealing, and how the blame has been shifted to me, hasn't it? I have no reason to steal. Yo pay me so damn much money that I have no reason to steal from you. But apparently my word's not good enough, and it stops right here." I gave him the keys to the store, got in my car, and drove away. Never got my paycheck for the last week. I never went back after it. So, unbeknownst to anybody– I had not severed my ties as much as they thought I had. I went back to the railroad, and I says, "You owe me a job. I'm under the contract to where I can come back because I've been maintaining my union dues." You talk about bad blood when I came back. They thought they'd gotten rid of me– my fellow workers. Here I am – seniority again. I'm knocking these boys out of their good jobs, and boy, I was money hungry. I worked the long hours then. Then I really missed the appliances. So I went to Dan Rabin, "Hey, Dan, I'd like to work part time." And he said, "We'd love to have you." Nate Feldman was his manager. He said, "When can you work?" I said, "I don't know." He said, "Tell you what– when you come in, you punch the clock. When you have to leave, punch the clock. Whenever you want to, come in." You couldn't beat that. And then I was doing– I was buying appliances from them and selling them. I wasn't competing with them. People would want an appliance back in Merrillville or Gary– because I was commuting. Then everybody heard I was driving around in my truck with appliances, and they wondered, "Is he stealing 'em?" Then one day Charlie Conturba became sales manager for Whirlpool Corporation. He started the new Chicago sales addition. And he said, "I want you to work for us." I said, "Doing what?" He said, "Selling appliances to the dealers." I said, "You've gotta be kidding." He finally talked me into it. So I went in, interviewed, and I went in there, and I was the only uneducated person they had. Everybody else was college graduates and everything like that. I can remember going to that first meeting. I walked into this room. We had 26 counties we were responsible for. I walked in this room, and there's six guys. That's all there is plus– It was the scariest feeling– walk in that room and around the conference table. I had two counties in Indiana and a part of Cook County. I had Lake and Porter Counties. I was quite an experience walking in there and seeing that. It made me feel good, too, like I'd finally gotten away from that footboard. I was really away from the one foot off the ground. I said, "I'm going to make this work." And I think I did. I

enjoyed myself. That was the fun time. I always said all the years and then when I left Whirlpool– the day I left I said, "There's one thing I remember– that from the moment I walked in this place, I was waiting for someone to tap me on the shoulder and say, "It's time for you to go to work." Cuz I played all the time. To me, it was play. I enjoyed it so much. It was a good time in my life.

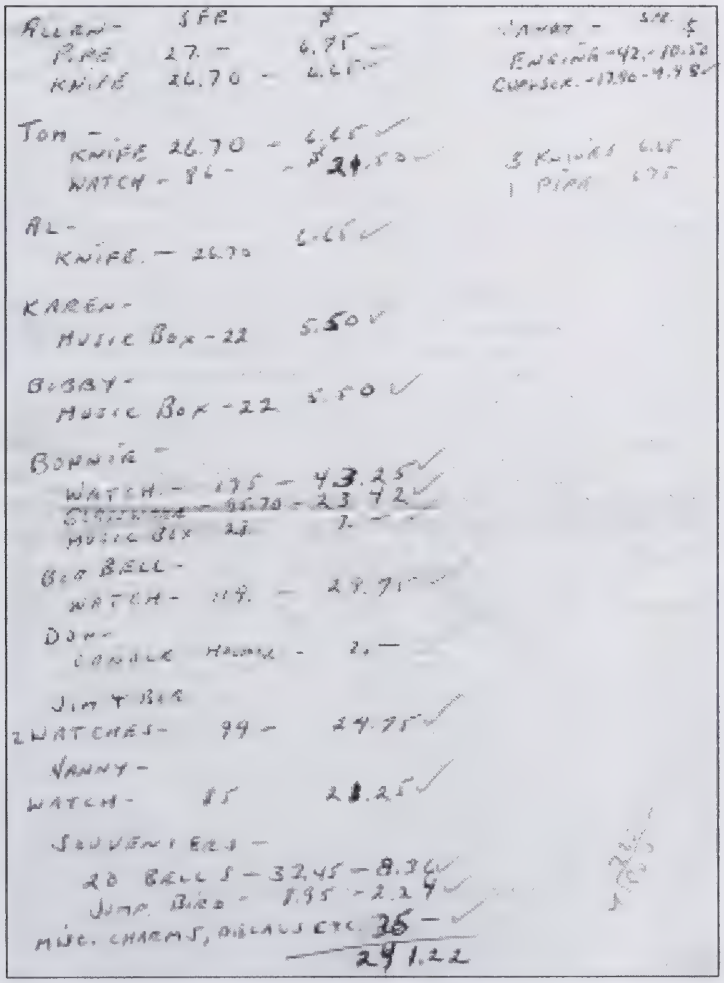
R.H.: Except for all that driving.
A.H.: Yeah, but– I probably drove– It depended. Now, when I first started, I didn't do that much driving because that was a very small territory. But as they got to know me, they'd use me. But they paid me, so you can't really say they used me. They paid me very, very well. I think I probably made more money than any other salesman. Not at first, of course. But they would give me responsibility that was out of this world and say, "Go for it." And then I had a general manager who was there a short period of time, and he and I did not see eye-to-eye. Myers. We could not get along.

R.H.: Because?
A.H.: I said, "You ain't going to run me out of here." He said, "I'll fire you before this is over."

R.H.: Why did he want to fire you?
A.H.: He was a very vindictive Jewish fellow. He just for some reason– he took offense to the fact that I was uneducated and shouldn't have been there in the first place. Even though I was top performer. Every time they had a sales contest, I would win, and he'd have to take me on these trips. We took dealers all over the world. Top performers went, and that was me every time.

R.H.: Where did you go?
A.H.: We went to Europe a few times. We went to Jamaica. All over the United States, too, because there was a big push on it at that time. Buy American. I didn't like that because we had to stay in the United States. We made more trips this way. We went to Vegas and a real delightful trip down in the Ozarks. Lake of the Ozarks was fun. You could only take one salesman plus one sales manager. That was the corporate rules. You had to have a contest, and it had to be a feasible contest. It couldn't be slanted to anybody. And they used to go nuts because they'd give me such a high quota that they just knew that one of their kids was going to make it– one of their boys– and they never made it. I made sure they didn't make it. You could see the handwriting on the wall. We were due for this thing, and it's going to be in October. We hadn't had a contest yet, so I would have stuff in my back pocket. I remember once we had a sales contest on dehumidifiers. Now dehumidifiers– you can't do much with dehumidifiers. And you sold them in the winter. You didn't sell them in the summer because that wasn't the time for them to build it, cuz they didn't have time in the summer because they were making refrigerators and freezers.

So they come up with a contest. If you could sell– everybody had a quota of 150 dehumidifiers. Here I am over in the boonies in Indiana. This was when I first started. I said, "How in the world am I going to sell this many dehumidifiers?" And the guy who had Polk Brothers had the same quota. I said, "That's not fair." I'm complaining. But they said, "That's the way it's gotta be done." So Danny Rabin, my stalwart backer. I said, "If I sell you these dehumidifiers for $60, and you sell them for $68, you'll make a lot of money, and I'm a hero." He said, "How many do I have to buy?" I said, "650." He said, "What!" I said, "You can do it." Dan was just terrified to give me the order. So I went ahead and wrote the order. It had to be in three months of six months from now. Didn't have a legitimate order yet. I kept working on Dan, sweating bullets. I won the contest. And then they started shipping 'em. He's say, "Jesus Christ! Where did all these come from?" I would say, that's the 650 you ordered. And he'd say, "That's right." He had so much money. He would



On opposite page: Kurt Karl Hofmann Braniff ticket for a Whirlpool trip. This page: a list of gifts purchased during the Whirlpool Switzerland trip.

buy 400 color TVs at one time. He was like a middle man. I'd just ship the suckers right on through to him. "Where do you want them to go, Dan?" A hundred there. And we just did it that way. And it worked out good. When I built up that kind of rapport– From that time on, I finally got that rapport with all my dealers. They'd call me; they'd say, "There's a truck coming in. What's on it?" I'd say, "Well, I wrote the order. Go in my bin there, and you'll see it there." "Oh, okay." Because I'd go check their inventory and decide what they'd need and what the contests are for them so they would get the best pricing, and they trusted me to do all their ordering for them. And it worked out fine.

R.H.: How many years did you work for Whirlpool?
A.H.: Nineteen–almost twenty.

R.H.: Why didn't you go for twenty?
A.H.: I found out that due to my age and everything else– At the end I was accruing $1,000 a month towards my pension, but in November it would start to drop off and quit. And I said, "I really don't want to keep working the rest of my life. I've enjoyed it. And I was at my peak earning power at that time. I was able to do it. That was the end. I don't regret it. They hired four MBAs to take my place. I love that part. I used to love to hear the dealers complain it sure was different now. I was a dinosaur. I sold differently from anybody in the United States. That's why I won the diamonds. They sold by the book. I sold like the people I saw sell, and they didn't sell like that. One time this man did not like me– He said, "I'm going to put you on a job that's going to be your demise." I said, "Okay." They had just lost two years in a row– they had fired the guys that had this job– Indiana territory in the builder division. They put them guys out, and they all crapped out and got fired. He said, "You're going to go out there." I said, "Okay." The operations manager– he was vehement about it. He says, "You're taking a guy that's been selling Polk Brothers and all the key accounts and making all kinds of sales records, and you're putting him out in the boonies." "Well," he said, "we need him out there because that's not ever done anything." He said, "I know what you're trying to do to him. You're putting him on a guarantee." He says, "You can't leave him out there to starve." Cuz we didn't get any expenses.

R.H.: You didn't get any money for gas?
A.H.: No. And I went out there. So I got a one-year guarantee. I was out there six months and wasn't making any money. I said, "I'm sick and tired of this guarantee." The sales manager says, "What do you mean?" I said, "I think it's holding me back. I don't think I'm pushing hard enough." He says, "You're nuts." I said, "Take me off the guarantee." And the next month I started to deliver merchandise. Men, I had those suckers in my back pocket. I had projects all over the place that they didn't know about. I remember this one guy. He was a real flashy guy. He drove a Cadillac convertible that had the big steer horns on it. He had tassels on his jacket, you know. Money coming out of his ears. They wouldn't sell him because they didn't know anything about him. I said, "The reason you don't know anything about him, is that he pays everything in cash." They said, "Bullcrap." So– he says, "Let's go to the bank." He takes me to the bank. He says, "Sit down." The bank president says, "Hold your hands out." He hands them to the guy. He put two million dollars in CD's in my hands. I said, "Can you make copies for me? I want to take them back and rub my sales manager's nose in them." So they made copies, and I took them back. I took them back, and I said, "I want to show you the reason that poor guy doesn't have a credit rating with you." My credit manager says, "Can we go there next week?" I said, "We can go there tomorrow morning if you want." Ben– Ben was his name. I said, "Old Ben will see you tomorrow." So I called Ben. I says, "I think we got their attention." He says, "Good." And we started moving the apartments like you wouldn't believe, and he paid them right on time. He came, and he wrote a check. They all came COD, and that was the way he worked. He built all those apartments COD. That was fun. I stayed in the Builder Division. I loved it. However, when the times got tough, I took over two territories. I made big money. I could sit at home or in the office and make these calls, and I'd yell at them that it was time to be delivered, quit screwing around. And they would take the merchandise. I would put the stuff in garages and everywhere else because I needed the money. I said, "I got a contest. You've gotta take it." And they would take it.

R.H.: The whole thing was based on your relationship with them.
A.H.: Yes, I think most people worked it strictly business. I'm here, and I'm your representative, and I'm your agent and what do you need. I never asked them what they needed– I told them what they needed.

R.H.: You found your niche.
A.H.: Yes, I was a round peg in a round hole for a few years and loved every second of it.

R.H.: Was Bonnie in favor of you going into Whirlpool?
A.H.: Oh, yeah. She could not believe I would quit the railroad. I

had to burn all my bridges. I had to quit. Charlie says, "You ain't pulling that crap about going back to the railroad in a couple of years. You're coming to work for me and staying here. I said, "Okay."

R.H.: The thing that puzzles me was why if you hadn't heard from your father in 12 years, why as soon as they called did you go help them? Did you feel obligated?
A.H.: I don't know. I have no idea. I feel probably somewhere back in my mind was the idea that this could be a stepping stone to get out of this rut. I didn't know it at the time, but maybe it was.

R.H.: Was your father a successful sales person?
A.H.: Oh, yes. I used to marvel at his ability. He couldn't speak good English. I used to marvel at his ability. We went out to Miller where these big homes were. Out there in the resort area of Gary at that time. They didn't have electricity. He's sell them vacuum cleaners. He's sell them Maytag washers. They'd have to wait until electricity came before they could use those things. That's what he was able to do.

R.H.: Did you watch him and learn from him?
A.H.: No, I'd stay in the car. I learned myself from the little red books.

R.H.: How did he learn?
A.H.: That's where he learned. The books. He came over. He was sponsored by his uncle. He was a baker. Came over as a baker. He didn't like getting up in the middle of the night to bake. He got into sales. I have no idea how that happened. But I can remember him down on the 800 block of Broadway. I can remember being out back there. They'd take these ringer washers. They'd sell them to you, and then you'd default on it and have to take it back. Those old Maytags. They'd polish the chrome back up, repaint the thing, paint the motor block again, put that sucker back on the truck and sell it again.

R.H.: Did they get a lot of them back?
A.H.: Oh, yeah, we had a basement full down there.

R.H.: So they had to repossess?
A.H.: Yeah, they had to repossess. Dad didn't do that though. That was bad people that do that.

R.H.: Well, it doesn't sound like Kurt Karl was the nicest of people.
A.H.: Not really. I was hoping he would be, but he wasn't.

R.H.: Do you think your dad was under Kay's thumb?
A.H.: My father was a very weak man. He was controlled. I can remember seeing him cry because she was yelling at him. He was controlled by her.

R.H.: He married her when you were how old?
A.H.: I don't know. Young. And she was young. She was just out of high school; he was in his 30's.

R.H.: How did he meet her?
A.H.: I don't know. She just appeared one day. I don't know how he found her.

R.H.: What do you think was the cause of her animosity toward you?
A.H.: I think it was my success in the store. I took that store from something like $100,000 a year– which was a lot of money in those days– and in two years, it was $400,000– $370,000. She liked the idea of the money, but she didn't like the idea that I was able to do it. And how her baby was coming back into the business, and here he was screwing up, and he was, too.

R.H.: He wasn't able to sell?
A.H.: No.

R.H.: Is he still selling?
A.H.: I don't know. Dad died, and he took the store over, and that store went right down the tubes. In fact, he dumped it on one of the servicemen, and then it was gone after that. He went to California after that. I have no idea.... It was just like I told my Dad. I said, "When you die, leave me a dollar or two because that's all it's going to be." I said, "When you die, there's nothing going to be left of the business."

R.H.: But he didn't leave the dollar.
A.H.: No, he didn't leave me nothing.

R.H.: You never spoke to him again?
A.H.: No, not after the break.

R.H.: He used to have a cottage on Bass Lake. You went out there for a few years?
A.H.: We used to go out there. We used to have good times. We had fun. It wasn't the same after Kurt Karl came back. Then we got, "Your kids are making too much noise." These two kids never made any noise at all, but they were underfoot.

R.H.: So they didn't want them at the cottage because they were too noisy?
A.H.: No, once Kurt Karl came back.

R.H.: And those years when Kurt Karl was gone?
A.H.: Oh, we had good rapport then. Fantastic. It was a few years. I think he was in three or four years.

R.H.: I don't see how he could avoid prosecution by going into the service.
A.H.: Oh, no, it was an accident. And there was just so much pressure on him. What they did was, they tried to be nice to the people when he killed the kid, and it got to the point where they were trying to get as much as they could get. "You've got to feel sorry for us." To the point where they said, "You go into the service and get out here. We're going to sever the whole thing."

R.H.: Was he 18?
A.H.: Yeah, about 18.

R.H.: What was your father like as a person?
A.H.: He used to drink, party, and enjoy himself out at the lake.

R.H.: Did he have a lot of friends?
A.H.: Oh, yeah.

R.H.: What was the cabin like?
A.H.: It was a little one. Very small. We had a little fifteen foot trailer that we had at that time, so we parked out there. We stayed in the trailer. We were out of the way.

R.H.: You tried to have a relationship with your father as a young adult. You couldn't do that with your mother?
A.H.: No, never did work out too well.

R.H.: What was she like as a person?
A.H.: Dirty. I always looked at her as unclean. I used to think like, "Why don't you take a bath?" And I really had no reason to think that. I think because of her relationship with him– with my stepfather. And then because of her animosity towards Bonnie and my grandmother's animosity towards Bonnie. I just never got over that.

R.H.: So she didn't come and visit you or see Allen and Karen?
A.H.: No.

R.H.: So they never really knew her?
A.H.: No. I'm not even sure if they remember my father. It was only a few years.

R.H.: You didn't go to your mother and father's funerals.
A.H.: No, I didn't know about it. Bonnie read it in the paper about my dad. So I called the funeral home and told them who I was. He said, "Oh?" I said, "I'd like to come there and see my dad and say good-bye. But," I says, "I don't want to be there when any other people are there." He said, "They will go home for dinner, and I'll call you." So he did. I went down by myself, and I said good-bye to him, got in my car, and drove home.

R.H.: That must have been difficult.
A.H.: Difficult? Well, I really don't think it was difficult. I'd been hurt so bad by him that he made it very easy for me. So did my mom. My mom. I never did know when she died.

R.H.: They never told you?
A.H.: No. We know where she'd buried in Hammond. She's buried in the Masonic area.

R.H.: Did you ever have any contact with your half brother and sister at all by Adams?
A.H.: No, Bonnie said he was a schoolteacher down in Lowell or some place. I've never met him. Ralph. I don't know what my sister's married name is.

R.H.: Where did you move after you retired?
A.H.: We were in Lombard when I retired. What happened was, I went up to quit in February, and one of my friends up in the higher echelons of Whirlpool who happened to be there that day, says, "How are you doing, Al?" I said, "Great. I'm going to quit. I'm going to retire." He said, "Don't do that." And he grabbed me by the arm and took me into one of the conference rooms and said, "Don't do that.

There's going to be a buy-out. I don't know when. Don't you dare leave." I said, "I sold my house." He says, "Stick around." I told Bonnie I didn't quit. I didn't leave. She says, "What!" Because we'd bought the home in Florida the year before in January of '85, and this was February of '86. So I says, "I gotta stay for a while." So we looked at these efficiency apartments, and they were terrible. We couldn't live there. So I says, "How about if we go down to the trailer at the lake for a while. There's no water, but I think we could do it." So we went down there, and the snow was deep. I got a great big wastebasket, drilled a hole in the bottom of it, and put a faucet on it. And every day I'd go fill that sucker up so she'd have running water.

R.H.: Fill it up where?
A.H.: At the pump house in the campground. And I'd fill that son of a gun up, and we lived like that until September.

R.H.: What did you do to shower?
A.H.: I would take my clothes for the day, drive to Don and Karen's house, take my shower, and go to work.

LIST: of trips that Albert Hofmann won by selling large quantities of appliances in various contests
Hawaii (10/60 GE), Las Vegas (4/61 Amana), Jamaica-Panama (9/61 Gibson), Ozarks (6/68 Whirlpool), Oshkosh, Wisconsin (10/69 Whirlpool), St. Louis Train Trip (5/70 Whirlpool), Spain-Majorca (11/70 Whirlpool), San Diego-Tijuana (2/71 Whirlpool), Switzerland (10/71 Whirlpool), Jamaica (11/71 Whirlpool), Las Vegas (2/72 Whirlpool), Lake Geneva Playboy (7/72 Whirlpool), Kenora, Ontario (6/73 Whirlpool), Los Angeles (3/74 Whirlpool), Hawaii (5/74 Whirlpool), Kenora, Ontario (6/74 Whirlpool), New Orleans (3/76 Whirlpool), Las Vegas (5/78 Whirlpool), Florida (10/78 Whirlpool), Lake Geneva-Abbey Resort (7/83 Whirlpool), St. Louis-Runathon (9/85 Whirlpool). He also won two diamond rings for being top salesman in the United States (Whirlpool). He was the only man to win one for retail sales and one for builder sales.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLE: undated, but it had to be early in 1951 based on Karen's age.
FUNK GETS NEW DEPUTY MARSHAL
MUNSTER– Town Marshal Adam Funk had a new aide today in Albert W. Hofman, 24 of 235 Hollywood, Munster, former railroad switchman, air force veteran and father of two children. The town board appointed Hoffmann a deputy marshal upon Funk's recommendations. He and Deputy Marshal Harold Pritchard will alternate on afternoon, evening and night police duties while Funk, who has a volunteer force of 13 deputies at call in emergencies, will be in charge of the police force during the day hours. Hofmann was born and reared in Hammond and moved to Munster three years ago. He is married to the former Bonnie Gibbs of Hammond. They are the parents of Allen, age 3, and Karen, age 6 (months). Hofmann was in World War II service for three years, having served as air combat crew chief in the European theater.

Note: In response to my questions about this position. Answered September 15, 2005, via e-mail.
I think it was in the winter of 1951/52. I was on the railroad of course, but I was really upset with having to work under such harsh conditions and thought it was not a very safe place to work anyway. I had been knocked off of a car when working the Hump Rider job one night and another night my conductor thought I was taking too much time and backed the train on top of me and caught my coat in a coupler. I got word that Munster was needing another Deputy Marshall so I told the Railroad I needed some time off because I was so shook up and they gave me some medical time off– no pay of course. Munster hired me and then a few weeks later an article appeared in the paper about my appointment, the RR found out and made me choose. Munster was so small at the time that they could not give me a contract so I had to make a choice. Back to the RR. They accused me of taking the job for more money and actually it was much less than what I was getting on the RR anyway. Also, Bonnie was the Desk Sergeant during my tour of duty and I don't think she liked that either. (Additional) The job only lasted a little more than one month. I think it paid the astronomical pay of $250.00. (Additional) I worked the midnight shift so she would be awakened out of a sound sleep if there were any Munster police calls. There were very few in this sleepy burg.

POSTCARDS: Written from Montego Bay, Jamaica, September 28, 1961. Addressed to Karen & Allen Hofmann, 17652 State Line, Lansing, Illinois. A second postcard that he wrote on the same day appears on page 24.
Hi Kids, What a place for swimming & just playing in the surf. I will get you both something from Panama. Dad

NEWSPAPER ARTICLE: *Headed About Town*, undated, but it appears to have been printed in 1971. Newspaper name unknown, but it appears to have been the *Hammond* (Indiana) *Times*.
Picture caption: Al Hoffman, Whirlpool territory manager, and wife, Bonnie, join Olive and Jule Bell for dinner at Stan Musial's Restaurant.
BELL APPLIANCE SALES of Hammond, Indiana, was one of the 50 top Whirlpool dealers chosen by the Chicago Whirlpool Corp. to participate in the annual new product presentation in St. Louis, represented by Jule F. and Olive Bell on the two day trip. The 50 dealers and their wives, along with 30 Whirlpool notables, boarded a special train, The Whirlpool Rail Blazer, and highballed it down to St. Louis where they were feted with champagne breakfast. A tour of the Anheuser-Busch Brewery preceded lunch at Stouffer's Riverfront Hotel. The Hotline for the 70's, Whirlpool's 1971 line of laundry and dishwashing equipment, was presented amidst singing, dancing, and a slide presentation. Advice on advertising and point of purchase display was offered to the dealers. Cocktails and dinner at Stan Musial's followed the day's business events. On the return trip to Chicago's Illinois Central station, guests sang and danced to the music of a dixieland band which entertained in the lounge cars.

E-MAIL: from Albert Hofmann to his daughter-in-law, Roberta Hofmann, January 19, 1997
Hi you two,

First, the reason that I used the Super Bowl Special is due to the fact that we bought a TV to replace the one that has been in the shop since September! Since we had gotten our money back on our golf membership, which we turned in, we decided to go all the way and get a BIG one. We did. How about a 60" projection TV?! The first night we had it, we said that we felt like we had always had it. They had a special on and threw in the surround sound amplifier, which also has FM and AM. John Dolan and I watched the playoffs last Sunday and I had no idea how to hook up and operate the amplifier because all my instructions were in Spanish!!:-) We had the surround too loud and John and I had the people all around us screaming and hollering so loud that we couldn't hear the announcer telling about the play that caused all the yelling. During a break I tried to adjust the sound, lost it completely, turned on another TV and kept right on listening. Next break I was able to get the sound back and John said to leave it alone because it made us feel like we were right there at the game. I have figured everything out and the whole system works beautifully.

Hey, Roberta, did I tell you that Bonnie carries those Christmas pix everywhere we go? She is so proud of them, and she lets everyone know that her daughter-in-law, the photographer, did the beautiful job of taking them. I guess that you must not be a teacher anymore! Needless to say, she sure brags about your ability and I feel so good about it.

Now for some bad news, at least in our household. Mom got beat out of the state presidency in Winnebago by some skullduggery that went on. A past president from three regimes ago and his cronies put someone up and apparently had been hard at work since possibly last October. They told a bunch of lies and half truths about his guys ability, people believed them, (we would not go up and get into a shouting match with them) and Mom lost the majority vote by six votes! I was so upset that I have resigned and the big rally is only two months away! We have programmed the phone to notify anyone calling to call the VP who is supposed to be in line to call him. So we will not be answering any phones around here for a long time to come. At least till after the rally. It is kind of a sad time here right now because the guys that got in are advocates of a very small rally for March instead of the big one that we have created and I believe they do not like having such a big number of members. I took over after a two year rebuilding time and we had 162 state coaches. We now have over 260 and many of them have already told us they do not intend to renew this year– we'll see.
Enough of that. I could go on and on. We were at 18 degrees when we got up this morning! :-(I want no smart remarks from the frigid north! Have you gotten a new provider yet? I hear an awful lot of people complain about AOL. Love, ME

E-MAIL: from Albert Hofmann to his daughter-in-law, Roberta Hofmann, September 17, 2005

This e-mail was written when his cousin Erich Hofmann sent him the plans to their grandfather's house in Ochsenzoll.
This does not show the delicate condition of these plans from 1923. It brought tears to my eyes to hold them and think who had touched them before me. Dad had not left for the USA so I guess they all held them at one time or another. I will not chance putting them in my scanner. I will show them to all interested parties here and then and only then will I refold them and have them ready for Allen to take with him. I don't know if they are like our plans that fade with light but they appear to be just regular faded paper. It looks like they had holes for being in a two ring binder of some sort.

E-MAIL: from Albert Hofmann to his daughter-in-law, Roberta Hofmann, December 7, 2005

This e-mail was written in response to my question about his railroading experiences.
I was working the Skate Shanty (Skates were steel shoes that you placed on the rail to catch the leading wheel and make the car come to a gradual stop-- in theory, actually we used pieces of wood, etc. to make it more possible) with another guy. Our job was to catch the cars coming off of the hump so that they did not run through and hit something at the other end. It was a miserable rainy day and in the worst of the downpour my best friend, Bill Cole, called me from the other end telling me that he was clearing a track and for us to be careful because the lazy SOB coupling the track would not carry the heavy skate up the track so there was none on the rail. Just as he was looking toward our shanty up in the middle of the yard a bolt of lightning came down and knocked me across the shanty, numbed my arm that had been holding the phone, and melted the panel holding all the wiring and phone lines. The fellows told me later that Bill screamed out that I was dead becasue he saw the bolt come down and then everything had gone dead. I think the entire yard office commandeered and engine and came up to see if they could be of any help. It took a while to recover but I did finish the tour of duty that day and it took some time for my arm to regain full strength. Ah yes, the memories!

JOURNAL: Kept by Albert Hofmann from May 31, 1990, through August 10, 1990. At the time of this writing he was 64 years old and traveling in a motor home with his wife Bonnie Jean Gibbs Hofmann from their home in Brookville, Florida, out West.

Whenever Kids return home from summer vacation and return to school, they are asked to write about their vacation experiences. We would like to tell you about our motor home experiences this year.

To begin, no matter where we went we were sure of three things. We knew that the area we were in would experience all time high temperatures, we knew if it were a weekend we would break down, and we were sure that tornados were just around the corner! Let's see if we can do this chronologically.

5/31/90 Took coach in for new fan belts, lubrication, and check the tires so that I won't have to worry about them on the trip. Cost $143.65

Bad tire wear on front and suggestion was made to take it in for wheel alignment. We have already done other pre-trip things such as having the furnace gone over before we head up to the northern states, Cost $338.41

and buying and installing a new valve for my air horns because the old one leaked so badly. Cost $62.25

6/1/90 Took coach into Hudson Tire for alignment and they could not do it because both air bags in the front end were gone. Bring it back Monday and we will do it then. Okay, but I'm supposed to be leaving Wednesday morning.

6/4/90 Well, we are back to get the air bag-alignment job done and it should be ready for early afternoon. That's good because we have a cocktail and dinner date with some very good friends at 5:00 PM. Oops wrong bags, but we should be ready by 4:00 PM. We finally get out of there and to our friends by 7:30. Cost $426.57

6/6/90 We finally made it. We are actually leaving on time!

6/7/90 Second night out and we are in an RV park recommended to us and it is a slum with no running water and no sewer facilities.

6/8/90 Oops, I have lost cruise control on an intermittent basis and it just drives me nuts. I rely very heavily on it for fuel consumption and keeping my right foot from getting so tired holding down the gas pedal. I wonder why the air horns don't operate every time I hit the horn button?

6/9/90 Other than still having the cruise problem we made it to the Amana Colonies and met our Florida camping friends, Hattie and Loretta at the Sleepy Hollow Campground in Oxford, Iowa for a delightful visit to the colonies.

6/11/90 It is our 45th anniversary and Hattie and Loretta take us out to celebrate it.

6/13/90 Arrived in Forest City, Iowa at the Village Chateau Motel and Campground. Great hosts!

6/15/90 Played golf in the pre-rally WIT golf outing at the Forest City Country Club. This turned out to be a rinky dink golf course that we had to play twice and due to the fact that Bonnie and I couldn't play together I had to rent two carts and my cost for this horrible outing was $100.00! Would you believe that I actually won three golf balls donated by Onan Generator, but I couldn't have them because I was not there to receive them? What a fiasco! The reason I couldn't stay for the "awards," was due to the fact that I was having the coach cleaned and polished.

6/16/90 We are at the Winnebago Surplus Store buying goodies and we spot a familiar coach– our friends from our Mobile Home Community in Florida, the Louvars are here buying goodies, too. We all talked them into staying for the rally and they agreed to do it. We had a great time with them.

6/17/90 There is a fly-in breakfast at the local airport and some of us have decided to go. We had a good time and saw two men that made their first parachute jump. They received this as a Father's Day present for their wives. Boy, were they excited!!

6/18/90 It is the first day of the Winnebago Grand National Rally so we are going in to park for a week of dry camping. Saw a guy fixing windshields and talked him into fixing two stone chips that I had picked up on my windshield.

6/19/90 First official day of the rally and the evening's entertainment is cancelled due to tornado warnings. Many coaches are being pulled out of bad mud puddles to higher ground and water is standing all over the place.

6/23/90 Time to hit the road again with Hattie and Loretta. I am now really having trouble making my air horns work. I have to keep hitting the horn button three and four times in order to make them work and this is not safe if I really need them quickly. Of course it rained last night, as usual, but a new thing happened this morning. The bathroom rug is soaking wet. The bathroom roof vent has cracked and is leaking like mad all over the toilet and the carpeting. I can't get a new one right away so I just taped it up temporarily.

6/23/90 Late Saturday afternoon and we are getting gas before we stop for the night. Now what? My coach won't start. Come to find out that both the starter and the solenoid are burned up and not working. We get a wrecker to come with a starter but no solenoid, so he called in to have a parts house stay open till we can get there. Jump started the engine and limped in to the service station garage in Fergus Falls, Minnesota. It is so late when they got done with the repairs that we couldn't get into the local campground due to a big softball tournament. No problem, we were invited to stay in the service station all night and we had cocktails out by the dumpster in back and watched the traffic on the interstate go by. Cost $208.34

6/24/90 The service station had such good water that everybody took long showers and we filled our water tanks up with their water. We got to Minot, ND and met friends from Colorado at the Kmart downtown. No problem finding them, they were the only ones there. North Dakota closes down on Sunday! FMCA The week of the rally was really a lot of fun, with a nice tour of the SAC Airbase. Many hours of rain followed. RALLY by huge puddles of water– oh, yes, tornado warnings.

6/26/90 We need some money so we go to town and visit the local ATM. The temperature outside is over 95 degrees, a huge puff of vapor comes out from under the hood and we have lost the air conditioner for the car. Cost $29.95

6/29/90 Hattie and I bought solar powered fans for our refrigerators so they will work more efficiently. The dealer only had two units in the boxes and I took the dented box and gave Hattie the good box. Next day I installed the fans in our coaches and they work great! It is now two days later and I am sending in the warranty card on my fan. What is that racket? The fan has gotten noisy as can be while Hatties just keeps humming along. I get so mad that I put a note on the warranty card about the racket. Oh well, what else can happen to us on this trip?

6/30/90 The generator just quit again. Now what? I must not have put the fill cap on tight because all the oil came out and made a horrible mess in the generator compartment!
7/1/90 Heading for the campground at Rapid City, SD to visit the Mount Rushmore monument and it is over 95 degrees and one of my rear tires lost the steel belt and blew out. When it blew it also took the other tire with it. What a mess! I damaged the wheelcover, the tire well housing, and a rear quarter panel. Of course it is Sunday evening and nothing is open. Luckily, we found a wrecker making a service call. We talked into him into helping us change the tires. Bonnie was our official flagperson, trying to keep people from running us down whilewe were doing the repairs. While he was under the coach he noticed that the rear seal on the opposite side seemed to be leaking badly.

Cost $25.00

The spare that he put on was partially deflated, so we had to limp into the campground at something approximating a snails pace. We took one of the last spots in the Holiday Campground which was overcrowded and cramped for room. We were unable to use our air conditioner due to a lack of voltage, so it was a miserable night. Oh yes, our generator isn't fixed yet so we couldn't even turn that on.
7/2/90 Had to take the coach back down to Rapid City today to get the tires replaced and come to find out that we also have the steel belts coming out of the front tires. This meant that we now had to buy four tires, not two.

Cost $700.66

Oh yes, they also said that it looked like I was losing my rear seal on the opposite side. We checked into a different campground today and found out that I had better not tell them that I belonged to RPI or they would tell me the park was closed. As long as I was willing to pay full price I was welcome to stay.
7/3/90 Went to Deadwood, SD today— They have legalized gambling and we decided to lose $100— no make it $50— we lost $23 and quit! Deadwood just can't handle the crowds that they have.
7/4/90 Today was Mount Rushmore day. How impressive it was to see on this particular day. We were afraid that it was going to be packed, but found out that there were only 12,000 people there, instead of the usual 15,000. There was a fife and drum corps performing and it was a very delightful day.
7/5/90 Went back to Rapid City to have our rear seal replaced. It took some four hours but it went fast.

Cost $115.14

We also went to the Onan Generator man to show him how I had cleaned up the mess and he said I had done everything exactly right and it works great.

Cost $5.00

7/6/90 Time to start heading Southwest again. Boy does Wall Drug Store look different from when I was there in 1937. Bonnie the shopper saw some Indian pottery for $19.50 that she saw for $6.50 at Rapid City!
7/7/90 Stayed at Honey Creek Resorts, just outside of Omaha, NE on the South Dakota side. It was a very nice park and we went into Omaha on Sunday. We see only five to ten people on the streets. Where are all the people?
7/8/90 Time to start heading East— Now what? I just lost my alternator and it is Saturday again. Oh well, I'll just turn on the generator and keep things charged up that way and keep going. While going through one of the many construction zones a car picked up a rock and chipped my windshield again! Had lunch in Des Moines and about an hour later the engine began overheating. I pulled in to a rest area and checked the oil to make sure I hadn't lost some and would you believe that the paper towelling that I used to wipe off the dip stick started smoking something fierce?! Went into Grinnel, Iowa after things cooled down and managed to find a 24 hour grocery store that offered me the use of an electrical outlet in their parking lot. Nuts, it wasn't enough amperage and the two attempts we made to find another outlet in town, including two stops at the local police station were to no avail. Oh well, we just pulled into a car dealers driveway and spent a warm Sunday evening watching the traffic go by. You couldn't go outside because of the proliferation of gnats. They were there by the millions!
7/9/90 We were treated royally by West Miller Chevrolet. The owner had driven by the evening before, reassured me that his service manager would be in by 7:00 AM and they would do what they could for me. It turned out that the service manager showed up at 6:15 and put the first available man on my unit and I was back on the road by 8:10. One of my new belts that I had installed before we left, broke and wrapped around the fan hub causing the overheating. Cost $30.77
Man, is it windy! Now what? There was a horrible racket outside and apparently the wind actually unwrapped the awning and almost tore it off. This happened three times, but it looks like we have it fixed now. We pulled up to register at Fox River Campground in Norway, Illinois, and who is in line ahead of us? I'll be darned, it's the Louvars again! We spent a few more days with them playing golf and going out and it was delightful.
7/13/90 Where did all the heat and rain go? 60 degrees in the day and 50 degrees at night and guess what? The furnace won't work, and we had a new control board installed before we left. Thank goodness we were able to buy some electric blankets and didn't freeze too much.
7/14/90 Left early for Indiana, and a couple of weeks of visiting friends and relatives, and play a lot of golf. Oops, it's Saturday, but nothing bad happened. While in Indiana I repaired the furnace, the side panels, and the cruise control. We really enjoyed ourselves. I also replaced a door catch because the old one had rusted and quit working. I put on a new heavy duty one, the wind caught the door before I latched it and punched a big hole in the fiberglass door!
7/29/90 I am sitting on the toilet seat and it cracks and pinches my fanny. Now we have to look for another toilet seat.
7/31/90 We are doing the tourist thing and visiting Water Tower Place in Chicago and going out to dinner. Now what? I am having terrible chest pains but don't tell anyone.
8/1/90 I finally tell everyone about the chest pains and promise to do something the next morning.
8/2/90 Went to the Emergency Room at St. Marys Hospital in Hobart, IN and the ER doctor told me that I had better see a Cardiologist and fast. I called our doctor in Florida and he could not believe that I would be released with CPK Enzyme numbers of 293 when the normal range is 40-170! He wanted to know what kind of hospital would release me with numbers like that without doing a proportional test on the CPK numbers. We immediately made an appointment with Dr. Rosenberg of St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago. The girls there said that they would squeeze me in some time around 12:30 tomorrow.

8/3/90 Not only did the girls get me in to see the doctor but they put me ahead of everyone else. The first thing he wanted to know was what kind of a doctor would release me with numbers like that. He did an EKG and ran all kinds of tests and then ran the proper blood test that should have been done before. Tomorrow is the weekend but he said that he would have the results for me tomorrow.
8/4/90 Talked to the doctor this morning and he said to go on with our vacation because the proportion tests showed 0% brain, 0% Heart, and 100% Skelatel Muscle CPK Enzymes! All this trouble over a muscle strain. It has rained all night and now the stupid hot water heater won't come on. I blew out all the water that I could find in and around the pilot assembly and lit the heater manually. This dried everything out and the water heater is working again.
8/5/90 It is Sunday and we are on the road for Ohio and trying to see my son and his family before we head for the East Coast. Bonnie has found us a place to stay for the night some distance from the Turnpike and it sounds like a nice place. Man, what did we get into now? The place is on a river but you have to be a mountain goat to get in and out, and the road is only one way through the park. It is really bad and we are pulling right back out again. Now what? It sounds like the transmission is going bad and it is screaming like mad when I accelerate. Oh for crying out loud, I'm still in first gear. Don't think that we don't get up tight driving on weekends. We finally found a campground closer to the Turnpike and I spent the evening blowing out all the fuses on three different fuse boxes. We finally moved into a different area, let the car dolly and car hang out into the street and went to sleep.
8/6/90 Well, it's Monday so we should be all right going on in to our son Allen's house. It is raining like mad and I have lost my windshield wipers. I have about 140 miles to go and we are going on in because we are meeting the family for dinner today. We made it to the campground and checked in. The fellow ahead of me was complaining about the horrible rain we had to drive through and I asked him how he would have liked to have driven it without wipers and 52 feet of motor home and car. He agreed that wasn't fun at all. We set up in the rain and I came in to clean up. I didn't think I was shook up till I laid my lower lip open with the razor while shaving!
8/7/90 I have tried everything looking for a problem with the wipers and have come to the conclusion that the trouble lies in the key-switch assembly.
8/9/90 Left Allen's house and of course it is raining, turned on the wipers and they work. Went in to get gas and now we can't start the engine. I try and try and it finally does work. Now I am sure that the switch is going and can only hope it lasts till we get home. Yes, we have decided to call an end to this years trip, forget about going on to Maine, and head home. We figure that we will spend a few days in St. Augustine, FL and then go home.
8/10/90 We are at the North Carolina Welcome Center and I do my usual walk-around check on things, touch the grease cup on the tow dolly and burned my hand because it is red hot! A trucker suggested that I go to the next off ramp to a truck stop and have it looked at there. We went as slow as we could and when we got there I pulled the wheel. The two bearings, races, and the hub were burned up and the wheel was ready to fall off. We spent over three hours in the truck stop, hooked the dolly and car back up, and started out again.

Cost $108.86

Well, as long as we are here let's get gas. Now the *#* key won't start again! We finally get it going and Bonnie says, "Let's go home." And we did.

CONCLUSION

Our trip was only 5,422 miles, but no matter how bad I made it sound, they were some of the most enjoyable times and miles that we have ever had. We are already planning our trips for next year. This time we will go in caravans so that we can feel like someone is sharing all these fun breakdowns, rather than keeping them all to ourselves. I just realized that at six miles to a gallon that comes to 913 gallons! Let's see now, at $1.21 average price that comes to— oh my goodness.

Since we have been home the golf cart has had the battery go bad, the throttle cable broke and the governor went out. The car got two new tires, and the car is burning oil like mad for some reason— it's only got 127,000 miles on the four cylinder engine. The first weekend out with the motor home we were invaded by fire ants, I got bitten all over, and had to come home at 2:00 AM for first aid. You should see the hospital and doctor bills that are coming in from those two days of tests! However, all those things are probably enough to write another story on.

Al, Allen, and Bonnie Hofmann in Allen's house, taken during the visit discussed in this journal

JOURNAL: kept by Albert Hofmann. Albert Hofmann kept this journal during the summer that he and his wife, Bonnie Jean Gibbs Hofmann worked as hosts in the campground of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. At the time that he kept it, they were 71 years old and living in Brooksville, Florida

Campground Hosting in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park: July 1 to August 17, 1998

We arrived at the Big Creek Campground on July 1, 1998 and met the people we were replacing on the first of three one-way bridges that you must go over in order to get to the Campground. We said hello and goodbye and proceeded in. Bonnie went ahead in the car on the winding single lane gravel road to the top and then called back to me on the radio to let me know that it was okay to come on up. We found a nice level spot waiting for us with full hook up. While setting up we found that we had no TV of any kind. Nothing! The first thing that I did was assemble a 6 foot dish that I had brought along and tied it to a tree and we had ABC and NBC. I went down and ordered CBS and the networks would not allow me to have it because this area was covered by Knoxville and you must put up a tower to get it because we were so close. I figure that the tower would have to be 5,300 feet tall and then we would have no trouble getting a picture. So we decided to stick with what we had and hope that they don't take that away from us by scrambling the signal. The head ranger gave us a tour of our responsibility and outlined our duties. We are responsible for a 12 site campground, a Horse camp that has 8 sites and 22 horse stalls and a Group Camp that handles some 25 or more people. We are really on our own out here miles from anyone. The only help we have is the Handie-Talkie that we were issued.

The July 4th Holiday

The July fourth weekend experiences could almost be a complete book in itself. The book would tell how we had to try to put 13 campsites in 12 spaces or 27 horses in 22 stalls and the four owners of four of these horses were so drunk and obstinate that we had to get the Rangers to handle the situation. Or how about the boy who almost cut off his heel with a hatchet?
Let's try to put it all down.

Wednesday July 1

Set up camp at 9:30 A.M.. We went to Newburyport, 20 miles away to Wal Mart to do some shopping. I found an Internet Service provider and he let me get into Yahoo and create a new mail-to address. Then I went into my mail box in Florida and found my new password. I had been using Yahoo all around the country, including Canada, but some kid had gotten into it at one of the libraries that I had been using and I had lost my mail privileges. We went to the local library and we both got library cards and I went on Yahoo, wrote everyone and found that I could not carbon copy the America On Line people so I wrote everyone individually from then on. We an even check out video tapes without library cards.

Thursday July 2

Day one of our work, and we met a delightful down-to-earth, "horse" couple (Debra & Roger "Rooster" Grice). Their little granddaughter got bit by a spider and had an allergic reaction and we suggested they take her to Newburyport and go to the emergency room. A girl found a little Beagle puppy up on one of the trails and turned it in, Mountain Mama's dog decided to follow the Grices from the store (2 miles away) and stayed for a couple of days.
At 10:30 someone knocked on the door, and there was a young man, his wife and 2 little ones looking for a place to stay– the campground was full. I found them a spot in the Horse camp and went back to bed.

Friday July 3

Went back to Newburyport and the library to see how the new Yahoo address is working. It is really working great. While checking out the horse camp out a beautiful Malmute (Husky) walked into the area. It had apparently broken the sled type strapping that it was tied with and decided to check out the area. A frantic owner was very glad to get that animal back!

Uh oh, we lost our pump and the campground had no water for the bathrooms and drinking water. We had to go around telling everyone what was being done and what was being tried to relieve the situation– they were all good about it and no complaints. We did get the well going for a little while but the bearing was gone and the pump was trying to shake itself to pieces down there. Tried to locate another one but every place was closed up. Tried to get portable toilets but the same problem. Finally gave up late at night on this one. Oops, somebody snuck in an extra horse and we now have 23 horses for 22 stalls! Rooster took his 2 horses down to the Ranger Station at 9:15 PM (the horses did not like going 1.5 miles in the dark). What a nice couple. At 9:30 PM a young lad came up to us explaining he had driven in from Georgia (8 hours) and wanted to know if any of the other campgrounds were available to him. We did not want him driving the back roads at night and we put him in the Group Camp which was already overcrowded, and then put him into the Horse Camp the next day. Would you believe he called "Momma" to let her know that he got here okay? We really felt good about helping him out.

Saturday, July 4

The whole area is packed– 13 campers in 12 sites, the group camp is overflowing with tents pitched everywhere, we had the 27 horses for 22 stalls with the 4 drunks episode (they left, the drunks did). We had two dinner invitations today, one couple in the day use area had 30 to 40 cousins, etc., coming in and invited us to come to their fish fry. Our new "horse" friends also invited us down for hamburgers, but we did our own thing in food. They finally found a submersible well and the guys put it in today, hooray! Over 22 hours without any water was really tough! The campers gave "us" real thanks for a job well done and I told them that it was some very dedicated employees that did it and not "us."

Sunday, July 5

Went to Newburyport, oops, Bonnie forgot her purse and left it on the table outside of our motorhome. Went back, picked it up, and went looking for Morristown, TN. Got lost, ate in a terrible restaurant full of locals, went to a little flea market and came back to camp. At 7:30 PM a little lost girl walked into our site and said she was lost and was looking for the Ranger Station. We told her who we were and she told us that her brother had hurt himself very badly up at the campground. When we got there we found the father holding the wound closed on a heel that the boy had hit with a hatchet. The bleeding was beginning to slow down and we went back and put together an ice pack to slow the bleeding further and keep any swelling down. When the wife got back from the store we loaded the boy into their car and off they went to the hospital. It seems that his brother did the same thing last year and had cut his knee badly. When they left for the hospital he told his brother, "Have a nice time!" The next day we found out that the boy had to have 4 stitches in a muscle and 7 to close up his heel. We found a delightful town called Greenville, TN. It is named after our grandson Nate's namesake, Nathaniel Greene and was also the home of Andrew Johnson. We also saw the house that flew both the Union and Confederate flags as a command post. This building saw a Confederate General shot and killed and Morgan of Morgan's Raiders was captured there. What a lot of history in such a small area. We had lunch in the Stockyard Café (pictured above) , we laughed so hard at sitting in a restaurant that had such a tilted floor that Bonnie was waiting for me to fall right out the door. For lunch (they call it dinner)

everyone paid one price $4.00 plus tax. You had your choice of chicken, ham, or chicken livers. You could have all the vegetables you wanted–mashed, fried, or sweet potatoes, green beans, spinach, macaroni salad, macaroni and cheese, corn, cucumbers, peas, and cole slaw. They also had biscuits and corn bread– oh, and you also got your drink and dessert included! When you paid at the register there was tip jar for you to use. Meanwhile back at the camp. So far we have had reports of finding and killing a copperhead snake in the campground and otherwise Week I has come to a quiet close. Even the 30 kids and counselors in the Group Camp were very good. Thank goodness, because the group camp is in our area, across the road from our coach. Oh yea, the FBI is in the area looking for the Atlanta Bomber. Nice looking young man.

Week 2

We have 2 regular bird feeders out, and I had just about given up on seeing any birds but today we saw the hummingbirds had found the feeder that we had just got from WalMart and are they really drinking up the nectar!! However, the only other birds that we have attracted are some tiny wrens. They are feeding on the seed that went on the ground when one of my big feeders hit the deck for some reason. Maybe I should just go ahead and dump the feeders on the ground and watch the fun. We lost our two network stations on the satellite dish and now we have no TV of any kind. I went down and called my satellite provider and complained bitterly to a supervisor about our problem. She told me to write them a letter and I would probably be put on line. Let's hope we get it. A couple from Gainsville, Fl came into camp wondering about the bear problems on the trail. Last year they were here, and a bear kept them up all night trying to get to their food. Now they are going back up into the back country and staying for nine days! Man, that is sure a lot of hiking, and a lot of nerve! A horse and rider rode into camp at about 8:45 PM and we had about 30 kids having a ball in the Group Camp site so I ran out to stop him. It seems that one of their horses had broken out of one of the stalls and had run off. I walked back to their campsite, got on the radio, and one of the other campground rangers had found it already. I told the people where it was and they went down and got it. Boy, it sure makes us look good when you can find something lost that quickly! Had about 30 to 40 young people come into the regular campground about 1:30 AM and occupy one of the sites and they were back on the trail before dawn. Thank goodness the campground itself is about ½ mile away. Went into town to do our Email– works great!! On our way back to the camp a pick up truck had to hit his brakes for a car that cut him off and he had no stop lights. We thought we would be good Samaritans and tell him at the next stop light. I got out and told him that he had no stop lights and he got all flustered when he saw my NPS (National Park Service) volunteer shirt, and told me he was just trying the truck out to see if he wanted to buy it. He was really nervous and thanked me for telling him about the light many times. When I got back to our car we realized that he must have thought I was some kind of police and Bonnie said that the boy in the seat next to him was bug-eyed looking at the antennas on the car. We really got a good laugh out of that one! Oh, boy! We found out that CBS is not scrambled and now we can only hope that it stays unscrambled for the weekend. I sure hope those satellite people put us on line with the 3 networks. We have set a new record for filing camp sites. We got 16 campers settled in and we only have 12 sites. Had a newlywed couple come in late last night and we put them off by themselves and they really appreciated it. It is almost 10:00 AM and they are still sacked in! They are going up into the back country for their honeymoon– Bonnie says, "No way!" Our new "horse" friends have come back again for another weekend. They had said they probably would not be back for quite some time and here they are, back the next weekend. Really nice people. They came into our site at 9:30 AM and stayed til 11:00 PM. We are certainly getting to be night owls. Went into town and checked our Email, which is really working out fine. Bonnie went into the grocery store to get some supplies and some guy came up to the car to apply for a job on the trail gangs that they have working in the park! He must have seen the emblem on my NPS shirt, funny! What next? People came up to me complaining about the young guys who were up drinking and having a good time till about 2:00 AM on what was their last night here. I went over to the tent site, got their dog barking, which woke them all up. I gave them a citation for improper food storage, too many tents on one site (not true) and having an unrestrained animal on their site. I thought it was a waste of time to do this till I found out that one of the people that I had cited a few days ago got so nervous about it that they apparently gave one of our regulars their new camp stove and might not do any more National Park camping! "Junior" said they were really scared about the citation. Came back and we are sitting outside, under the canopy, having coffee and two deer are grazing at our site. One of them came less than 25 feet from the rear of the coach. What beautiful, nervous animals. The fawn must lay down in the valley while mama is grazing by us. Speaking of animal life, it is fun to watch the Daddy Long Leg spiders catch moths and eat them. Also I have a field mouse living in my holding tank equipment. When I dump, I have to wait a minute to give the mouse a chance to run out and then I dump– FUN! Friday evening and things are running true to form at the Horse Camp. I have a group with 4 horses that claims to have a reservation, which I have verified that they do not have. The problem is that we have more horses coming in than spaces again. If we kept all of them, we would have 26 horses in 22 stalls! I told them they could stay one night but then we will have to watch for a cancellation tomorrow, and they will have to leave if everyone shows up. A bus driver with a group of church kids has a high class problem. He has lost his ignition key (he thinks one of the boys got mad because he was not allowed to go swimming took it and threw it away.) A so-called locksmith came out, worked for three hours, and then someone finally hot wired the bus so that they could get going. Boy, these church group kids are sure rowdy and noisy! The weekend has arrived and the excitement is on. We are full again (the campground I mean) and I am scrounging around for campsites for people. The 15 Boy Scouts in the Group Camp turned out to be 8 people. So I explained to one of the leaders that we were full and in the past I have put people on the perimeter of the area and this helped the park gain funds by renting out extra sites for $10.00 a night (the park just recently was given the right to keep 80% of all funds generated rather than sending all funds back to the Federal Government. The guy said no problem because their group turned out to be so small. After I had put two people in the area, the head man complained vehemently that it was unfair to charge him full price for such a small group and everyone should chip in on the $40.00 group camp fee. I had to get the rangers involved and it ended up that he had to pay only $20.00– nice man. Furthermore I am getting reports on the Boy Scouts antics while they were here. They tried to stuff our money box up at the campground with blank money envelopes, and we empty it only once a week! They broke a dam that the fishermen had apparently put up to create pools for the trout that the people like to catch here. They somehow got the Men's room toilet seats full of mud, don't know if they stood on them or if they just fixed it so no one could sit on them. A guy down by the swimming hole is chasing and trying to kill a big copperhead snake. He did not get him. I asked him why he was trying to kill one of our pet snakes! That area is just loaded with snakes of all kinds. Went

to town for lunch and to take my computer in for repair. My monitor on my computer went "south" on me and I had a panic over it and was told by one place to go buy a new one. However, we found a fellow in Newport that can fix anything and we got it repaired while we went to lunch. I just might send him my video camera that does not work when I get home. He replaced three video circuit board components and with the labor charge I paid him a total of $44.00. It is the first time in my life that I had a technician ask me, "What do you think is a fair charge for labor?" Got home and was talking to one of the lady rangers about the snake that lived in my wood pile and she wanted to see it. Our three and a half foot snake turned out to be a Timber Rattlesnake! I did not want to do it, but I killed it. Tuesday morning and we watched them loading up the mules and horses to take up 30 day supply of materials, food, etc. for the two crews of college kids that are working here on the Appalachian Trail for a month. We think they are probably doing it for college credit in their major of forestry or some other allied curriculum. One crew led by a lady park employee and 8 boys hiked past us on the way up. Man, were their packs big and heavy looking. There was another group but I don't know which trail they took. We went with Ruthie and Joe from Brookville, to Asheville, NC for the day and it was great until a crazy guy in a pick up truck tried to run me down and I hit the pavement and really skinned up my knee, elbow, wrist, and hand. I thought it was all over that time. Lost the battle of the networks. They are supposed to be sending me a waiver (to my Florida address) because I cannot receive Network stations. I am to sign and return it, and then they will send it to the local station and then they will send out a crew to check and see if I am telling the truth. The lady supervisor did not think that this would all be done by the time that we would be leaving on August 17th! If I get the letter before I leave here I will send it back with the Longitude and Latitude because there is absolutely no physical address where we are located. RIDICULOUS! On the way back to our site we picked up a young man and his twelve year old daughter hitch hiking and took them back to their car. They had gotten on the wrong side of the river and they were quite tired when we picked them up. With all the activity in the area looking for the Atlanta Bomber and we go and get a soft heart and pick up two hitch hikers! Our marijuana smoking couple checked out today and would you believe? They have seven kids. They were very well mannered kids and I really felt sorry for them. (The kids that is.) Our NPS radio is asking for people to help a woman that cannot get back out of the woods and they are going to have to carry her out. Couldn't figure out why they needed so many people and then we found out later she weighed some 300 pounds and gave out walking on one of the short trails. They took the litter in and carried her out to the parking lot and then cancelled the ambulance because she got up off the litter and walked to her car! The fellows were really not too happy about that one. It is 8:00 PM and we are sitting here in the coach watching a deer about 50 feet away feeding in the woods. She has been rooting around in the underbrush for something and really working at it for the last 20 minutes. I put out some of the feed that the deer have been stealing from the horses. She can actually hear us talking to each other inside the motor home! Fantastic! It ended up being over a half an hour that we watched her. Thursday morning and Bonnie is watching a doe and her very little fawn in the woods. Some of the college kids came into our area and they were looking for predatory type of plants like kudzu and logging their locations on a site map. They will then have the gangs come through and get rid of all the exotic, non-native plants that they can find. Hey, two guys and another of the pack mules just came through. I wonder how far they took those supplies? They have been gone a couple of days themselves. The new group camp bunch is here, some 25 people. Can you believe that they are bringing a breast fed six weeks old baby and a little girl that requires a vaporizer at night? Being soft-hearted, we are giving them one of our circuits to use for that. We cannot believe that someone would bring little ones out into the woods, miles from help, and have nerve enough to ask for electricity. They will be running some 200 feet of cord to operate it. We're heroes again. One of our campers walked down and gave me a set of keys that she found at the beginning of one of the trails up in the day use area. She had tried the key in the only Ford up there so she turned it in to us. Within 30 minutes one of the people from the Group Camp came over to tell me that he had lost his keys somewhere. I asked him the car make, he said Ford, and I handed them to him. He could not believe that he got them back and thanked me very profusely. From the looks and mentality of these people I have to believe that is the only set that he brought with him. The same camper that gave me the keys also reported to me that someone was camping in the woods out on an island that they had gotten on to by going cross the rocks and taking their gear over there. I reported it to the Rangers and those folks are not in the park anymore! They ran them out. I got a report on the scruffy pair of guys that I had put into the horse camp last week and told the Ranger about it. It seems that he caught them with marijuana pipes and a loaded 357 magnum in their gear. I knew that I did not like their looks. Today we had a visit from our grandson Kelly and his wife. We got a chance to show them where we were located and the area. After seeing this I think they will come back and see us again. I need someone to check out some of the back country stuff with me, and Kel would be a good choice to go with me. We had two young scatter brained girls come in after the campground was full and I put them into one of the Horse Camp sites. Came back to the coach and a real thunderstorm came up. A wet bedraggled young fisherman walked into our area looking for two young girls in a red pickup truck. It sounded plausible but I just didn't know for sure. I told them where they were and then had second thoughts, jumped into the car, went down to the Horse Camp and they were gone. I then went up to the tent area and there they were– all of them. The girls didn't know how to put up a tent, the lightning hit, and they threw the tent, bedrolls and all, into the cab of the truck and ran off looking for the young guy that I sent down to the Horse Camp. He was on the trail and they were on the road, so they passed each other. I think they finally ended up in the tent area with one of our regulars, "Junior" who had plenty of room for them on his site. We heard someone calling out for someone just now but he only yelled three times and that was it. Bonnie wouldn't let me go out and check, and we haven't heard anymore. Good!!

Week 3

A very quiet start for the week. We went over and visited one of the other rangers near Gatlinburg and then went on up to Pigeon Forge for the day. Came back and checked out all of our responsibilities and went back to our coach and relaxed. Man, that Outlet Shopping is tough! Wednesday, and we went in the other direction today. We went to breakfast at Shoneys, checked out our Email at the library, went to another one of the Park campgrounds near the Cherokee reservation and then back here at 5:00 PM! We drove 160 miles, it's no wonder that I am tired. We gambled at the Harrah's casino on the reservation and we lost all of $2.00 apiece in one and a half hours. We came back to find that our campground filled up by noon and now they have spilled over into our group camp area. It looks like we have put 20 campsites into a campground area that only claims 12 spaces! Nope, it turns out that 7 were a scheduled Group that I had put down for the wrong arrival today. We then put one more down at the Horse Camp. One of the regulars at the Horse Camp kind of took a liking to us and gave us a bunch of vegetables out of his garden. Last week he gave me a couple of tomatoes and now today he gave us

cabbage, potatoes, tomatoes, green onions, zuchinni, and some "Bent Squash," all out of his garden. How 'bout that? He says, "people on farms never go hungry as long as they have their gardens." We sure have a lot of radio problems. First we had battery problems with our Handie Talkie and now the stupid thing won't transmit. I guess I will have to ask for another radio. Just had a meeting with the head ranger and he has ordered me another radio– GOOD! You really need help out here in the boonies and not having a radio and being miles from help is not good. A lady locked herself out of her car with the lights on and came looking for help. A gentleman drove her down and I gave her my "Slim Jim." She tried it and it was just a little too short, came back and I gave her a coat hanger to try. It must have worked because she didn't come back. Thursday morning and I did my 7:00 AM walk-thru of the tent area. Junior told me that the lady with the locked out problem was a nurse camped here with her husband and she would not go back to the site to tell her husband that she had locked herself out! She had all these guys helping her and all the time her husband was at her site. RIDICULOUS!

Week 4

Here we go again. Two riders just reported gunfire on the trail in the back country and also the problem of two boys on mountain bikes on the same trail where they are definitely not allowed. The boys paid no attention to the warnings by the riders. They just told the riders to have a nice day and rode on up the trail. If they meet the rangers carrying AK47s going on up the back country to check out the gunfire, they will have the daylights scared out of them for sure! MORE!! The 25 people group (Boy and Girl Scouts. Are they co-ed now?) has arrived and one of their cars were cut off by some drunks right at the park entrance, went off the road, and blew a tire. Nobody got hurt and no other car damage. I cannot get them any help for a report because I don't have any ranger vehicles within hours of here. The only 2 rangers on duty I have available are miles into the back country by now and walking. At least it makes it look good to have their empty cars sitting around. I decided to go up to the tent area and see if we had any vacancies for a change. I am coming up to the area parking lot and here comes a horse at me at a full gallop. Both the horse and I really had to put on our brakes so that we would not run into each other. The rider and I had words– I am glad that he did not know that I had no one to back me up for miles. I asked him to leave and then drove back to an empty squad car and wrote to the guys about the experience and he rode off out of the park. We heard the report on the radio– firecrackers– not gunfire! Now it is dark and they still have to walk back out over 5 miles in the dark. The 14 boys and girls and their leaders have come back a day early from their big trip on the Appalachian Trail. They were absolutely beat! One of the boys had to be carried out and they all have suffered from sore feet and ankles, and also one boy had some 20 bee stings. One of the ladies said that in some places the trail is so narrow that you have to put one foot in front of the other and hope you don't slip over the side. No wonder we have heard about people falling over the side and requiring rescue efforts. The other 11 traveled in cars and did things the easy way. What a small world. One of the tent campers is from Brooksville and we drove over to the other side of the park, a 170 mile trip and found a couple from Brooksville are hosts there! We have decided that we do not like any of the other places that were available to us for hosting. We sure have gotten to like our little place that we have here. This evening there were 2 deer grazing right by us and the hummingbirds were having a feeding frenzy at the feeder. What a riot watching them. It's really beautiful here. Wednesday morning and we went into town for our Email and some supplies from Walmart. I was working on the computer and saw Bonnie talking to this young boy. It turns out that he was interviewing her about the computers that are available in the library that very few people use in this town. It also turns out he is the photographer for the town's newspaper and took my picture at the computer without me knowing it. He was there to take pictures of the kids that were there for the annual Summer Reading Program luncheon. We asked the librarian later when the pictures would be in the paper and she said that it sometimes took weeks. The reason for that was because they waited for the roll of film to be used up before they processed it and used it in the paper. The paper only comes out Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Who knows when it or if it will ever be printed! Haven't seen a ranger since the big "firecracker" incident Sunday and now it is Wednesday! There has not been one since Saturday in any of the campsites. They are just spread too thin for safety's sake. Middle of the week and we have a full tent campground, maximum in the group camp and all the horse stalls are taken but one. I did sneak two tents into one of the sites and they were both grateful for having a place for the night. I just (hope) no one else comes in; we don't have any more room! Thursday and we decide that we will go into Asheville, N.C. today after we check things out in the tent area. We took the car and almost ran over a big Black or King snake in the road. Thank goodness we didn't get him. We enjoyed the trip to Asheville and had a great time. We even went in to the local library and sent Karen an electronic birthday card which saved us a 40 mile round trip to Newport, TN to do it. No, I did not get "almost run over" like the last time we were here. Friday, and it is really raining and has been for two days. We always try to stay here in camp all day on Friday as much as possible. So I waxed all the woodwork in the interior and vacuumed the floors. I know we will track it all up again with all the wet leaves out there but it looks nice for a little while anyway. Saturday morning, and we went into town to get some breakfast, came back, and the hummingbird feeder is empty. Bonnie refilled it and now we are watching 6 birds trying to get at 3 feeding holes! We now have a new "bully" guarding the feeder but he is much slower than the last one and now more birds are able to sneak in. The deer are visible but not very close. I guess the 25 people in the Boy Scout group in the group camp are keeping them away. The scouts are leaving today and it was a real pleasure to have them here all the way from New Orleans, Louisiana, area. Wow, did they ever police up the area. There was not one tiny piece of debris when they left here. I was so impressed with this group that I put them on our family Web Page that I have been working on. I can't wait to see this page, when I get it "on line" when we get home. Also, many people are interested in seeing it when it gets on the web. It is afternoon and Bonnie is down counting the money deposited by the various campers, with the lady ranger in charge of the money counting. I get a call on the radio asking me to go down and check on a 911 call that came from the pay phone at the Ranger Station. Everything down there has been quiet and we figured out that it was a young (man) that had had tire trouble and had been helped by the lady ranger. She called a tow truck for him, but he got it fixed and left the scene. Saturday night and the campground is full, as usual. I have put two fellows and their 3 little ones in an empty site at the Horse Camp and then had a "mountain" woman with 3 kids and two dogs come in at 8:00 PM. She was really driving a beat up car with the headlight and parking light laying in the back seat. I put her in the Horse Camp and about 9:00 PM I hear the loudest barking that I have heard since we got here and it does not stop! Yep, It is the lady that I put up for the night and her dog will not shut up. It is driving everyone nuts and she is over 1/4 of a mile away. The horses are really getting nervous and so are all the people. I had a little talk with her and she finally agreed to leave just as soon as she fed the kids. Ah! It is peaceful again and everyone turned in for another quiet night. Ooops, how 'bout that? A guy comes in and wants to stay here for the night even though everything is full. He insists that there is room for him in the Group Camp site but I told him that I

was under orders from the head ranger not to put anyone in there if a group is there and paying their $40.00 per night. He got quite upset and told me that he was "Somebody" and would be in Washington on Monday and tell the Secretary of the Interior about this shabby treatment. As he said, "I know him personally!" Can they fire me and the head ranger? I doubt it because they don't pay me anything and I don't think the rangers are very worried about him. Fun! Sunday morning and I am doing my early morning rounds. Junior is already packed up and going home. He is here almost every weekend and is a Mountain Man that is a delight to talk to. Whenever I talk to these Mountain People I sure do say a lot of the time, "What?" He said the next time that he came in he and I would go over to a place outside of the park for an egg sandwich that everyone likes so well. The bird feeder has so many hummingbirds at our feeder that they are now trying to feed on our patio lights hanging from our awning! If we had more feeders we would probably have more room for all the birds. Can you believe that there has still not been a ranger in the tent site for eight days? The head ranger told us that is because we do such a thorough job that they can leave us alone. I sure will be glad when our ranger comes back off of vacation next week and we have some coverage. The people in the tent area change so often that they do not realize that somebody besides us should be checking on them. I just keep on doing my thing and having a ball. Got an Email from Ruth and Joe from Brookridge and they asked me to find out for them if I could get them some info on working on one of these same volunteer jobs for next year. They sure enjoyed being here for those two days. They only spend a few hours at our site but they sure enjoyed it.

Week 5

Monday morning and we are going to run around today. After we did our campground check we got in the car and went back to Greeneville, TN. The town is named after our grandson Nate Hofmann's namesake, Nathaniel Greene. It is much larger than we thought and had many interesting places to visit. The highlight of the day was Bonnie finding a Big Lot store and getting 90% off Christmas trees! She was in shopper's heaven for a little while. Our home is definitely not large enough to handle all the decorations that she now owns. She will have a lot of fun decorating for Christmas this year! We had a deer come into our site and we watched her for quite some time this evening. The fawn was supposedly behind our coach but we did not see her. One of the does was over in the deserted Horse Camp munching on leftover hay in the stalls. As usual we are full in the tent campground and we even had a car come through at 11:30 PM! This campground is definitely too small for it's location only about five miles from the interstate highway. Tuesday morning and I have 4 people lying on the ground in the tent area in sleeping bags, the couple and their little ones, that came through at 11:30 last night is in their car sleeping (they apologized for waking me up), and a young lad is sleeping in their van and told me he had come in at 4:00 AM. I don't like having too much conversation with some of these guys by themselves with the "Atlanta Bomber" less than 30 miles away when last seen. The lad stopped by the Ranger Station while I was down there, bought a trail map and went on his way. Wednesday morning and I have just made my rounds of the tent and day areas. Somebody had a beer bash last night in the parking lot. I threw away some empty cases and bottles and found that one of the garbage cans was already full of beer cases and bottles! I wonder how much they drank? We have a Gibbs (Bonnie's maiden name) in the tent area and also a ranger out of Florida. He works in the Everglades and asked if we wanted to come down and volunteer there. The answer, "No Way!" We only had one overflow group and I put them in the Horse Camp. They are locals and like to be by themselves and fish– Bonnie says, "Yeah and smoke their pot." Time go to the big city of Newport for breakfast and the wonderful world of Walmart. Would you believe that a couple and their 3 boys came in this evening and they are horse breeders out of Alabama and using a horse trailer as their utility trailer and now the powers that be want them out of here because they don't have a horse! They cannot go up to our tent area because no horse trailers are allowed on that road. We finally worked around things and they are going to pay for their non-existent horse. Thursday and I am waxing my coach and getting ready to leave these parts in less than two weeks. Also we are going out to dinner with Kel and Dawn in Newport, TN tonight. We might as well go, we have been full since noon, and I just hate to tell people that we have no room for them. Our regular bird feeders sure did nothing. (One of them actually had the bird seed sprout!) But our hummingbird feeder is doing great. Today we had 8 of them going nuts around the feeder at one time! It is really funny to watch them and their antics. I can walk up pretty close to them but all attempts to take their picture just does not work. They just do not show up on my digital camera at all. Friday– Ozone Alert! We are officially notified today by a directive from the park superintendent that we are under an alert. Apparently the pollution comes down on one of the Lows and then gets trapped here in the mountains. Bonnie and I are both experiencing discomfort and are really taking it easy. I woke up at 4:00 AM with breathing trouble and Bonnie has been having a tightness in her chest for more than two days. We cannot keep the hummingbird feeder filled any more. We put in over half a container and it disappeared while we ran into town to do our Email! Maybe I should have had more feeders, but we only have 10 days to go and there is no need for that now. Well, we finally have our own ranger, Paul, back. He is working 10 hours per day, which gives him 3 days off and we are without coverage on those days. As long as we have our radios we are okay. Since he is back, the "crazys" have come out of the woodwork. We had one lady go roaring through our area, apparently looking for a campsite. We had just seen her going through the horse area and she is so frantic that she didn't even stop to ask about camping. Then another woman comes down and wants to sleep in her van here because she does not want to stay in the tent with the fellow that brought her and "the campground is too noisy and smoky." I told her to go back and talk to the ranger when he comes through and she went into the Day Area parking lot and stayed there for the night. I closed our gate to stop the weird traffic coming through here. I saw her and did not bother her but Paul rousted her out and said to me that he sent my "Airhead" back up to the campground. Talk about "Airheads," Paul went over to another campground to help count money yesterday and saw a van parked just inside the park next to a wild apple tree. It looked like whoever was in the van was eating the apples because there were cores all over. Then he spotted this "thing" walking down the road and did not know if it was a man or a woman. Then he saw why. It was a woman wearing a gas mask! She explained that she could not stand the pollution created by the campfires and there was also an Ozone alert going on, so that was the reason for the gas mask! The radio has been going all morning, due to break in, theft, and vandalism, to 8 cars in an area quite some distance from here. They seem to be hitting that area quite often. It seems to be an area where the locals do not like the Park Service and it has rubbed off on their kids. This was to be another Gatlinburg but the EPA stopped construction of the scenic highway that was being built and now it is a road to nowhere. All of the people that were going to make a fortune out of the tourist boom are now left with land that they purchased at inflated pricing, which now has deteriorated in value due to the highway construction stop.

Last night we watched a big old hairy spider building a web on our awning rail and Bonnie is ready to get out of here and back home to Florida

Sunday morning and there have been more break-ins at that same location again, but not as many as yesterday. Walked through the tent area and found two young girls laying on the ground and sound asleep– I could never do that! Found a pop up and two tents down in the Horse Camp but they were making breakfast and will be on their way before any rangers catch them and give them any trouble. If our ranger catches them he won't say anything because he is a very people oriented person and wouldn't hassle them at all.

We are going to Morristown (about 45 miles) to go to the flea market and then come back about halfway to Newport to go to the "Big" Cocke county fair. I'll bet it is a little one but we shall see. LITTLE? The fair was almost nonexistant. It seems that we don't really get in the swing of things until Monday evening. The rides aren't even up yet and it started on Friday! The Flea Market also left much to be desired.

Week 6

Yep, this is our last week here and it seems like someone closed the gate on this place. It has suddenly gotten deserted and boring here. We have 2 parties staying over, in the Tent Camp and none in the Group Camp and one in the Horse Camp. Since we have been here July first, we have had one night that one spot stayed open and the last two nights we have had four vacancies each night. The kids are going back to school this week and you can tell it.

Thank goodness that we have CBS on our sattelite dish and video tapes from WalMart! This is going to be my last chance this week for any more pictures for the Web Page and I have quite a few still to take. I did get one of the BIG bugs that we see at night. It must have gotten the gloomy wet day confused with night time.

Tuesday, and it has rained all day and when it does these roads get slippery and then embankments and trees fall into the creeks. Sure enough, a car has gone into one of the larger creeks and they got one person out, but three are still in the car and cannot move. It is going to require rescue units and wreckers among others. The only ranger that we had for 25 miles has gone to the scene to assist, so we are without assistance again. Oh well, we are used to this so what the heck. This is on the other side of the park again, thank goodness. It is exciting to listen to all of these things, but we can only hope that everyone will be okay. The first reports is that they are elderly (probably younger than us!) And have stroke and heart histories. They got everybody out, took them to the hospital, pulled out the car and now things are quiet again.

Wednesday and I take back what I said about the gate being closed here. We not only filled up but I "caught" two sleeping in their van. I walked away and acted as if I didn't see them. However, leaving their shoes on the roof kind of gave them away. Well, it's off to town for our last regular mail from home and the next to the last time for getting our Email. Even I am getting kind of excited about the thought of going home.

Thursday and things are still pretty quiet. One couple from New Jersey was hiking along the creek bank and found an old concrete base for some kind of pilings. On it were scratched some names. One of them down near the base and sideways appeared to say, "Jesse James, 1907, could that be?

Friday morning and the New Jersey people left their name and phone because they were so interested in the signature on the concrete. I can't believe it at all. We have a very interesting meeting to go to this afternoon concerning the Park's problems with Horse and Group Camp reservations. Should be fun.

I guess we will have to wait till we get home to solve the puzzle of the Jesse James autograph on the piling base. I seems this was the base for an old railroad trestle for a track that came into a big plant of some kind many years ago. The rangers agreed that the signature was there but that was as far as they would go.

The campground is full and can you believe it, a boy scout troop came in from Alabama and we had to turn them away. Boy, that was really hard to do ! I cannot believe trying to come in here without any idea of what they were getting into or trying to get reservations. They had a printout of the area off of the internet and it showed that we only had 12 sites and tents only. They are pulling a pop-up too! DUMB! It is after 8:00 PM and no one is in the Group Camp and I could have put the scouts in there. DARN! We did put them in the Horse Camp for one night.

Well, it is Saturday, and we put the scouts in the Group Camp this morning because the people scheduled in did not show. They were really grateful. The scouts went rafting this afternoon and had a really good rapids coming down. In fact they were so good that I got out and took some last pictures of this activity. The pictures came out beautifully and are now the last ones on our Family Web Page.

We went up to my favorite restaurant just outside of the park for one last time before we leave here. Truck were out there with dogs tied to short 6" lashes on top of cages with a bunch of young dogs in them. When inside I got into a conversation with one of the maintenance people from the park, and for the past many weeks when talking to these mountain people, my constant remark has been, "WHAT?!" However, I was carrying on a lively conversation and Bonnie said something to me and I said to her, "WHAT?!" and she said it was time for us to go home to Florida because now you don't understand me! While we were there we met and talked with the bear hunters that owned the dogs. These people spend upwards of some $7000.00 each for a trained bear dog! Upon looking at these people you realized that they were people with quite a bit of money. Each dog has a directional binding collar on it so that they know where the dog is as long as he is withing a few miles. By spreading out and using walkie-talkies they can keep pretty good track of their dogs. They can even tell if they have a bear treed because a mercury switch in the collar emits an intermittent signal to let you know the dog is looking up at a treed bear. The season for teaching the dogs begins today for over a month and then the actual bear hunting season is in mid October. What an interesting bit of information I got from these people.

Now we have a young lad trying to get some of the campground fees out of the pipe safe. We don't think that he got anything but will have to see when Bonnie counts the money this afternoon. Hope it comes out alright. Oops! He is back again. I just saw him going down the trail to the Horse Camp and he could be making another try at the Fee Envelope pipe safe. I called the Ranger, he spotted the boy, and the kid took off towards us. Would you believe that the ranger called me to "hold him" if I see him? How does a 71 year old catch a 13 year old? I asked him to stop and would you believe it, he did. I would never have caught him if he wanted to run.

Bonnie is doing her last money counting job for the campground and I am sitting here waiting for her and doing this typing. It usually takes some 2 hours to get everything up to date and reconciled, we shall see.

Sunday– time to leave and head for home. Our area ranger, Paul stopped by to say goodbye, asked us to come back next year and updated me on the young lad and the pipe safe. It seems he saw other teens doing it the last time that he was camping here and apparently saw how much money there was for the taking. By the time Paul and the boy (father) got done with him I believe that he has learned his lesson and that is good. This was probably the first theft attempt by this 13 year old honor student and being caught might be good for him and deter any future attempts at crime! We apparently have solved the previous shortages problem in the horse camp, great!

I washed the coach, it started a downpour before I was even halfway through and we are on the way to Savannah and eventually, before the end of the week, home.

E-mail: from Albert Hofmann to his daughter-in-law, Roberta Hofmann, September 16, 2005. Written in response to a question as to how he came to be a volunteer at this park.

A friend of mine in the Winnebago group was a volunteer there and we thought it might be fun. I contacted the head Ranger and he sent me the necessary papers and the rest is history. It was fun and sure wish I could have gone back. It was my first and only choice (of park). It was only a couple of months before we went up that I called him– he had a volunteer that had to go back home for an operation and we filled in for only those few weeks. Yes, 1998 was about the end of it (camping) except for small trips in Florida.

Note: Hosts are usually retired people who own campers or a suitable tent and who volunteer to assist in the running of National Parks camping areas for a long weekend, during school holidays, or for longer periods in high visitation seasons. They greet campers and show them to their sites. They provide information, collect litter, and occasionally assist in park visitor centers or do other duties. In return, they receive free sites the enjoy the surroundings, as well as meeting the park campers. By taking on these roles, they free up the rangers for wider park duties.

CHRISTMAS LETTER: The Christmas letter written in 2001 by Albert Hofmann. A photograph that included grandson Brian with wife Shawn and son Jeremy; daughter Karen with husband Keith Fellers; son Allen; grandson Kelly with girlfriend Amparo Elizondo; wife Bonnie and himself. Caption under the picture identifies everyone in it and adds "All of us live in Cape Coral except for son Allen and his wife Roberta who live in Ohio and their two boys and wives live in Indiana."

Well, another year in paradise is almost at an end and this has been a year of many ups and downs for us. We both have had medical setbacks of a sort but are having a ball down here anyway. Al had a Spinal Laminectomy on four vertabrae in his spine in April and Bonnie has been plagued with some sort of disorder that has caused some very bad pains in her legs and back this year. Right now she is in Physical Therapy, using a TENS unit, and is doing pretty well. We now have not one but two ponds in our back yard with all kinds of fish and even a turtle in them. We have koi which have grown into one foot long fish, Comets (goldfish) in both ponds, Angel Fish (a truly tropical fish) that are really growing big, snails the size of an apple, some very small guppy like fish in both ponds and finally a turtle that begs for food and is a real source of enjoyment to us with his antics. He is about 8 inches long. We have two railroads in the backyard, one of which is over 300 feet of track in total length and the other is elevated and runs around the hill and waterfall in Bonnie's pond. We have a depot and waiting platform which sports the name Hammond Indiana on their location signs. The backyard also has two decks for our enjoyment. One is in a corner that is protected from the elements by being against the back wall and against the back porch. The other deck is elevated and looks over the big pond. We both celebrated our 75th birthdays this year. Can't believe we made it. We have become very active with a Garden Railroad Club here in Southwest Florida and the Cape Coral New Residents Club which has become a real source of enjoyment for us with the many friends that we have made since joining it in August of this year. (Added at bottom: "Thought you might like to see the picture. Love Mom & Dad.)

JOURNAL: kept by Albert Hofmann in the spring of 2005. At the time he was 79 years old and traveling alone to Germany.

My trip to Germany from April 28 to May 12, 2005

April 28 & 29th

Dropped off at the airport by Ed, Roseanne and Bonnie at 3:50 PM for my 5:15 flight to Germany. They were waiting for me with a wheel chair and positively made me virtually fly through all the very heavy lines at the check in and security gates. So there I sat with nobody to talk to and a lady wheeled her husband next to me and I tried to start a conversation with them. That did not work. The minute I started in English his face clouded up and I got daggers looking at me. I think that he had both legs off and could be also a WW II Disabled Veteran but from a different army because when she talked to me they were definitely German. He whispered something to her and that was the end, she wheeled him away and went over to get in line for the plane. At 4:30 they wheeled me onto the plane, into the dinkiest of seats and at the 5:15 scheduled time we were backing out of the gate with a completely full plane. I was so surprised to see that we were flying due North and went over Northport and then Orlando, alongside the NASA complex, turned right over water at Georgia, reached 35,000 feet going over Savannah on left and Washington D.C., and then headed for Bangor. I had a nice German gentleman sitting next to me to talk to. He owns a home in the 5500 block of SW 11th Avenue. I gave him my card and he said he would contact me. He comes over two to three times a year for two to three weeks at a time. He and his wife apparently do not fly together because she is already home. I looked to my left and there on the other side of the plane was my crippled friend and his wife. He was looking my way and I looked back, smiled, and got the dagger routine again! Out over the Atlantic here comes the seat belt sign and we start the bouncing. I always leave my belt on all the time anyway so it was okay. The belt sign was on so much and often that I only was able to get up twice in the nine hours in the air. Dinner time, fabulous, I had a choice of a pork roast or Pasta dinner. I took the pork roast which was on a bed of rice, with

vegetable and a dark natural grain bread (*vollkorubrod*), and I thought it was some kind of packaged meat! It was great with cheese on it. No I did not eat the Yogurt but I did eat the onions, tomatoes, celery etc. just no lettuce. I ordered Coke with the meal and the German asked for white wine and they gave both of us some. Yes, I drank it – good. Finished the nice piece of cake for desert afterward and relaxed, had another coke and after cleaning up the dishes, got up and walked to the open area by the galley. An LCD chart said that we were at 37,000 feet, 8:00 PM, 3500 miles to go, and -48c! Went back to my seat and my companion had on an eyeshade and ear plugs. It is now 3:30 and I am still awake – the coke caffeine, excitement, who knows? Watched the movie *After the Sunset* – fabulous – but I had to watch it through the huge guy in front of me, his left ear. In fact my seat mate said in a very loud voice earlier when he pressed his seat back so hard it pinned my fingers on my tray rack, maybe the guy wants to trade seats with you since he is here already but it did not work. 4:30, I'm still awake, and the Goldie Hawn movie *The Banger Sisters* movie comes on and I watch it by craning my neck to look at the monitor in the center aisle. 7:15 Hamburg, local time and I am still awake and finishing breakfast. Had a fruit plate, ham, cheese, yogurt, hard rolls, coffee and another coke. It is 1:15 AM at home and I am still not sleepy! 8:10 AM and we are bouncing over Holland and beginning our descent for Dusseldorf. Touched down at 8:23, eight minutes late! Not bad. It is 53f and raining. The plane was all German I think because they said to wait till the plane stops and they did! They came for me, man was I lame! I was placed in a wheel chair and taken out with a freight type contraption in the rain, ran me into the airport, hustled me through customs and took me down to my gate, leaving me sitting there for three hours, all alone. I transcribed these notes into the computer and then when I got to Jurgies, accidentally erased them! Thank goodness I kept my notes. It is 11:15AM and I am sitting on a little C100 jet waiting for the rest of the passengers who are scheduled to board their bus at 11:20 and come out here. A handicap van came to the waiting room and picked me up and brought me out to the plane. Here come the passengers. Oh no! I have been blessed with a lady seat companion. She is three ax handles across the butt, hangs over on my side of the seat we share, no arm rest between us, presses me against my arm rest and promptly goes to sleep. This little plane is full so there is no place else for me to go! Now she is sweating, smells terrible and I am glued to this seat for an hour like this. A van is waiting for me and takes me to the exit via a wheel chair again. What fabulous service LTU and all the support people put out. They are wheeling me out to the luggage area and I spot Inga waiting for me and there is Jurgen also. I thought to myself that she had spilled the beans about my arrival. NO! She told him that they had to take the car to pick up a large package for him, for his birthday on Tuesday, at the airport. They normally would take the bus due to traffic and parking. He is standing with her wondering why they are going to get a package from the exit doors instead of the baggage claim area. She assured him that she had been told that a flight attendant was to bring it out. He about jumped out of his skin when he saw who it was and could not believe it, gave me a big hug and said that he had almost cried because he was so glad that I had come. 4:30 PM- Oh no, his computer is old, won't stay on line, crashes every couple of minutes, and he really knows how to slam that mouse down in frustration. I found out that he is on DSL but pays $28.00 American for it and pays through the nose for the use of it by the minute! I sure hope I can get mine going here. Spent the evening talking and drinking wine, looking at pictures, and at 10:30 I am finally going to bed. I have now been up for 32 hours!

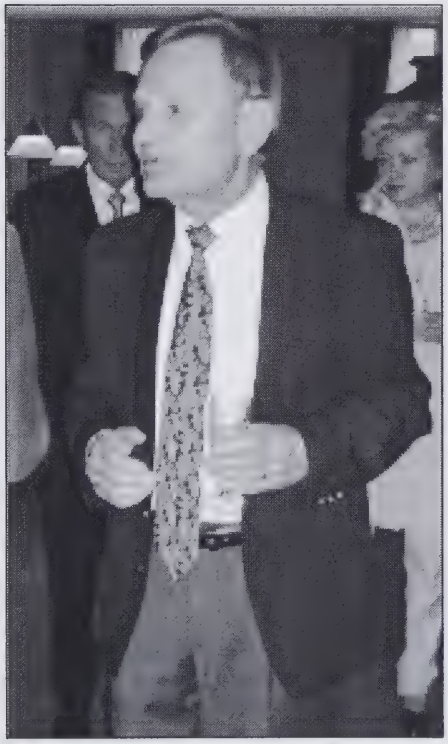
APRIL 30

Slept till 7:30! Had a delightful breakfast. Their white bread is our rye and their rye is wild - it is hard, very dark and is it ever good. My plate is a small cutting board with a goodie of some sort depending on the meal and at lunch (their dinner) I will have a regular plate for my meal. Time to go to the grocery store and begin stocking up on provisions for the other arrivals. But first he does his practicing on his new organ, wow, he is very good. While at the grocery store I finally got my Euro money. Close the door Al. Every room has a door on it and is that confusing to me. I cannot find my way around here but I'll get used to it soon. The steps to the bedrooms and main bathroom are very steep and have about a six or seven inch tread on them! Hang on to the railing Al. Time to go do some sightseeing. First set the GPS (due to the female voice we name her Lisa) in Teddy's new Lexus for where we are going – the Hamburg area. Headed to the harbor and saw the old and beautiful 1900s warehouses which are no longer used due to the container business. They are now being converted to very expensive "apartments". There is an old tunnel with three tubes, dating back to a 1911 completion that is just wide enough to accommodate cars only. It is only used during the week for the workers going from one side of the Elbe to the other. It is an elevator

that takes you down to the tunnel itself – one car at a time and then goes back up to get another. There are three entrances to the three little tunnels so I imagine there must be quite some backup of cars during the week. We rode down in a people/bicycle elevator all the way down to the bottom – DEEP. While we were down there we saw many bicycles being driven through the tunnel and then onto the people elevator. While we were down there we had an official of the company drive up out of one of the tunnels and used a key to operate one of the car lifts. It was fun to watch it work. Even though everything is very old there, it works very smoothly and quietly. It is very funny to see all the stores with English writing and they say that many of the people from the hinterland have no idea what is being sold there. The churches in Hamburg are very impressive and I had the mistaken notion that they were Catholic. No, in fact they are one and all Lutheran, I took the picture of a very large statue of Martin Luther outside of the church. I told them to wait because I wanted to get a picture of Marty. Went inside and took a picture and then was told not to take any pictures in there. Too late Mister. We found out that on Sunday a gang of 25 well dressed people wearing masks and signs protesting a cut in wages of a big Hamburg restaurant which features a big Sunday brunch stormed the place and took all the food and put it into bags and left with it. Their dress was very nice and their signs they carried said, "No wage so no pay." This country is in bad shape due to layoffs and the subsequent lack of purchasing power. It is evening and we are looking at old pictures in their albums and Teddy (Jurgen) is taking out pictures and giving them to me. While we were doing this we got a call from my other cousin Erich and he informed me that they were cutting their holiday short and will take me to their home so that I can see where they live. I am really pleased about that. Also Teddy is going to try to go one day later to his appointment for his mud bath, massage, electric treatment and many other forms of therapy – all on his insurance, once every three years. So he will stay till Sunday instead of leaving on Saturday.

MAY 1, 2005

Going toward the Baltic Sea to Lubeck. We set the GPS and "Lisa" will guide us there. We are on the Autobahn and going 120 KMH (75 MPH) and are being passed by many many cars going 200+ (over 125 MPH)! I took many pictures there in Lubeck of all the interesting very old buildings. Hey it's Mayday! There is the city band playing in the square and are they good and also loud! They are all dressed in their uniforms and look so very proud in them. We walked out of the square and right into a very large parade of bands, first a band of union members and right behind, another with Socialist Party members marching towards the square. Really interesting to see all the banners and flags they carried. It was absolute murder to walk on the cobblestones in the town that were so irregular that I was unable to navigate them very easily. The town had very beautiful churches but they were being rebuilt with all kinds of scaffolding blocking my view for the camera. We are 70 Kilometers from Hamburg and now in Travemunde which translates to the River – mouth. Second day in a row we walked my legs off walking along the side of the inlet to the river with all of the Sunday activities going on both on the path and in the water. I am only about 100 meters from the old East Germany. Sat down to rest in a sidewalk café and drank a glass of Allsterwasser, which is a half and half mixture of beer and lemonade – schmeckt gut! (tasted good) Took pictures of the flood marks on the side of one of their old buildings that was not destroyed in the war. The last flood was 1827. I just could not believe all the people out for the day. There is a charge to set foot on the beach, so it wasn't very crowded. Cannot believe all the water traffic on the inlet. There were many many very large sailboats but too foggy to get a good shot of them. Inga bought chocolate ice cream cones for everyone. They were really good with pieces of chocolate throughout. Can you believe only 60 cents each? Scharbeutz Village- This is a favorite and nostalgic place for them. This is where their grandparents always took them on holiday and also this is where Teddy spent his three weeks of therapy after his heart surgery. On to Timmendorf Village- Walked (staggered) along the shore of the Baltic Sea and it too was foggy and also quite cold. We took a break and went to an outdoor restaurant table with two ladies that had cycled some 15 Kilometers shared with us due to the crowd of people. This time we had cappuccino and I enjoyed it. Going back home we drove down the old roads, oops cobblestone roads again, instead of the Autobahn and went through an old castle, Schloss Ahrensburg from 1595. We did the tour, up and down the steps and saw all the very old paintings and statuary and also the old old furniture. They would not allow me to take pictures so I bought a book about the castle and everyone can read about it – oops it is in German – I guess not. Back home for an evening of wine and more old pictures out of albums. Tedddy gave me a picture of my dad's departure from Germany going away party. It has my Mom, Dad, my grandparents and my great grandparents. Never knew a picture like that existed! Also saw pictures of many military things. Even saw cards from 1862 and his grandfathers military book that he was required to carry listing all his activities from 1879. I also got a picture, a duplicate, of his cousin that died in a submarine in 1917. I got it because he looked so proud in his uniform and there were three of them.



May 2nd

After breakfast, (I ate something that really took me back over 65 years) lard instead of butter, Teddy and I went shopping for things because of Anja, Michael, Erich and Marina's arrival later today. We went for a WALK (again!)

Opposite page: Inga Gehrt, her daughter Anja, and her son-in-law Michael Bacher. Above: Jurgen Gehrt at his party

through a Department Store and a Mall! Saw many stores that had much of their billboard written in English. Well, Anja and Michael have arrived and a short time later we had lunch. Teddy and I had purchased the wrong potatoes and Inga jumped on her bike and got the ones that she wanted from the Turk. (?) We had Matjes (filleted herring), green beans, potatoes (Teddy and I ate our purchase and Anja and Michael helped us), bacon heated to the point that it also created an oil which was strewn over the potatoes, fish, onions and beans. That took all the salty taste out of the Herring.
The balance of the day was spent in conversation and waiting for Erich and Marina. Erich gave me a complete picture album containing all the pictures that my Dad had sent to the family about his family in America. I also received a 1914 Iron Cross but nobody knew the reason or recipient of it. Then it was six o'clock somewhere so we began by having a small glass of wine, Duppel Korn, a 38% alcohol wine made of wheat and not corn and I drank a lot of mineral water after that one. Then we switched to regular white wine. Later we had an evening snack with Anja and Michael and a little more wine. Teddy and I were going to go into the front room for more wine after everyone left, and Inga said we were not allowed to go in there because she would just have to clean up behind us before going to bed. He and I stayed in the kitchen!

May 3rd

Sitting here we heard on the radio while waiting for the birthday boy to wake up that they had found out that a building that we had gone past yesterday had discovered a WW II block buster bomb and over 1000 people have been evacuated! That was one of the many construction areas that we went by in that area. Whew! We, Inga and I, sang "Happy Birthday to You" when Teddy came down. Then he and I went to the Grocery and Security stores for things. When we came back I took pictures of Henry's WW II medals and they came out beautifully. Roberta will love them. A lady at the store had overheard me talking to Teddy and she asked him if I was English and he straightened her out and told her I was from America. She had a lot of nerve accusing me of being an Englishman. Teddy showed me where some of the German Army Barracks were in his neighborhood. The English tried to take them over but when the war ended the local people stripped all the wood out of the buildings for firewood to keep from freezing. Teddy told me the story of them trying to keep warm by taking the rubber cleats off of the British tanks that were in a scrap area to be demolished and burning them in their stoves. This turned out to be a disaster because the soot created by the rubber burning, quickly choked up the smoke stack and then filled the house with much smoke and black filthy walls. He said he and his boyfriends stole a complete set of tools out of one and found that they did not fit anything. I think they were our tanks that we had sent to Britain and were not Metric! It is a little after 10:00 AM and we went to the front room and toasted Teddy with champagne and sang Happy Birthday to him. People keep coming in and here I am in my jeans and yesterdays shirt on! Met his next door neighbor, Klaus. Drank more toasts and now I wonder how long I will hold out today! The consensus by everyone is that for Marina and Erichs birthday they will all come to Cape Coral and arrive in a big stretch limousine! They have decided to have Teddy stay with Bonnie and I and the rest of them will go out and see the wild wild west of Florida. People that know I am here and especially Marina and Inga are always sitting there with their German/English Dictionary. So, for many people, if I can anticipate what they are attempting to say I will try to do it for them, eliminating a little embarrassment Wow, another new thing to drink, Kombucha. Inga drinks it three times a day and it is supposed to help her feel better for want of any other explanation. I took a picture of the source. It has a mushroom that grows over the top of a strawberry/cherry base. Tastes good but it sure is staying with me. I don't know how alcoholic it is but it is still there, burning away. It ferments for about a week before dumping it into the bottle. It is originally a drink from India. We had a light lunch at noon, instead of the usual dinner, due to the Buffet tonight at the party. It was Tomato Soup and it had some sour cream in it and you sprinkled parsnip over it. Inga says that we will do laundry maybe tomorrow. I think it is too soon but we shall see. When the boss speaks you listen, she is funny and they are both a delight to be around. The mail has arrived and with it birthday cards. A large envelope had a picture of Teddy and Inga's sister taken a few years ago. As I understand it, the girls have some sort of armed truce between them. Her sister is a spendthrift and Inga is a saver/investor. Through the inheritance they own a 12 flat and the large family home together, which the sister lives in. They put all the funds in the "pile" and split it after paying out all expenses. According to Inga some of the expenses turned out to be a new bathroom in the house and other improvements there precipitating the fallout. I think the picture is in the form of a dig at Inga. Needless to say, the sister is not coming but her son, wife, and 15 year old daughter are coming because they are very close to Inga and Teddy. Everybody is getting ready for the big party! Erich and I both had to borrow a tie from Teddy. The party is for six so we walked to the Armory at five fifteen. We had to take umbrellas due to the mist that was falling and it really wasn't as far as it would have seemed, thank goodness, on the first day I arrived. The drinking and driving laws are so strict here that it is not worth the chance of getting caught and losing your license. Upon our arrival we were served our choice of drinks and I took the "Orange Juice" to save myself and it turned out to be a Mimosa! They (notice the word they, hmm?) tasted pretty good. People started coming in and as they did I was introduced as the cousin from America that came over for his birthday. When Klaus came in he gave me two business cards, each of which listed one of the two books he wrote. The nicest compliment was from a gentleman who asked me how it felt to come back to Germany again. He somehow had come up, by listening to me, with the idea that I was born in Germany and went to America at an early age. When everyone was there and all had drinks, they were regaled by stories from Teddy and so I went back to the dining hall to get my camera to take pictures of this. Someone came running in and told me to get back quickly because Teddy was talking about his American cousin. I walked in and got a nice round of applause and I listened to him tell the story of the fine trick that Inga had pulled on him to get him to drive to the airport and pick up his "package", me. They all enjoyed it very much and there was much laughter all around. We then went to sit down for dinner and of course we had to drink a champagne toast to the birthday boy. I drank an awful lot of mineral water to dilute the many toasts and good comradeship enjoyed by all. The huge table was laid out with 12 on one side and 13 on the other. So I was at the center of the 13 and seated directly across from Teddy. Across from me there was a lady at each end of the table and I questioned Teddy about it and he explained that one was a friends wife and at the other end of this big table was his girlfriend that he lives with! He was unable to attend due to being at a tennis tournament. As the evening wore on they were at the same end of the table having a nice visit. Comparing notes? There was a lady on each side of me and then the spouses were next, which worked out well. The lady on one side spoke no English and Teddy assured me the lady on the other spoke good English. So I struck up a good conversation with the English speaking couple and all seemed to be well. When we got up to go through the Buffet Line, the food choice was fabulous! Let's see if I can remember

it all, there was so much. However, first there was the serving of libations! Cabernet Friaul, trocken; Ihringer Fohrenberg Spatburgunder Weissherbst, trocken and of course White Wine for Teddy and I. My officer friend ordered a Scotch, boy was it a big drink. There are no ice cubes available because Germans only chill drinks in the refrigerator and do not use cubes, so his drink was straight up and powerful. I refused to order a Manhattan because I want to continue to do whatever Teddy, Inga and the others do. Now to the food. The first serving before the Buffet was the soup, Spargelcremesuppe mit Kloschen.

Asparagus Cream Soup with Dumplings served at the table.

Then on to the buffet line. They had:-

Fischplatte mit Krabbencocktailsa

A very small shrimp cocktail glass which was very good.

Warmgeraucherter

Warming Dish

Heilbett, **Halibut,** Forellenfilets, Meerrettichsahne, **Trout Fillets, Creamed,** Schinken auf Melonschiffen, **Ham on a bed of sliced melons,** Bunter Bauernsalat mit 2 Dressings. **Tomatoes in a lively salad w/2 dressings.**

Roast beef warm am Buffet tranchiert, **Carved roast beef (looked and seemed, like eye of the round!)** Lachs Florentiner Art, **Salmon served Florentine style (Italian),** Bratkartoffeln, Kartoffelgratin **Two different types of potatoes regular and au gratin,** und Gemuseauswahl **Vegetables** mit Spargel, **Asparagus,** Vichykarotten, **French style carrots,** dazu Sc. Hollandaise, **Hollandais sauce,** jus **Au jus for your meat.**

Rote Grutze mit Vanillesauce, Mousse au chocolaqte von dunkler und heller Schokolade

Red what appeared like jello w/vanilla sauce on the top, Chocolate mousse and good to the last drop chocolate sauce.

Herzhafte Brotauswahl und Geback.

Tray with many cheezes, hearty Breads and cookies.

Fabulous!

Upon our return there had been a switch. It appears that the lady was very ill at ease about her ability to speak English, which she did much better than she realized. So she asked her husband to switch with her because his English was almost perfect. I think she compared her ability to talk, with his English and that accounted for the switch. He is the person responsible for the procurement of the hall. It is not open to the public because this is a part of the Military College, similar to our West Point but on a smaller scale. They graduate as officers and have to serve a required term of, I believe, two more years. He retired from the army at 57, twelve years ago and his son is stationed outside of Frankfurt. We agreed that we would not talk about my military career and he told me very little about his. We did get along very well however. He spoke with the authority of the German Military Colonel that he had been. That same commanding voice, as portrayed in our movies! Anja, Inga and Michael did the cutest routine and had a huge puzzle that they had made and each one had a piece of the puzzle. There were actually four pieces to it and the laughing and goings on were really something to behold. They ALL sang a song dedicated to Teddy using the tune from a well known German song called "Der ist gekommen" That too went over very well. Then later another sheet was passed around in the same manner based on another song, "Eine Seefahrt die ist lustig…." Then as long as they were standing they went right into a song sung by the sailing sailors of old "Hoch soll er leben.." Then later yet, regular Postcards were given out with what would normally be the photo side, a year was placed at the top of it and then there was a bit of history as related to Teddy, of that year. Some of it was humorous and some was more informative. Inga's nephew, the dentist was a real gentleman. When he stood to do his recitation he said it first in English, "For Al". That was thoughtful and very much appreciated! Oh man, it is almost midnight and time to walk home! However, first I must take a couple of pictures. One is a huge picture depicting the war against the French and it is the only war the Germans have ever won. The other was a 1914 Battleship picture named after the General that won this war. His picture was so old and dark it did not come out. The school is dedicated to this General, whatever his name was. When we returned home I immediately checked for any message, either Yahoo or BLOG from Bonnie but to no avail! Darn! I sure would like to hear from her!

May 4th

What a horrible nights sleep! I read till one and woke up with a terrible acid stomach at two and woke up for good at six! Too much went on, too much was drunk and eating too many new foods has finally caught up to me. First thing I checked the BLOG and Yahoo and still no communication of any kind from Bonnie – darn! That really hurts and is very bothering that she is unable to do it. I really had faith in her ability to get through – especially with a little help from Kel, Karen, or Bill. Oh man, does this mean I have to wait over nine days before any contact with her? Sure hope not because I am really getting down in the dumps about this. Well, Teddy has a client coming in this morning so I have to get out of here and let him have his office in peace. Oh no! He changed his toner and it did not print due to not running it through a cleaning cycle. So he decided to clean it out by blowing through the vent hole and yes, he got toner all over him, his shirt, a chair, the carpet and probably emptied it. What a mess. So he had to get out the old typewriter and have a go at it. The cleaning lady is here and she puts on her apron and away she goes for about three hours. We walked to the Military University again for lunch this time. I had a Chinese pork dinner and watched all the students eating. They pay for their lunch because they are paid as officers and are responsible for clothing, food, etc. They do not have to wear their uniforms while going to class, only for certain activities and off campus movement. Met one of his school chums (met him last night at the party) and two other couples and can you believe one of them is named Willie Brandt, same as the ex-chancellor! He even looked like him. This afternoon we will go and get more toner and also do a little more sightseeing. He is going to take me to Dad and Henry's birthplace. Erich told us where it was and we are going to go there and see if it is still there. I think we have to also buy more toner! We found it, my Dad's birthplace. Teddy remembered it as son as he saw it. He noticed that it had a brick veneer and new roof but much of it was still as he remembered it. It was located at Bornweg 109 which was changed after the war when the many suburbs including Teddy's were made a part of Hamburg to Stockflethweg 109 (the house number always follows the street name). The name change was due to the duplication in many towns of street names, like Koenigstrasse, etc. We also went to find my Grandparents gravesite but unless you pay about $750.00 every five years they take away the headstone and you have no idea in this huge wooded and grassy park where they are. Bought toner and I found out that "deep pockets" does his own toner refilling and he used

the same stuff that he used in his last printer and it filled his printer head with gunk! We came home and took the printhead out of the printer and the thing was so full of the gunk he had in it from putting the wrong toner in that I dumped it into Dishwasher detergent and let it soak for a couple of hours and he is back in business again. FUNNY! Anja and Erich will be here later and we shall have a few more glasses of wine tonight. The plan has now been revamped for my stay here. Erich will pick me up here Tuesday to go to Frankfurt and I will stay there till time to go. Anja will be there Wednesday and she and Marina will take me to the airport, but at Dusseldorf and not at Hamburg. Anja is going to make the necessary contacts so that they know what my plans are. Yes, the evening is here and we are in the living room enjoying each other's company and I downloaded all of the pics out of Anja's camera so I have a fabulous collection of the party now. I should really be able to make a heck of a set of pictures of the thing I came here to be a part of. Time to go to bed – almost midnight and I am on line to look for any state side communication other than Roberta. Oops, my letter to Kel came back but not the one to Karen. If I don't hear from someone and soon, I don't know what I will do. I am really down! I am just about ready to chuck this whole trip, bite the bullet and buy a one way ticket home. I have written them that I am going to kill the blog since I do not hear from Bonnie either there or on Yahoo and just either finish the trip trying to quit worrying or go home now.

May 5th

Ascension Day and Father's Day also. Today is another travel day! I am down here at six, another tossing night but this is from my own stupid worrying about Bonnie. Got on line, and found mail on Yahoo and the BLOG. I really feel much better now that I know Bonnie is okay and that the family is looking out for her so well. Now next week I can worry again because Karen will be gone but I know that Kel will do well. Michael (pronounced mick-A-el, so I call him Mike!) and Anja (aan-ya) are going to the biggest piece of land (Island) that Germany still owns. It is in the Baltic and is quite a resort. They will be back in Frankfurt in time to show me their place so that I will have a mental picture of both Franfurt places when I write. That is so nice of the four of them to cut short their plans for me to see a little of Frankfurt. They are stopping by on the way out of town and I am going to ask Mike to take a quick peek at the BLOG and see if he can help me to repair it so that I can attach pictures. Nope they breezed right through and so I somehow have to repair my IncrediMail in Teddy's computer. So far it has me stumped. We went to downtown Hamburg since it is a holiday and all the places of business are closed and we thought it would be a good time to go. I was able to get a close look at the only church that they did not tear down, replace, or repair. St. Nikolai is much like it was the day of all the bombings of Hamburg. I got some very good pictures and it looks much as it did the day of the fires because it really is still so black from the fire. They are really working on it, shoring up and even putting up an elevator that will take you up over 100 feet in the tower. While there I made the mistake of talking to Teddy in American and got a strange look from a group of people and I said, "I didn't do this, honest." While taking pictures around town, we were on Deichstrasse (Dike Street) and I heard what sounded like a B17 going over. I turned on the camera but by the time it was ready to shoot, the plane was out of my sight! It was a very fleeting glimpse because it went over our narrow street and although I could hear it very plainly, by the time we got to an open area at the end of the street it was too far to shoot. DARN!!! Teddy said it was a restored Junkers, JU52, passenger plane from 1932. It is owned by a club and they also have a restored Messerschmit fighter but it was not up today. They go around Germany showing off the planes much as our Confederate Air Force. We went to a suburb of Hamburg called Farmsen, Inga's cousin still lives there in a big farm house with all homes around her, but she still owns a small pasture, with horses, which are not hers, she just rents out the land. Real estate people have offered as much as $4,000,000.00D for it but since she is already a millionaire because she owns a 16 and 12 flat next to Inga's apartment holdings and also has many other real estate holdings, she refuses to sell because she would only have to pay taxes on the sale and end up with High rises across the street. Went past a round hotel too fast to get a picture and found out it is built around a bomb shelter. There are bomb shelters all over the town. They look like fat silos and they were unable to be demolished after the war because they were made to even survive a direct hit by a block buster! During sightseeing we went to a Greek Restaurant for dinner (12 Noon) and I ordered a Gyro. That was the wildest Gyro you ever saw. It was big chunks of meat and had cheese over the top with rice on the side! I talked to the owner and explained what a Gyro looks like at home – we had a good time with that one. I told him how much I liked it and asked if he delivered. He gave me a price sheet but did not think he could keep it hot enough so we decided to not get a home delivery but he gave us all a glass of Ouzo instead! Some young people near us were leaving and asked Teddy on the QT if I was some sort of famous TV announcer for CNN International. Teddy said to please ignore me because I was incognito. Now the restaurant is going to get more business because the word will get out that famous TV people eat here! Then we went to a little lake that had a bathing beach and some crazy girls went in. There were many people out playing games and picnicking. Since it was so cold we just had to have a big old cup of coffee but I was still cold. After a little more sightseeing it was time to go and have an ice cream – it is so darn cold out that I was sure there would be nobody else as dumb as us doing this. You could not believe the line and Inga and I asked to sit inside and I think Inga was very glad that we did she seems to be very susceptible to cold temperatures. Cigarette smoker again! I fought them in the Greek Restaurant and now in the Ice Cream Parlor – darn! We are home now and Teddy promptly fell asleep and I am sitting here catching up on my diary. The evening news showed all the couples that wanted to get married on 05/05/05, and in fact we have seen cars that said Just Married 05/05/05 on their back windows – never thought about the significance of the date till the news told about this.

May 6th

Had a bad night with acid stomach attack. However, still got a good total nights sleep out of it anyway. Ran down, got on line, and got a letter from Bonnie via my BLOG. Wish her Yahoo worked but I am grateful for any news from her to make me feel a little better about being apart like this. I just wish she was on Yahoo so that I can share some pictures of things with her since I cannot do BLOG pictures on Teddy's computer. Yes, this is the day for going to the grocery store again. I want to get some coffee for Kel and I to drink. I am able to drink three cups of it in the morning but very very small cups! We made a grocery run –do it almost daily. I bought a pound of coffee for Kel and I to drink. I will also possibly buy some bread just before I leave. I will have to try the local Sweet Bay or that little German store to see if I can get some of this food so that you guys will be able to try it. We also took Klauses water bottles back and got him full ones because he can no longer drive a car and they walk, take a bus, or he stays home. I got Teddy to call about my ticket change since I am not getting on here in Hamburg. It was quite difficult. You cannot believe the way people here are about security both in the home and

in business. Teddy was really quizzed about the change, why, who he is with, complete personal info and who I am and why the change. Then I asked him to call his ISP and he hit the panic button because they are so mean when he calls in for information that he just could not call! I think he is afraid they would cancel him if he asked too much. What a bad day! It is raining very badly and Teddy cannot cut the grass, it grows so very fast! I told him that he does not have to go anywhere today and we can stay home. We still have Saturday and he leaves on Sunday for Bavaria with his friend. Anja and Michael are on the island in the Baltic Sea, in rain. Erich and Marina are on the Baltic Coast, in rain. It is also quite cold here in Germany and they are quite a distance north of us. It is 12:30 PM and the temp. here is 53F! So much for being a nice warm Spring day. Oh man, Teddy is out cutting the grass and getting wet doing it. I think they must do a lot of fertilizing because the grass literally just jumps up with the slightest precipitation! He stays at it because he must stop from one till five due to a noise ordinance. When he finally finished and cooled down a bit, we looked at the balance of his albums. We found a picture of my Dad taken in 1931, one of my Grandparents Petersen in 1927 holding a picture of Mom and Dad and we think a little picture of me inserted with their picture. Then too, we found a picture of Albertina Hofmann, my Great Grandmother and the stone says, "Our dear mother, nee Ehlerding, born April 13 1848 and it says died January 27, 1910." Needless to say, he gave those to me also to take home with me. Well, at least I did get a grave picture for Roberta even if it turned out to be 95 years old instead of a picture taken today. I sure have many pictures to give to Roberta! Teddy is working on his packing because he wants to do some more sightseeing with me tomorrow so he will do much of it today. Then he says he will do the rest tomorrow after we get back from out trip. We got a call from Anja that everyone arrived safe and sound for their Holiday and in fact the four of them got together and had breakfast together this morning. Well, it is almost 6:00 PM and time for me to check the Internet, and hope I get more stuff from Bonnie – it may be too early since that it is only noon at home. Wonderful, lost his Internet connection! I finally figured out the problem and was able to get on the BLOG and Yahoo. I did do the BLOG but no Yahoo mail messages. I guess I will send no more pictures till I get home. Looking at a news clip on CNN International and it showed the JU52 we saw yesterday. Its three engines are powered by American Pratt and Whitney Motors and Props. The plane is 69 years old! It showed the operation of it, including the engine startup, and flying over Hamburg yesterday. The interior was beautiful. CNN also talked about this fellow that had bought the Popes old auto that he had driven for quite a bit of money and then turned right around, put it on Ebay and got a tremendous profit by selling it there. Teddy thought that was the most ridiculous thing he had ever heard of, selling an old piece of junk for so much! Can you believe it? The Colonel (Wolfgang & Renate Wichmann) invited us to come over at around 8:00PM to have a drink. Inga didn't feel good so Teddy and I walked over in a slight drizzle. We had a delightful evening and walked back home about 11:15! Had some cookies, candies, nuts, and lots of red and white wines! They also had Coca Cola but nobody buys the Diet Coke so if I had taken that I would have been awake all night. Their house is absolutely beautiful. After the entry hall, they have a solid glass door which is something to behold! If I understood right, she inherited the house and they completely rehabbed it, much as Teddy and Inga have done. We talked about many different things and he even brought up the war but only in generalities. I figure he was born in 1938, so he too was a little boy during the war. I was told about the Hofmann house and how a British incendiary bomb came through the roof, the second floor ceiling, the first floor ceiling and ignited on the floor. My grandfather doused the thing with water and it went out! Thank goodness it was not a phosphorous one like I presumed was being used in the fire bombing of Hamburg because he would have been terribly burned by using water on it. They told about the horrible burns experienced by people working on them and having an accident in the factories that made these bombs for the German Air Force. Many funny (?) stories were told about trying to stay warm and having enough to eat during that period. Teddy told about this friend of his that invited him out to his green house to see the WW II trophy that he had found when digging in his garden. It was an unexploded bomb which scared the bejabbers out of Teddy and he got out of there right now. Renate is the one on line, not him. She is just learning and did not even know how to open an attachment so she has a long way to go yet. I did give her my card and asked her to look at our family page. I don't know if she will or not because these people do not push themselves to contact you. They have so much fear and respect for apparent authority that they just will not assert themselves. Sometimes you just want to yell at them to speak up but they just don't do it. I really hated to see the evening come to an end and was so surprised at how quickly the time went. However, we apparently did not overstay our visit because they sincerely seemed to have also enjoyed the time together.

May 7th

It's 6:00 and I had what I consider a great nights sleep. Slept straight through and came down, made my morning coffee. Tried to check my Yahoo/BLOG but he did not lock in his Password yesterday when we had lost the Internet so I have to wait till he gets up because I am definitely not going through his cabinets looking for the info. I went through the bedding looking for my little diary and will wait till everyone is up before I attack the bedding looking for it. Well, I did plug the pot in and flipped the switch so I guess you might say I made my own. I can't wait to have Kel and I try this coffee that I bought yesterday, I now drink quite a bit of it every day, morning and afternoon – no, not at night. It is Saturday and we hope to do a little more sightseeing today but it all depends if the rains are coming. Right now the sun is out bright and shining but it did this yesterday and then turned nasty, cold, and wet the rest of the day. Right now it is 7c/44f, wow! Sure hope the high winds do not come up again! Sitting here looking out the window I see what appears to be Robins hopping around on the lawn but they do not have a red breast. Wow! 7:30 and nobody is up yet. Usually Inga is up bustling around but not today. I think they stayed up for quite a while talking after I went to bed. They finally got up and we had problems again with the computer getting on line. Finally got on and got a note from Kel about the possibility of getting pictures of fire stations and equipment. This is the last day in Hamburg but we will see what we can do. 10:00 AM and we are headed to the Fisch-Restaurant in the Suburb of Oestmannon on Rueschwinkel 2. Come on Lisa show us the way there. We are over two hours early for actually going in for our 1:00 PM dinner reservation. So we went on a people ferry at Finkenwerder, which took us down the Elbe quite a way to Sandterhoft and then return. It was so cold, but there were so many people on board that we had a lot of good windbreaks around us. Wow, I hit it right again. Today, Saturday, is the last day of this four day holiday and it is also the day that a few years ago they had a celebration of the 800th Birthday of the port of Hamburg. It was such a success that they now do it on an annual basis calling it The Harbor Birthday Festival and today was the day. The river was filled with ferries, sailing ships, German Navy boats and many small boats. I got pictures of boats that were over 100 years old and looked beautiful. The JU 52 must have been taking people on rides because it kept coming over and I kept

trying to get a decent picture even though it was so high up. The only aircraft allowed are the helicopter sightseers and this is the only day they are allowed to do this. The ferry has only one person on it. No deck hands or any other support people are needed. He hits his thrusters to get near the dock sideways and then turns on an electromagnet that really puts him tight against the dock for you to get off. Well I see that I had gotten a request from Kel to get fire station pictures for him and I did. However, everyone here is so security minded that there no posed pictures or interior shots allowed. Darn! 1:00 PM and time to go to dinner. I had one of the ugliest fish to eat that I ever saw! In fact I got two! They called them flatfish and they were awful looking. They looked like small flounder, I don't know. I bought dinner again and this one came to $58.00 American including tip! I cannot believe how overpriced so much stuff is even though there is such a high rate of unemployment. Drove back through the country side and stayed off of the Autobahns as much as possible and was able to look at the many farmers that were still in business and have not sold yet. Oh my, it is time for a cup of cappuccino at the ice cream store. Now we go to the local fish store that has an open house going on. He has a Koi Fish on sale for almost $13,500.00 US and it looks just exactly like our Yellow one but of course quite a bit larger. Small ones like Bonnie had bought were about $13.00 US. Now we are home and Teddy is packing for his Bavarian trip to the mineral baths. So I am staying out of the way while he runs around getting the car packed. We went to the service station to top his tank off and I can't believe it. He puts extra air in his tires for his eight hour trip to Bavaria, something I would not think of doing. I will be doing a lot of sitting around till Marina and Erich pick me up Tuesday morning to go to Frankfurt. Anja is going to be home on Wednesday and the two girls are supposed to take me back on Thursday morning for my big trip back to paradise. Hey we found an advertisement in the mail for McDonald but they don't go there so they gave it to me. Buy one get one free special – only $3.70, not bad compared to the other prices for food that I have seen. Well, now it is time to wait for 6:00 PM so that I can go on line. He thinks the only day the night rate is in effect is on Sunday. I cannot believe it but okay on the six. No mail from Bonnie, Karen is gone, the pump on my pond is out, I am stuck here for two days with no car and a slight lack of communication. Erich will be here some time on Tuesday morning to go to his place in Frankfurt. So now it is 6:30 PM, I am already bored and will try to start sorting out pictures. No, I better leave it for morning or there won't be anything for me to do. I showed Teddy how to remove programs but we only removed my IncrediMail stuff and I will take out a few pictures that I have on his screen in the morning and of course, my Yahoo and my BLOG on Tuesday morning. One last thing is for Teddy to show me the CD that they watch every Christmas Eve because of its humor – English that is. It is a two person stage show called the 90th birthday or One for Dinner. It is kind of slapstick and sort of cute.

May 8th

Mother's Day both here and in the USA. Hope Bonnie got my flowers on Friday. Well, today is Teddy's departure day. He is leaving at 5:45 AM so I woke at five and was down before he was ready to come down and eat a bite. So I joined him and had some coffee and a bite with him. Then he gave me a big hug and a "Thank you" and left on time. Oh s---, a drawer on her 25 year old kitchen cabinet is broke and I am getting the LOOK. I didn't do it but Teddy will really get it when he gets home whether she believes me or not. It is 10:30 AM now and I have all of my 400+ Hamburg pictures organized for showing when I get home. I am up to date on the Diary, am doing just enough laundry to get me home. Her new washer is all electronic but so very small! I have five underwear, a small table cloth and one white shirt in there. It is a two hour cycle for washing this huge? load. Then if the clothes are okay to put in the dryer, in they go. Do you have any idea how many trips a day she must make to do the laundry? Wow! However, my 5 pair of socks will probably require being put into the Spinner. The washer spins at 1,000 RPM and it is usually not enough so they have a separate 2,000 RPM spinner to complete the extraction. Then into the dryer but first she pulls the plug on the washer and then plugs in the cord for the dryer or the spinner depending on what she needs to use. Teddy had put in two outlets for the two new appliances but they blew a fuse trying both at the same time so they don't use the new plugs because they only trust the old one. I have taken pictures of the basement, duck your head Al! The small additional basement area was dug out by Teddy's dad when he was 52 years old and he had to carry all the dirt out in two buckets at a time up the stairs and I think he ended up paying for it with his life because he died shortly thereafter, just before Carla and Jurgen then came to the USA. One o'clock and dinner time. It was some kind of Zucchini casserole and very good. Then a rhubarb dish with cream on it afterward. Then quite a bit of conversation about her life on the farm, her engagement to Teddy, remodeling this house for them, and it was really quite interesting. Since it is Sunday I will sneak on and see if anyone has written me either in the BLOG or in Yahoo in a little while. I stay in Teddy's office most of the time and it works out quite well because I have been on my computer most of the day so far. Holy smoke, Inga talked me into going for a little walk – LITTLE? It was a 35 minute walk and my legs are really shaky. Oh well, it was a nice little lake that we went to and walked all the way around it – my cane got a very good workout, we called it my third leg. The lake had many ducks and swans on it and in the summer it has many Herons there. The baby ducks were cute but I was getting too close to suit Mama and she scurried them all into the bushes so it was kind of difficult to get a picture of all of them. I was carrying the small camera and had to get close which cost me a good picture of them. It is a little after six and I am feeling a little better. That was kind of tough but I am sure it had to have been good for me. We have been sitting in the living room talking about the conditions here in Germany due to what the Polish and the "Turks" that have done to the economy. They have no quotas or any other way to stop this influx and it is costing the Germans many jobs because they will work for so much less; the Poles that is. The Turks just have their hand out for whatever they can get. 7:30 and we have had a little snack of little sandwiches of cheese, blutwerst, pork and I don't know what else. I had her TRY to read a letter written by Dad while here in Germany in 1937 while he and Kay were in Bremen and had left KK with their Grandparents. His fancy writing is even hard for a German to be able to read. The TV says that there were 1.4 million of us participating in the big Hamburg Birthday festivities. I am back here typing because I have been listening how great it was to be occupied by the British because they told them how bad the Americans were treating the Germans in their area. She said that they were all black soldiers and what they did to the girls was terrible. I had to walk out to keep from saying something that would set her off, which I found out is very easy to do. D---! I came back in and was finally offered a glass of wine while we watched one European travelogue after another. Teddy says that is all she watches and it has a little news a couple of times a day. I asked her if we could watch CNN International and she said okay. It is an hourly news cast and we watched it till the commercial at 8:13 and she said news is over and we went back to the travelogue. During the short news clip it showed all the sailing ships and other ships leaving the harbor, very impressive. It is now 9:15, I'm travelogued out and will call it a day after I get on line. Sure wish I knew if anyone is looking at the BLOG! However, I did do the one for today.

May 9th

It is May 9th and I got my history lesson for the day from Inga. Americans are hard to understand because they do not know how to speak the Kings English. All the stupid people went over on the Mayflower and there were so many of them that they were able to conquer the English and send them out of the country. So the Americans now have this stupid language that nobody can understand who only speaks perfect English. One more day Al, shut up. I was also told that if I was not here she too would have gone on holiday but not with Teddy, who is my relative not hers. Nice to see you Al. I finally got her to say that she was changing her Holiday, having cancelled her original date, due to my being here. Hey, I got to watch CNN International for an hour tonight. I did it while Inga was on her walk. No, I decided not to try a walk with her the way I feel. She said she had been a little worried about me but was glad to see I was feeling better. I have not eaten anything since the toast at breakfast. The way I feel I don't care if I eat tonight or not, but I know I better try to eat something. Is it ever cold! I woke up at 4:00 AM and had pulled covers all over the place and was freezing. 40F degrees! I finally did go back to sleep when I finally warmed up, but it was awhile till that happened. All these weird foods, especially all the cheeses that we eat, really have me bound up! I can hardly sit down due to the pain. Whooee! I went outside to take more pictures since this is my last day here at Teddy's place and I came back in almost shivering. I must be north of Tampa. The blossoms all blew off of the cherry tree in the storm the other day and now it is bare. The other trees and plants are still in bloom so everything still looks nice. This mornings paper has agreed with TV that there were 1.4 Million people for the big Hamburg Birthday Bash. It was really crowded. I am bringing that page back for everyone to read. Funny, Inga was given homework for her English class because he had to give a crash course to a group of people headed for the USA today instead of her usual class with him. . It always consists of a crossword puzzle and the highlighted letters are a jumble. I got the jumble immediately, but it took a while for me to get back to thinking like an ugly American before I could guess the actual puzzle words! Then she has an English story to read and give a report on next week. The carpenter came in, took the bad drawer out, put the front back on and could not find out what happened. Inga said that he is such a smart young man and did so well. It is 1:15 PM and it is all the way up to 44F! At 2:30 it is coming down in buckets!! I have all my pictures pretty well cataloged and so far I have 548! When Inga gets up I will take my shower which I have kind of put off due to my problem! I took the hottest shower that I could stand and worked on the hemorrhoid and I feel much better now at 6:30 PM . Just finished the BLOG and Yahoo, possibly for the rest of the trip, who knows? We leave for Frankfurt in the morning. At least I have my diary to continue with. It is now after 10:00 PM and my hosts for the rest of my trip here, just left after a few wines, I am ready! They have such a small car that it will be interesting to see what happens. A five hour trip, hope my butt holds up that long.

May 10th

I came down early carrying my luggage a little at a time and during breaks worked on my pictures – it is now at 548 "keepers". I have gone through the entire house to make sure that I have not forgotten anything and now all my luggage is sitting by the front door. Inga has followed up to make sure that I did not forget anything and is already tearing up the bed and washing my bedding. Erich and Marina are here to pick me up exactly at 10:00 AM for our five hour trip to Frankfurt. I got a big hug from Inga and away we go. We are on the way and I found out that Marina is from Belgium and spoke Dutch since that is what they spoke in her part of the country so her German is apparently not perfect. Then she paid me a real compliment by saying that she cannot detect any American in my German speech, how about that? That was probably why that gentleman welcomed me back to Germany when I was at Teddy's party. We drove about halfway, with me taking a lot of pictures of the beautiful German countryside and stopped for lunch (dinner). We had to put everything in the trunk, especially my little camera case. I had the biggest so-called hamburger, no bun, you ever saw. I would have called it a small meat loaf! I also had my first Coca Cola Light since my arrival in Germany, no ice. I had been told it was available in some places but not many, Erich had a beer. While on the road we saw a young girl apparently broke down on the opposite side of the road and just a little further down one on our side of the road. I was told that is a ploy for carjacking by gangs to steal cars from people. I had heard that a friend of Teddy's had this happen to him in a rental car but they bumped into the car and then pulled down ski masks when he got out to inspect for damage and no car and no luggage in just a couple of seconds. Well, we are back on the road and I notice that she does not shift into 5th gear till she hits 120 KPH. Marina is really a good driver and gets the most out her little eleven year old VW. She says that she will probably not pass the government emissions test at the end of the year and then her car will be done and it will cost her to get rid of it. I asked about a trade in and she told me that no dealer would take it in trade because of the test failure probability. She said that it could be licensed in Russia or Poland but that they could not do it themselves due to the German title, weird. We stopped about 120 kilometers from their home and visited a re-constructed old village with buildings that had been dismantled and then put back together to show how things were back in the 18th and 19th century. At a restaurant there I had a glass of Apple Wine and enjoyed it very much, Erich had a beer. I was able to take a very nice picture of our waitress. I got an awful lot of some nice pictures of the village and even a gateway entrance from 1589. We have arrived at their apartment. Marina explained that property is so very expensive in Frankfurt that they were unable to get a house and settled for an apartment. After giving me my choice of bedrooms, I chose the one with the computer in it! I found out that his MS Dos setup is so old that it will not support any web site stuff other than viewing so even a BLOG entry is out for the rest of the trip. DARN!! Marina owns two apartments! The smaller one is at the other end of this complex of 16 units and she showed me that her name was on the door and I noticed that the thing appeared more feminine than the one I was in. Teddy had told me that it was for guests because their unit was so small. I gathered from little things said that she sleeps there instead of in Erich's apartment. However, the unit has no phone or TV, so no internet. I said I will stay in the wired unit. Then after getting situated I find that his computer and dial up cannot support even BLOG entries much more sending pictures in Email. We settled down for an evening of conversation and a few (?) drinks. Of course wine with the little repast in the evening and then Erich had purchased a bottle of scotch for the occasion and we did a real number on it afterward. I found out that there is a big difference between the results of drinking wine and drinking scotch! However, there was no hangover in the morning. Good stuff!

May 11th

Had a fairly good nights sleep. Guess going back to some schnapps was good for me. I am going through many of Erich's old picture

albums that his father kept, and have some photos in there that I am going to try to copy. Breakfast and it is really fascinating to see. I just had to take pictures of it. We had a devil of a time trying to explain to each other a fried egg; that was really funny. Every once in a while we get into one of these things and the dictionaries come out both by myself and the other person. We finally came to the conclusion that it was a Brateneirbecher but they don't make them, only soft boiled. I have many pictures that I am going to try to copy and I sure hope that I can do it without too much trouble and loss of quality. I got some good, some mediocre but passable, and others were very good but only after as much as five tries. I finally got Roberta a perfect picture of my grandparents headstone. Let's see, this morning I was given Grandpa Hofmann's Grade school report card book from 1874 to 1882! Three of my grandparents and Henry's passports from 1923 and later ones of Karl's from 1950 and 1953. The later ones had the Nazi emblem taken out of the stamp and you can actually see where it used to be! I was also given Grandpa's Arbeitsbuch (Union Membership Book) which was mandatory in Hitler's Germany in 1936. We are going on a tour of downtown Frankfurt and there is a sightseeing boat that we will also probably take. Should be fun, but very cold. We are walking around Frankfurt and decided to get a fantastic view of the city by going atop the building called Les Focettes – I had a Coca Cola Lite, Marina had an Apfel Wine and Erich had a Beer. Hey, I am on a Malaysian travelogue! They are filming the city from up here and in sweeping the area with their camera to show the rooftop diners I had my picture taken by their video camera. We went through many churches including a couple Catholic ones and also the Lutheran Church that the Kaisers were all crowned in. Took the boat trip on the Main (pronounced *mine*) River and it was a really interesting one. The skyline is really something with the mixture of the old and the new. The people here proudly call it the Mainhatten Skyline! Funny! Oops! We are lost on the three levels of the underground. Marina finally figured out where we are and how to get back to the car. Torture! Yep, back at the apartment and I was in terrible pain by the time we got back from walking and standing for almost seven hours. Okay, we are now leaving for Inga and Michael's apartment with a 7:00 PM dinner reservation. Their apartment is very nice and quite small. However, they enjoy it very much and that is what counts. At the restaurant they heard Erich and I speaking English so the two of us got English menus! The restaurant is one of the better restaurants in Frankfurt and I even got a business card from the owner so that I can visit his Web Site. I had two beers with my hamburger meal, which I could not finish so Michael finished one of the Hamburgers for me. Went back to their apartment and tried to work on the BLOG to no avail, just like Erichs PC. So I went ahead and sent a couple of Emails to people to let Bonnie know that our flight time had been changed by a couple of hours. It is now almost 11:45 PM and I am still wide awake and will probably have the "I'm going home so stay awake routine". I have just figured out that I have 567 "keeper" pictures that I have taken on this trip so far and I really do believe that is enough to make up a good remembrance CD of my trip. I am also on page 21 of the trip diary. Wow!

Al and Erich

May 12th – Going home!

What a night! Went to bed about 12:15 AM and awake from two till after four. Woke up at six, before the alarm went off. Showered and had a light breakfast of toast and coffee before leaving for the airport at Dusseldorf. Marina is driving Anja's car and the two girls are taking me there. I think they have both been vaccinated with phonograph needles because the talk will not stop and the German/American dictionary is really getting a workout! It's like there is so much still to say and ask of me and so little time left to do it. Upon out arrival they would not drop me off and leave. They insisted on coming in and waiting while I walked through the check in counter, oh no, my carryon is 8 kilos too heavy, I offered to pay but they said it was not allowed so I let it go through as luggage, hope it is there when I get to Fort Myers. So I did not get to hide my nail clipper in my luggage and I gave it to the girls rather than having it confiscated as a weapon. Anja found out what the latest time would be for me to be boarded and so we sat and drank Coca Cola Light and split a large croissant three ways, what a nice gesture. The confusion has started. The airport is so loaded with business that they have a shortage of wheelchairs and mainly people to push them. Anja, in her most important tour guide, which she is, authorative voice, really gave it to the poor guy on the LTU Service desk. He got to the point that he would glance over at us, grab the phone, and give Anja a shake of the head to let her know that he was still on it. Funny, but frustrating. Later on I found out that they were late anyway because the plane had just arrived and was being cleaned out by the huge cleaning crew that they had there. Finally here comes my wheelchair and the attendant. Man, we felt like that was calling it too close! It was almost time for takeoff and I am still sitting in the terminal. Anja assured me there had been nothing to worry about. If the luggage and people do not match due to a missing passenger, all baggage is off loaded and identified by the passengers and the leftover ones are confiscated. It apparently doesn't happen too often but sometimes does. The security is now very apparent to me because I did much the same that was done at Fort Myers but I had an awful time with the computer. It goes out of the case when going through the scanner but the hookup wires and voltage conversion stuff that were in the case prompted the operator to stop the scanner. I had to prove that this was indeed nothing more than a laptop and the supervisor came over and questioned me about what the purpose was of the items in the case. He apparently was satisfied and did not even open the case up. So I put everything back in my pockets, got back in my chair and we proceeded to the gate itself; Oops, here we go again, another security check, just as if I had not just gone through the first security one. Empty the pockets, etc. My chair operator did not speak any English but we had no problem communicating with each other. Well here we are at the gate it is almost time to leave and the place is teeming with people because nobody has even boarded yet. The person in charge at the gate then gave us permission to go on to the plane. Great! Oops again, the handicap elevator is Kaput! I told him that I thought I could do the steps but I was not carrying anything. Help was called and I walked down the steps, two guys carried the chair and one guy carried my computer. Now I am on the ramp to the airplane. There is a pile of bags in the way and the head cabin attendant asked us to go back a ways in the ramp till this pile of debris was taken care of. Am I glad she told us to move back. The flight crew did an engine check and the noise was really something else. The engines are shutting down, the door is reopened, the cleaning crew is taking away the debris and we are told to come on down. I bid my attendant Auf Weidersehen and went to my seat. How about that? I have the same seat that I had on the way over and I have the same cabin attendant that I had on the trip over. I couldn't believe it. Wow, this plane is really bouncing up and down from the luggage containers that are being loaded down below. Well, here come the passengers. Hope I don't get another big monster in front of me. Nope I got a little old lady in the seat in front of me so I will be able watch the in-flight movies with ease. My seat companion is also a little old lady so I really am all set. Take off! The ground temperature at takeoff is 53F, the warmest I have seen it in a week and I am leaving! Almost 200 MPH and liftoff for the USA! We are 30 minutes late but were told that we would probably be right on time because he was not going the Great Circle Route over Iceland, etc. but straight across the Atlantic to Palm Beach for his let down to Fort Myers. My last view of Europe proper was going over Brussels, Belgium and Dunkirk. Over London next and then open water all the way home. The movie came on for the operation of life vests in case we go down. Great, what good is that going to do in freezing water? How about that? Boy these dinky seats are sure uncomfortable. I think that is why I am so crippled up when I get off. Oh well in only about nine hours I will be home! Nuts, my earphones that I purchased on the flight to Germany are down below in the luggage. Oh well, I bought another pair for $2.50 Euro. I had paid $5.00 American on the way over and this has an adapter that I think I can use on my computer, I hope. It is now 9:00 AM our time and we are having a hot meal of Breast of Chicken with a sauce over it on a bed of rice. German bread, French cheese a dessert of a cake with a mousse topping on it and it all was very good. My cabin attendant was serving coffee and hot tea with the meal, got to me and said, "Coca Cola"? She smiled because she had remembered me from the flight over apparently. I then had smartened up enough to ask for Coca Cola Light and she had it. 2:00 PM and it is time for another meal. A cold one this time and it too was good too. I will eat the chicken breast, the macaroni salad, the desert, drink my Coca Cola Light and take the dark bread to Bonnie for her to try. The cabin attendants are going around taking orders for Duty Free stuff. I got it again! So far they have dripped hot tea on me when giving it to my little old lady seat companion, dropped an attendants jacket on me when she opened her compartment over my head and finally a carton of cigarettes out of the Duty Free cart. Movie time. The first one was "The Fokkers" with Barbra Streisand and later I watched a really cute one, "Never Been Kissed." I enjoy people watching and had some very interesting ones on board. One was an American across the aisle from me. His chin hit his chest almost immediately after take off, woke up only to eat and he had a newspaper and book to read that were almost a joke because he was always falling asleep. He would wake up to eat and would go right back to sleep. One time he woke up and ordered a Martini, fell asleep, knocked it over onto his lap when he went back to sleep and stayed asleep till the next meal. Then there was the lady up in Business Class. She looked to me like she was absolutely in a panic about flying. I never saw her sit down the entire trip except to eat and she was either having chills or sweating. She must have gone through some kind of lotion that she would rub on her face and arms constantly. She had two ladies with her and they appeared to be trying to calm her down constantly. Hit a bump in the air and she would go ballistic with so much panic on her face. Hey! Here is the USA. I had told my German lady seat partner that I would be not getting off of the plane when we landed and she would be better off to trade seats with me. I got her coat out of the rack because I knew she was too small to reach it when the deplaning stampede would start. So I was now in the window seat and got to see the Florida coast appear. I am now the only person on the plane because we are having wheelchair attendant problems again. I could not figure out why they are leaving me out here so long. I later found out that we had arrived 30 minutes earlier than what the support people had originally been told would be our arrival time. I guess that was due to the pilot's makeup of time by going the direct route. The attendant came up on a flat out run and full of apologies. So it is time for getting the luggage. I knew it, no luggage, but

that was just because not all of the containers had been unloaded yet. Both of mine came out at the same time, right together and the kid grabbed them and away we went. Oh no the place is full of hundreds of people waiting to go through Customs. The attendant told me not to worry about a thing and he was right. I was waved up to the Alien Registration booth because that was the closest to my wheelchair and in no time I was welcomed by a Customs Agent who also lives in Cape Coral who said, "welcome home neighbor". What a good welcome and feeling of home. I was wheeled out to the curb and there were the Shallbetters and Bonnie waiting to greet me and man did they look good to me, especially Bonnie. I wondered why she looked so tan and then I realized that I had been looking at white faces for two weeks and was so surprised to see the tan ones here. Oh no, everyone wants to go get some dinner. Let's see, I ate a light breakfast at Erich's apartment, a snack at the airport with the girls, a snack right after takeoff, dinner at 9:00 AM, lunch at 2:00 PM and now at 5:30 PM we are going to eat again. God, it feels so good to be home with my wife again. All in all it was a fabulous trip but a very lonely one because my wife was not there to share it with me.

Miscellaneous thoughts about the trip and of Germany

In the old days you could tell what a worker in Germany did by looking at their uniform and hat or helmet. However, with the advent of the union, this came to a halt when the young people wanted money, not pretty uniforms. They said that the old people were satisfied to look great in their uniforms but no money or decent conditions such as a good pension, holiday (vacations) etc. There is still clothing to provide identities such as bright blue coveralls for street and construction workers. Orange coveralls and jackets that appear to be Day-glow are worn by the switchmen and the deck hands on the barges and ferries. Then there is another different Orange one for the garbage men. All residential mail is delivered by bicycle. The beautiful Mailman's costume was eliminated when the mail, rail, shipping, etc. were sold to private companies. There is now just an emblem on the back of their Tee shirt. The residential streets are so narrow that they have to put in staggered parking spaces so that automobiles can get through. I keep waiting for someone to play "chicken" but it doesn't happen so far that I have seen. Some streets are so narrow it is now for pedestrians only. Garbage cans here come with two different lids, red and gray. If you pay for curbside pick up only it has a red lid, which is half the size of the gray one, you take either one of them out to the curb. If you have the gray lid, they will dump it and then put it back in the container that it is kept in, sold to you by the garbage company, dump it and return it to the container and close your gate. Teddy could not close the lid due to too much in the can (smaller container compared to ours) and the garbage men became very upset. It seems that though the can is smaller than ours, it will only work on their truck if the lid is closed. Pickup is only once a week. Teddy had to go out and clean up the leftover mess. Roberta asked me to find and take pictures of old graves for her but this is impossible! A person must pay 670 Euros (about $890.00) every five years or else the headstone is taken away. Erich just came in and said that they have all disappeared due to this system. Weird, huh? No one was able to tell me what happens to the casket and the remains – what a terrible system. Inga could see how upsetting that was to me. So far I hope that this is my one and only thing not to like in Germany. Hey Ampi, you're on Teddy's screen saver! He tells everyone this is his American girl friend. Cute! I asked Inga why the Germans can afford to buy things when they have such a ridiculous unemployment situation. They don't seem to lack for a $5.00 pack of cigarettes or an $18.00 meal with a few glasses of wine or beer thrown in. She said there is much Government monetary aid for them and it goes on for two years and then you can still get financial aid after that. The claim is that most of the homeless that one sees are men who can no longer support their families and live on the street and their family goes on Government aid and does better than he can do for them. Wow, I am finally thinking in English again. I have interpreted anything I see, whether they are numbers, words or pictures, into German – weird! I keep opening this thing up and adding things so often that I have now been putting it into my memory stick. I lost the diary once and then just now I thought I had cut a bunch of it off of there so I did the "stick" bit to bring it back up to snuff. Whew! Well, this thing ended up being 25 pages and 15,356 words long!

E-MAIL: from Albert Hofmann to his daughter-in-law Roberta Hofmann, August 2005

I admire your valiant efforts to get these old letters translated and I know do not what good they will do for the future generations who may read these letters. I know it must be interesting to translate and read something that goes back many many years. They will not know what I went through with two lying parents that always seemed to be unable to tell truths as they should be told but rather tell lies to achieve their agenda. I was brought up to lie so that all things could be achieved, whether it be to lie about my weekend visits to my father so that Mom could get the support payments doubled by the courts from $2.50 per week to $5.00 (I got a BB Gun for this one). Or my Dad letting the people in Germany think that "Little Albi" was with him and not just on weekends. So I have benefitted from my parents treatment of me. My mother taught me how to lie which took me a long time to get over and also how to be a sloppy person which I believe I have also gotten over. My Father taught me how not to treat one's children. He also gave me the opportunity to get out of the introverted shell that they had created for me by giving me the opportunity to be able to be a winner in sales.

You asked why I did not go there after the war (to visit the relatives in Hamburg). I got as far as Air Force Headquarters with a canned food crammed duffle bag. I thought that since I had come this far I could get into Hamburg but they came up with some sort of cockamayme story about food riots in this British Sector and would not give permission for anyone to be there.

I told Allen that I really wanted to tear out those D— pictures of Kurt Karl in the back of the album but it is a part of Dad's family even though he and Kay were the reason that we had the last breakup. I sometimes wish I had done so and no one would have known but I couldn't do it.

Good luck on further translations but I really am not interested in hearing any more about him and his half truths. Anything about the people in Germany would be great and I will continue to carefully attempt to keep the info coming to you. I know that he was to translate some of the things Henry had in his records, like his "I am no longer a Nazi" which he had to sign when he got back from the Russian prison. Yes, Erna committed suicide and I was told that in kind of a hush hush way, as if their was some sort of stigma attached to this statement. I was told this and asked not to say anything to Erich about it.

Oh yes, Kase pronounced as Kayzaa, hey that's almost like the kazaa that I used to get software on the internet.

I hope you understand. AL

E-MAIL: from Albert Hofmann to his daughter-in-law, Roberta Hofmann, October 14, 2005

This was written in response to a question asking what he had intended to do during his retirement that he hadn't done.

I was teaching myself the Mac and was going to do all of our financial stuff on it and this never happened. I taught myself electricity and radio theory so that I could spend many many hours on my radios when I retire. That too changed very quickly. I now have the one radio in my car and use it to talk all over the world but would rather be on my computer when I am home than to think I would have another radio room like when we first came down. We had done a lot of camping with the kids but when we got to Florida we decided to go back into it and bought a motor home. Then we got involved in starting a golf group, took on the job of starting an Entertainment Committee and became very very active in Winnebago. So our life was very full and very active. Now, of course, we live a very sedentary life due to Bonnie's problems. So instead of golf, travel, learning to be a Gourmet Cook, I am now an old guy enjoying life to the fullest, honest.

MEMORIES: of Karen Fellers, daughter of Albert Hofmann. E-mailed to Roberta Hofmann October 18, 2005

When I think of my Dad, I think of a sensitive, fun loving man who has been one of my strongest supporters throughout my life. He's always been there for me. Through the bad times and through the good times and there's been many more good than bad over the past 55 years. When I had my first child (Kelly) in 1970, only the husband's were allowed on the maternity floor. But, Dad couldn't stay away. He was so excited to see his first grandchild, he just walked up to the desk and said he was my husband and asked which room I was in! I was so surprised to see him. For the past 35 years he has also been there for my sons. My parents were my only babysitters since 1975. Kelly and Brian spent many weekends at their trailer on the lake during their summer vacations. And to this day they are very close to both their grandparents. But when I decided at the age of 38 to start college, he wasn't so sure I hadn't lost my mind. But when I graduated in 1995 with honors in the Bachelors of Nursing program my parents, my husband and my children were all there to cheer for me. And there wasn't a dry eye among them! He still sometimes introduces me as "my daughter, the nurse." He worked 2-3 jobs while we were growing up so that Mom could stay home with us and they could provide us with things that they didn't have when they were young. But he always managed to be there for holidays, birthdays, and family gatherings. And at those frequent family gatherings he and my Uncle Dick were always playing jokes on each other and everyone else they thought they could pull a gag on. I've been asked many times over the years where I've gotten the courage and the self confidence to attempt and succeed in some of my endeavors over the years. I really don't know for sure. But I do know that when I was young my Dad would tell me two things over the years. 1. No one is better than you are. Some people will have more money or things, but that doesn't mean they are any better than you are. 2. Don't come down to others levels (if they are fighting or doing other things that you know are wrong) make them come up to your level.

Bonnie, Karen, Allen, and Al in Florida, 1996

MEMORIES: written by Allen Hofmann concerning his father, Albert Hofmann, October of 2005
I remember...

(Child to ten years, 1949-8th grade)

My dad worked in evenings and weekends and slept during the days. I remember once he had a migraine headache. I remember going with him to his Mother's house in Hammond. I remember going down to the basement where he was raised by his grandmother. There was a separate entrance on the side of the house where you stepped down to the basement. I only remember one room with an open area and a bed but there must have been more than that.

I remember my dad trapping wild rabbits. He had a rabbit box, one end of which was propped open with a stick and the other end had some food tied to the stick. When the rabbit moved the stick, the box closed. He would pick up the rabbit and bring it home and reset the trap. He had to keep moving the trap because my friends would spring the trap if they found it. When he got the rabbits home, he had to kill them. I remember some kind of a hoop that stranged them. But I remember one time he had to kill a rabbit with a hammer. I remember because there was old blood on the yellow wall. I did like rabbit meat, still do.

He liked to make homemade Christmas cards. I remember Karen and I had to get dressed and Poppy (Chester Ottarson) got into the Santa outfit in July in our basement bar. I do remember getting a picture with our 33 Chrystler in the fall. It was the only time I ever remember driving that car.

(Youth 1962-1968 marriage)

He liked to fix old cars. After the Chrysler, he bought a Model A Ford. I remember spending time with him in the garage while he worked on it. That ran well and he did drive it around.

I remember camping with him. He always drove, and I got to help him set up camp. I also remember learning to play pinochle one rainy day. I was probably ten years old. I was good with numbers so I could count, melt and count playing points. My first good use of math.

I remember going to work with my dad. He worked the retarders that slowed down cars as they came over the hump. I remember him talking over the intercom, telling the guys to watch their language, so everyone knew that he had someone with him. I remember him going to White Castle for "beans" (dinner). I remember him taking my cub scout troop to the stock yards to see the cattle slaughtered. I don't remember how far we got. I remember going to the auto show in 1957. I remember because they had a short internal track and a new 57 Ford won the race. I remember going bowling and he threw a really hard hooking ball. He told me he used to set pins when he was a teenager.

I remember my dad said he didn't have enough patience to teach me to drive and my Mom should do it. I remember when he started to work at Hofmann Appliance. He went to day shift, and I really got to see him more. But I remember seeing more of him on weekends at Bass Lake. He would close the store up Friday night and drive down. I saw him Saturday morning. We'd drive back together Sunday night. We played cards a lot. He drove the boat, and I water skiied. Also we swam a lot.

He still worked on cars. He traded the Model T Ford for a 52 MGTD and that for a 57 Chevy. I learned to drive a stick shift on the MG. The 57 Chevy was the first time I ever took a car out on my own. Unfortunately, I was only 15 1/2 and had a learner's permit. I

Al and Bonnie at a 60th anniversary party in 2005

remember he and Mom started to travel internationally with Hofmann Appliance then with Whirlpool. I think we stayed with Nanny and Poppy (my mother's parents). I remember him trying to get to my Friday night football game but he usually had to work Friday night.

I remember Mom and Dad taking me off to Evansville College. They had never been there before. They were concerned for me but after a tearful departure, they thought I would be okay. I wrote home every day. They came down for Parents' Day football game, and I flew home Thanksgiving for my first flight on an airplane. They met me at the O'Hare. I went back on the train. By Christmas I found the ride board, so I got car rides most of the time. In the winter he came down for a weekend with me twice. I remember it being neat. He was in my dorm room in the evening, and we had two tables of our people, each playing euchre, eating pizza, drinking pop, and listening to the Purple Aces on the radio. Then we would go out for breakfast Sunday morning before he drove back, the same as I did with my boys. I remember him being very upset when I transferred from Evansville to Kent State my junior year. He was happy when I transferred to Purdue Calumet the next semester. I lived at home one semester and the summer. I drove to Hammond to go to class and studied at Nanny's house and had lunch there a couple days a week. I remember telling him I was getting married, then both of them being upset again. I guess I often came out with these declarations from right field without a lot of prior discussion.

(Young adult to current)

After my marriage our relationship changed again. He helped move us probably 8 times our first 3 years of marriage. They always helped but I bet they got tired of it. We visited often as we only lived a few hours away. After I graduated, I waited to get drafted. LaSalle Steel gave me a part time job I could work Mon-Wed in Hammond and Thursday in LeBarron. I stayed at home 2 nights. On Tues and Wed morning my Dad and I got up at 5AM and went to Indian Ridge Golf Course to play golf. We got in 9 holes and went home to shower and go to work. It was a good time. I failed my physical, joined General Tire, and our lives took different turns. We lived near them for the first 9 years while we started a family. We visited on major holidays but we began to grow apart. In 1980 I moved to Arkansas from Indiana, and I started to see him annually, usually at Christmas. We kept in touch but he was busy, and I was busy, and that's how it was. He retired at 58 and moved to Florida, and I moved around also. In 2000 I began traveling alone to Florida and visiting with him and Mom. At first we played golf together, but as he got older, we usually ended up playing cards. I think he still honestly enjoys the time spent together.

I will always remember my dad as a hard and tireless worker. Even when he was a railroader, he always had a second or third job to make sure we had everything we needed. He could fix anything mechanical and electrical. One day he came home and knocked a hole in the dining room to open the kitchen to the dining room. He also completely rebuilt my sister's room and my room in our attic. He was a Ham radio operator and later in life loved to work with computers. He instilled my basic drive to achieve and always served as a role model for what a father should do for his family.

MEMORIES: of Brian (Verplank) Pecararo concerning his grandfather, Albert Hofmann, e-mailed to Roberta Hofmann, October 30, 2005

Memories of my grandfather? I have quite a lot of fond memories of my grandfather that would take a few pages to explain. Instead? I'll tell you what stands out the most when I think about Boppy: happiness and positiveness. I would be willing to bet that there are not many people that can say they have seen Boppy in a bad mood or speaking negatively. Because I know that I have not hardly ever seen those traits. My grandfather has always been an inspiration to me, and someone to look to in troubled times. Boppy always reminds you that no matter how bad you think things are, there's still something to look forward to or be happy about. He always has kind words of wisdom to give, provided you want to listen. Boppy doesn't force anyone to listen. He'll wait till you are ready. Although he will talk to anyone who asks for help, or needs him to cheer them up. I find these traits to be quite admirable and have tried to mimic them in my own life. Even though I think I need a few more years of wisdom under my belt to make it work like he does. All in all, my grandfather is the most positive, steady, and solid thing in my life, and has taught me a lot by way of example. I'm a lucky person to have such a great influence in my life, as is everyone else that crosses his path.

MEMORIES: of Kelly Verplank concerning his grandfather, Albert Hofmann, e-mailed to Roberta Hofmann, October 29, 2005

Boppy, my grandfather...I have the most respect for my grandfather. I admire the way he lives his life and enjoys his life no matter what life chooses to bring his way. Boppy has always said, "If it didn't happen, it wasn't meant to be." I feel this is why he is always so happy and cheerful, because what ever happens, happens for a reason and he doesn't question it, he just tries to see the good in it. As a child I have *many* memories of Boppy. Some of them being his green pick up truck, his favorite companion: Twiggy, his HAM radio room, and his laughter. Above all I remember spending weekends, weeks and summers and the campgrounds; playing horseshoes, having fires, swimming all day, birthday parties, and mopeds. As I'm older now, I know a different side to Boppy that as a kid I never took the time to get to know. Now I enjoy sitting and listening to his stories of how his day went, and their card games, and his computer problems, and his general complaints, while the two of us enjoy a *cold drink*. I also find myself wanting to hear more stories of how he grew up and see some of his many, many photo albums that he has kept through out the years. I feel very privelaged to have known my grandfather as many years, and be as close to him, as I have. I plan on having many more *cold drinks* and listening to many more stories from those great photo albums.

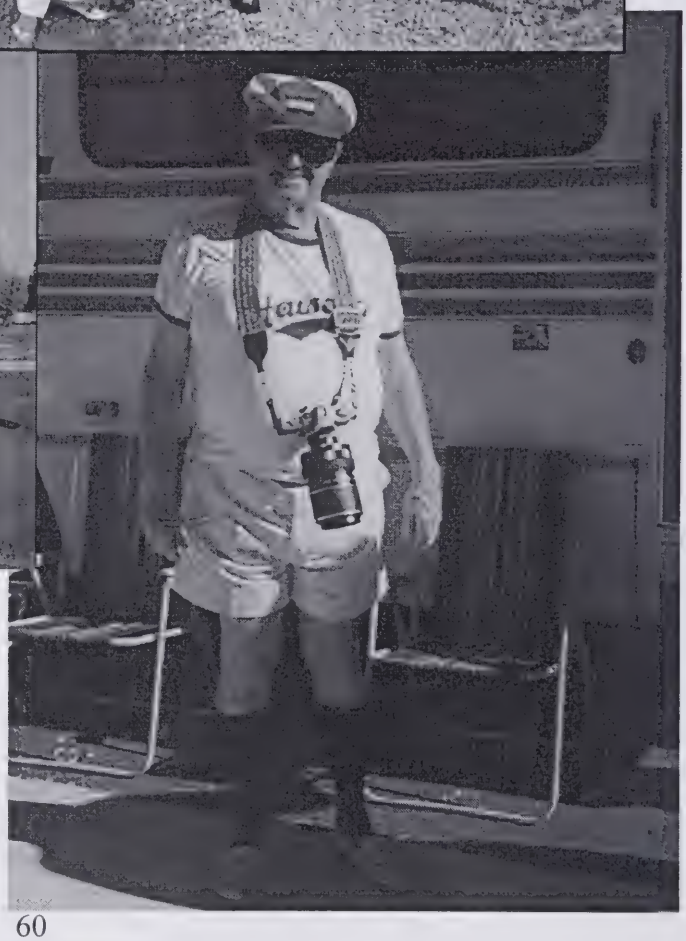
MEMORIES: of Matthew Hofmann concerning his grandfather, Albert Hofmann, e-mailed to Roberta Hofmann, October 31, 2005

The thing that I will always remember is going to Grandpa's house in Lombard in the late '70's and early '80's and seeing whatever new gadget or device that had just come out on the market he had, whether it was the microwave or a video camera or a VCR or some other thing. I was so amazed by that first microwave in particular-- that he'd put a mug of lukewarm instant coffee into this large, loud appliance and it'd instantly come out hot and ready to go. "Thirty seconds on cycle 2," he'd always say.

MEMORIES: of Nathaniel Hofmann concerning his grandfather, Albert Hofmann, e-mailed to Roberta Hofmann, November 1, 2005

Some of my earliest memories of Grandma and Grandpa revolve around Chicago. I remember going up there to visit during the

Christmas break. I remember their decorations for the holidays-- a large fireplace in the middle of the great room with a stack of presents under it, a Christmas tree off to the corner near the couch. I remember they used a lot of tinsel, and there were a lot of ornaments made of that plastic mesh framework held together by yarn. Grandma was always into crafting. I remember she made a lot of the decor for the holiday season. Of course, I remember Grandpa getting the ubiquitous chocolate-covered cherries. That was some kind of family joke. I believe *Edith* (not sure about that?) used to buy them for Grandpa every Christmas. When she passed on, I think the family felt it necessary to carry on the tradition. Grandpa was always an avid fan of technology. I remember playing games on his computer in the back office. I think he always had Mac's (Apple computers)-- never a believer in IBM computers. Grandpa was also big into train sets. I remember he had model trains that actually lit up and blew smoke-- probably a reminder of his days working in the train yard. I also remember his minivan always having some kind of apparatus attached to it. All manner of CB and/or ham radio antennae protruded from the back end. While Grandma was off shopping, he'd stay in the minivan and chat with people from all over America. I remember thinking how neat that was that he could sit behind the wheel and talk to someone out in Tulsa. I will always think of Grandpa and Grandma was social people. Even as a child, I remember them having a lot of friends-- both of them are good conversationalists.



A Lifetime of Camping

top, three days before their 50th anniversary in 1996
bottom, Al in his "tacky tourist" outfit, attired for a 1996 contest

MEMORIES: of Roberta Hofmann concerning her father-in-law, Albert Hofmann

I met Al Hofmann in 1965, forty years ago, when I was 17 and dating his son Allen, my future husband. There are two things that stand out in my mind from my early days with Al: that he seemed to be able to fix anything and that he seemed to be able to sell anything. He is one of those men who has a mechanical intelligence that enables them to know how things work, how things run, and how to make them do both of those things. If he could not figure out the ins and outs of something, he would persist until he did. So he could build closets, repair campers, add or remove walls, install appliances, you name it. As far as the selling went, it always seemed that he was winning some contest or the other and going off on the trip that was the prize.

He and his wife Bonnie had many acquaintances and socialized a great deal all of their lives. Al had a lot of clothes, some pretty wild. He golfed. He played cards. He drank a lot. Everything about Al was good times. He and his wife Bonnie were grasshoppers, not ants. They lived for good times today, not a secure future later. He said that he never expected to live as long as he did and, therefore, had not worried about saving for retirement. He actually planned to run out of money at age 70, feeling sure they'd be dead by then! This caught up with them at the end of their lives, of course.

They moved from their home in Lombard, Illinois, to Brookville, Florida, in 1986, purchasing a mobile home in a golf community. Then, as their health declined, they moved to Cape Coral, Florida, where their daughter lived and purchased a HUD home there in 1999. The house was very small but they were comfortable. Al fixed up the backyard, setting up an outdoor railroad and, with the help of his grandsons, built a gazebo and excavated a large koi pond with a waterfall tumbling into it. The gazebo was a casualty in three different hurricanes.

Two things he and Bonnie loved to do were visit flea markets and find hole-in-the-wall restaurants like the one pictured in his Great Smoky Mountains journal. Whenever we visited them, we would take them or they would take us to their newest "find"--where you could buy breakfast for under $5 (sometimes). Their favorite restaurants were always dives. They also loved to camp and did that until they were too old to do it.

Al was a man of his generation in terms of family roles. He did not believe men should do housework or take care of children. I think like many men of his generation, he found small children to be unsettling and even distasteful in some ways. So when Allen helped with our young sons, Al thought that was disgraceful. He also thought women should more or less serve men. I could never cotton to him shaking his empty glass at Bonnie so that she would walk over and refill it. It did not bother her, but it bothered me, as I came of age at the time Women's Lib was hitting its stride.

I think he was one of those people who knew that there was a better way and tried hard to find it but lacked the confidence or perhaps the knowledge of how to do that during his youth. Actually, he was his own worst enemy in finding a better way. When he was a child, he had the opportunity to escape his dysfunctional family and live and train with his coach, but he was afraid to do that. When he was a soldier, he would act inappropriately, and when he made sergeant, he behaved even more inappropriately so that he was demoted. He qualified to take pilot's training but the first chance he had, he did the only thing that would have prevented him from doing so--getting married. He did not take advantage of the GI Bill to go to college but returned to the railroad work that he knew. At Whirlpool he was put in a management position but was unable to feel comfortable being over other people and gave the position up.

In truth his taking the step of even going to Whirlpool was an act of courage, as it meant leaving everything familiar behind and taking a step into the unknown. Unfortunately, for Al, finding his niche in sales took a very long time, and by then, it was almost too late. But at least he had a heck of a ride for a decade or two.

#8 KURT ALBERT JOHANNES HOFMANN (IMMIGRANT ANCESTOR) (1901-1971)

Kurt was born on May 9, 1901, in Hamburg, Germany. I think it would be safe to say that the course of his life was determined by WWI. First, his father would have been away from home, serving in the military, from the time that Kurt was 15 until the time that he was 18, and that would most certainly have had an effect on Kurt, both from his position in the family as the older son and from being at an age at which a boy most needs his father. But perhaps just as influential would have been the conditions in postwar Germany which undoubtedly led to Kurt's emigration to America in 1923.

The Treaty of Versailles ended WWI and demilitarized Germany, which lost its air force and much of its army and navy. Germany also lost its colonies and had to return to France the Alsace-Lorraine area, which it had annexed in 1871. Finally, forced to admit blame for the war, Germany was burdened with high reparations for war damages. Although President Wilson, in his attempt at forming the League of Nations, forerunner of the United Nations, disapproved, a spirit of vindictiveness among the Allies led to a number of problems for Germany. The effects of those problems culminated in the Second World War.

Germany's humiliation led to resentment, which festered over the next decades, and led to the rise of fascism in the 1930's. The emperor was forced to abdicate and a republic–the Weimar Republic– was established with a constitution that provided for a parliamentary democracy in which the government was ultimately responsible for the people. Germany seemed poised to join the community of democratic nations. But the Weimar Republic was unsuccessful and fell apart in the disorder brought about by conflicting interests and hostile opposition to democracy as well as severe economic conditions. It was easily swept aside by Hitler as his anti-democratic and anti-Semitic National Socialist movement grew ever stronger.

Kurt Hofmann as an infant and toddler. The picture at right was taken to mark his confirmation.

In 1923 the confusion of the postwar era reached its peak in high unemployment rates, the occupation of the Ruhr by France, Hitler's coup, and attempts by the communists to overthrow the German government. Those factors as well as the hyperinflation which made it necessary to take a wheelbarrow full of money to buy a loaf of bread must have made young Kurt view his future in Germany as hopeless. Perhaps he did not even feel secure at his clerk's job at the Court of Justice in Hamburg.

But he did have one option open to him. His Aunt Louisa Hartung had married a baker named Charles Martin and had emigrated to America in 1892, settling in Lake County, Indiana. In 1923 Charles and Louisa decided to each sponsor a nephew in coming to America. Charles brought his nephew Gustav Martin of Erfurt; Louisa brought Kurt. A record of Kurt and Gustav's arrival in the United States can be found at the Ellis Island website. The passenger manifest of the *Resolute* says that Kurt sailed from Hamburg on September 18, 1923, arriving in New York ten days later. The *Resolute* was a 19,653 ton ship that carried three classes of passengers– 290 first class, 320 second class, and 400 third class. I doubt very much that Karl came over in first class, which was reserved for the wealthy.

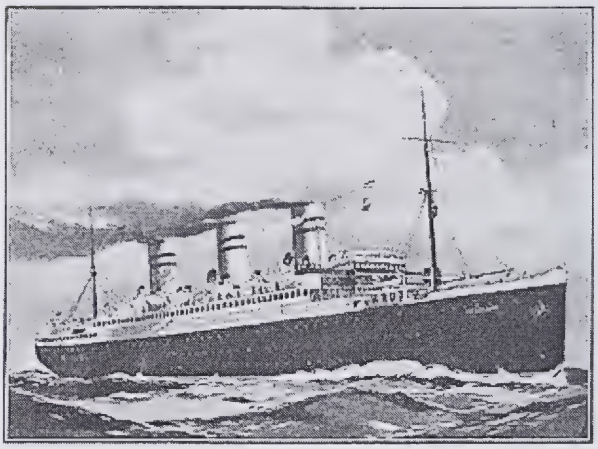
Kurt stated that he intended to stay in America but then everyone on the manifest said that. They had all burned their bridges behind them, at least emotionally. However, Kurt's father appeared to believe that Kurt would be staying in America, as he supposedly gave Kurt what he thought Kurt might inherit from him down the road. The family story is that Kurt's brother Henry was very angry because Kurt squandered his share by throwing a party before he left. Henry, apparently, thought Kurt should not waste the money but should leave it for him.

I have several problems with that story. The main one is that it gives Kurt's motivation for "squandering the money" as the fact that he could not bring the full amount of his inheritance to America with him. The manifest says that Kurt brought $25 (crossed through with $50 written over it) with him. Other single men on the same page of the passenger

Kurt's family farewell party. Back row: unknown man, Karla Richter, Henry Hofmann, Wilma Petersen, Wilhelm Petersen. Middle row: Hermine Richter, Karl Hofmann, Bothilde Rathmann, Robert Richter, Bertha Petersen. Front row: Henny Hofmann, Louise Martin, Charles Martin, Kurt Hofmann.

The United American Liners

"RESOLUTE" and "RELIANCE"



Placed in the Trans-Atlantic Service in 1922, these splendid triple-screw steamers of 20,000 tons immediately achieved a notable success and have earned an enviable reputation for the maximum degree of comfort in accommodations and excellence of service.

They are each 620 feet long, 72 feet broad and have a speed of 16.5 knots. The time of passage to England and France is about 8 days and to Hamburg about 9 days. They carry in comfort 350 First Class, 300 Second Class and 500 Third Class passengers.

Designed in accordance with the highest standards of safety, comfort and service, no effort has been spared in the construction of these steamers to give the traveler the highest degree of satisfaction. Unusually roomy staterooms, many with private baths, single bed cabins, luxurious public rooms, winter garden, swimming pool, gymnasium, passenger elevators, terrace café, children's room, photographic dark room, botanical garden, beds in place of berths, are some of the features appealing to the pleasure of the ocean traveler.

A system of ventilation, tested in tropical waters, carries fresh air to all parts of the ship and directly into each stateroom, under control of the passengers.

manifest are shown as having brought up to $100 with them. And the form asks if the passenger has less than $50, seeming to indicate that $50 was the preferred minimal sum for an emigrant to have. Surely Kurt knew how much money he could bring in. Why then, would he have felt he had to get rid of all but $25 or even $50? Secondly, why was Kurt entitled to half his father's estate when his father died if he had already been given his portion of the inheritance?

At any rate, Kurt emigrated to the United States. By the time the 1930 census was taken, he had long since married the nineteen-year-old fiancee that he had behind in Germany when he emigrated– Wilhemina Petersen– and had become father to Albert (Al) William, born in Gary, Indiana, on November 21, 1926. Kurt's brother Henry wrote me that Wilmemina had sailed for New York at "some later date" and married Kurt in New York." The 1930 census states that she had arrived in 1925. It also shows she and Kurt living in a duplex shared with one John Seamon at 545 Carolina Street in Gary. Most of the men on the street worked for some steel works.

When Kurt had first arrived in the United States, he had gone to work as a baker in Gary, Indiana and had lived with his uncle at 32 West Fifth Avenue, Gary, Indiana. But, as Kurt's son Al has written, he did not care for baker's hours and looked around for something else to do. The 1930 census tells us that Kurt was working as a "motor inspector" in the steel works. Just when he took that job, I do not know. The job of motor inspector in a steel mill in 1982 was the highest non-supervisory job possible in the maintenance department (http://www.oshrc.gov/decisions/html_1982/76-2636.html), and one that could be reached only by passing a battery of tests and after experience in other maintenance jobs. In 1982 the job description involved performing crane inspection, troubleshooting, and electrical repairs. I have no idea, however, what the job entailed or required in 1930.

His grandson Allen Hofmann, remembers that he heard that Kurt had worked as a *mechanic* at U.S. Steel, but Kurt's son Al refutes that, responding to Allen's statement with, "I can just see my Dad as a motor inspector. 'Ja das ist ein motor' would be the extent of his motor knowledge.'" Al adds, "My Dad, during the war, worked for American Bridge which was in the US Steel area of Gary. I think they hired him as an electrician and found out he knew nothing about electricity and made him a timekeeper. He walked around with a clipboard all day long and kept info on what the different workers were doing on the job. Made him feel very important because he had an "office" which was a little stand up shed in the plant."

Gary was a growing city thanks to U.S. Steel– the city was even named for the chairman of the company's board of directors, Elbert Gary. Termed the "City of the Century," Gary's population grew from 55,000 in 1920 to 100,000 in 1930. And U.S. Steel had its hand in everything. It laid out the plan for the town and set strict building codes and requirements. It established the Gary Land Company which arranged for private contractors to erect houses and rent or sell them at very moderate prices to its workers. It sponsored athletic teams for its employees and regulated where the people of Gary could buy liquor. Its photographers documented the rise of the mills and the city together.

It was a city of immigrants like Kurt, many of whom found work in the steel mills (at left). They and their children made up 45% of the population in 1930. Mexicans and Blacks were isolated and pretty much ignored. Immigrants from southern and eastern Europe were largely shifted into unskilled labor jobs whereas the skilled jobs went to the British or the Germans, if not the native-born Americans. America's institutions– schools, churches, newspapers, workplaces and political system– all worked to Americanize the new immigrants as quickly as possible. This was partly achieved by implementing Gary's nationally known system of "work-study-play or the "Wirt System," sought to train the children of immigrants in skills that would service industry– especially the steel industry, upon which Gary was dependent. This backfired during the Depression when the mills cut their production by 80% and necessarily unemployment soared, banks failed, and the city neared bankruptcy. It was not until WWII that the steel industry revived.

That may explain why Kurt sought other work. He got hold of some small, red books produced by the LaSalle Institute that instructed one about how to become a good salesman and, at some point prior to 1934, went to work for Milton Dreyfus and his brother, sons of a German father and French mother, who were just a bit older than Kurt. They owned Dreyfus Appliance. As Al Hofmann tells it, "Milton Dreyfus was one of the two brothers that owned the business at 820 Broadway and my Dad lived upstairs in one of the apartments there." He also says that Kurt was a natural salesman and could have "sold ice cream to Eskimos. I watched him sell a sweeper and washer on a house call because one day the folks would probably get electricity to run it!"

TWO FAMILIES

And a boy in the middle

At top left: Kurt is pictured with his older son Albert and next to that picture, Albert is dressed up for the Easter Holiday in 1936.

In the center Kurt, holding baby Albert, and first wife, Wilhemina Petersen.

At bottom, Kurt smoking a cigar and Albert atop a 1926 Oldsmobile in 1929.

Top, left, Kurt, Albert, Kurt Karl, and Kay Hofmann, Easter 1940 (written on back "not very ready to go out"). Top, center: Kurt and Kay's wedding in 1935. Top, right: early home of Kurt and Kay (written on back "We have the entire upper floor. Kathy is on the balcony.") Center, Kay's wedding cake (written on back "Above in the cross, a bridal couple stands"). Center, right: Albert, Kurt Karl and Kay Hofmann. (written on back: "Albert is getting so large, and Schnuckie looks like a girl!") Bottom, left: Kurt, Kurt Karl and Kay. (written on back "9 May Immediately after this we went to church for the baptism." Bottom, right: Kurt and Kay's wedding day (written on back "Yuriga family, Papa Y., Mama Y., us, Teddie, Margie, Martin (brothers and sister)")

Milton's signature appears on Kurt's passport application, on October 24, 1934. By that time, Kurt must have accumulated enough money to return to Germany for a visit with his family. The application gives us a little additional information about him. His physical description appears on this document. He is said to have been 5 feet 8 inches tall and to have had light brown hair, and blue eyes.

The application reveals that Kurt had already achieved citizenship before the Lake Superior Court of Gary, Indiana, on September 29, 1931. It also reveals that he had been divorced from Wilhemina and was living at 816 Broadway, in Gary. In the application, Kurt says that he is planning to sail from New York aboard Hamburg-Amerika's *New York* on November 15, 1934, for the purpose of visiting his parents. He returned on the *Hamburg* on January 17, 1935, arriving in New York 9 days later. A stamp on the first page amends the passport on September 27, 1937, to include both of his second wife, Kathryn (Kay) Yuriga and their baby son, Kurt Karl, on Kurt's passport. Kurt's first wife had filed for divorce in the Lake County (Indiana) Superior Court on April 21, 1931, and a year later, had been granted one. The legal actions taken may be found at the conclusion of this biography. Of course, Wilhemina got custody of their son Albert, while Kurt, despite an action to seek custody himself, received only visitation rights. "Al" would take the streetcar to visit his father on the weekends. Kurt wanted to take Al to Germany when he went there in 1937 with Kay and Kurt Karl, but Al's mother and grandmother were afraid that Kurt would leave Al in Germany.

It must have been rather an uncomfortable time to visit Germany. Hitler had taken the country over in 1934. And whereas the people of Germany seemed to support him with little doubt and much hope, surely an American would have questioned the dwindling reserve of personal liberties left to the German people.

January of 1938 was to be the last time that Kurt was able to visit Germany for a very long time, as WWII was even then hovering on the horizon and finally closed in to end civilian travel to Europe for almost a decade. I am told that during that visit, Kurt and his young wife Kay took a cruise and left their child with Kurt's parents. A postcard exists from that voyage, the text of which is given on page 73. The passenger list for their return voyage is also there.

Kurt had married Kay in the spring of 1935– most likely in April, as the back of their wedding picture was stamped by the store that developed it "May 4, 1935." In the photo the trees have not leafed out at all, but no snow is evident, so that seems to indicate that the marriage did take place in early spring. The daughter of Marton Anthony and Antonia Yuriga, Katherine was born in Indiana in 1915. Her father had emigrated to the United States from Korlatko, Hungary, aboard the *Bremen* in March of 1900.

The top picture was taken during Kurt's 1937/1938 visit to Germany to his parents' home. Pictured are from left to right: Robert Richter, Ernst Gehrt, Karla Gehrt, Karl Hofmann, Kurt Hofmann, Henny Hofmann, Bothilda Rathmann, Hermine Richter, and Erna Hofmann. Notice the Christmas tree and the picture of Kurt and Henry on the mantel. It is the same photograph that I have placed in Henny's biography.

The bottom picture shows a children's party aboard the *New York*. The balloons are imprinted "Hamburg-Amerika Linie." Kurt and Kurt Karl are in the center of the picture. It is dated 27 January 1938.

Kay and Kurt were married in the parsonage of Reverend Ragnar Moline at 611 Fillmore Street, probably in Gary, Indiana, and held their reception at the Hungarian Hall at 11th Avenue and Harrison Street. Kay was by much the younger and by perhaps much the stronger in that marriage. She was just twenty when she married the 34-year-old Kurt, but she seems to have ruled the roost. Kurt's grandson, Allen Hofmann, remembered that Kurt and Kay were heavy drinkers and that when she was liquored up, Kay would be verbally abusive to Kurt. On these occasions Allen and his sister Karen would be told to go watch television in another part of the house where, I assume, they would be unable to hear what Kay was ranting about. Al Hofmann, Kurt's son by his first marriage, also remembers the abusiveness and says his father would at times cry in the face of it. "He was a weak man." Apparently, Kurt was also a besieged man, as Al also recalls lying in bed in the cabin and "having to listen to her sexual demands during the middle of the night in the next room!" She may have been bitchy, but she was apparently frisky. Al adds, "To know her was to hate her."

Perhaps the oddest thing that Al shared with me was that when Kurt was in the hospital recovering from a heart attack, Kay "took him up a pitcher of Martinis every night." I can't think that would have done her diabetic husband much good. That action would seem to imply either that she was very stupid or very irresponsible.

Judging by the little digs that she made in her postwar letters to her husband's sister-in-law, my impression of Kay is that she was an arrogant and phony person. But the reader can make his own judgement as to that. The story of her unkindness and unfairness to her step-son is told from his point of view in his autobiography which may be found earlier in this book, so there is no reason to repeat it here. Suffice it to say that at the very least she apparently could not find it in her heart to care for a nine-year-old boy who could have used some affection in his life.

On the positive side, she seems to have helped her husband in the founding and development of his business which took a long time to get off the ground. He did not choose the best time to open an appliance business, after all. First he had to deal with the shortage of metal for appliances after the war and then an inability to attract customers. And as he was trying to get the business started, he was also putting in hours selling insurance to make ends meet or working at American Bridge Company. In the end through hard work and persistence, he succeeded in achieving his goal of having a profitable business. At first he had had a partner in the store, then bought him out, and struggled on alone to success. His letters reproduced below chronicle some of his difficulties. Other information about the

At left, a home owned by Kay and Kurt Hofmann (4392 Pennsylvania Street, Gary). Across the front of the picture Kurt wrote, "Kitchen, dining room, living room." On the back of the picture, he wrote, "Our house, sideview. The shrubs are syringa and roses. I tidied and pruned them. Schnuckie stands by the rain spout."

Above, a front view of what is likely the same house. On the back is written, "Our house in the evening sunshine. Kurt Karl in the foreground."

At left, the cottage at Bass Lake. The sign on the shed says, "Aloha." On the back of the picture, Kurt wrote, "View of our summer house from the street. On the right is the building containing the old toilet. On the left side of the house is the dining room, middle is the kitchen, and bedroom at right."

appliance business can also be found in the interview reproduced in this book with his son Al. The latter also wrote me that when his father "took over Glen Park Appliance it only sold GE. Then he slowly diversified to many other brands because he found that not everyone that walks in the door wants only GE. His best friend Johnny Esser was a furniture dealer in Crown Point and he sold only GE and did not do that well."

The marriage to Kay had probably cemented the negative feelings that had grown between Kurt and his older son Al. Aside from the issues surrounding the divorce, Kurt disapproved of Al's choice of girlfriend and wife, Bonnie Gibbs. Kurt would have preferred that Al marry a German girl, and I guess he did not like Bonnie. I would also imagine that Kay was not fond of having a reminder of her husband's first marriage hanging around. As a result of all those factors and probably more, Al and Kurt were estranged for over a decade. It was the appliance business that re-united them.

Whatever Kay's feelings towards Albert and whatever Kurt's feelings towards Bonnie, they were not above asking Al's help in running the business when Kurt had a heart attack in the early 1960's. But as discussed in his son's autobiography, Kurt reconciled with his older son, Al for a period of just a few years--just as long as Kurt had need of him. During this time Kurt would spend every summer weekend with his son and his son's family at the cottage Kurt had bought in Bass Lake, Indiana. Those weekends provided the only memories that his grandson Allen would have of him. Allen remembers that Kurt would leave money on a table every Saturday night so that Allen and his sister Karen could go out and buy him a Sunday newspaper and a Sara Lee coffee cake for breakfast. Allen also remembers helping his grandfather set up the dock for the cottage. Apparently, it was rather like a series of saw-horses with legs that were increasingly long, the whole of which locked together in some way.

Kurt lived nearly a decade after his final break with his son Al, dying of a second heart attack at the Bass Lake cabin on June 7, 1971. Al asked the funeral director if he could see his father at the funeral home at some time when Kay and Kurt Karl would not be there. The funeral director told him to come during dinner time when they would be gone. So Al said good-bye to his father alone.

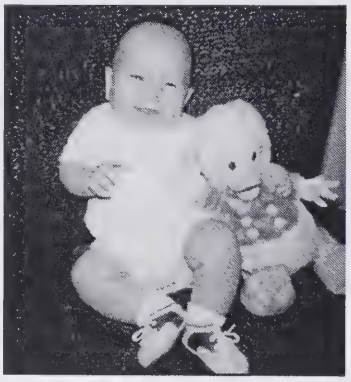
Kurt was buried at Valparaiso, Indiana, in Graceland Cemetery. The store that he worked so hard to build into a profitable business was left in the hands of his wife and his second son Kurt Karl. It did not take long to decline, and it was eventually closed.

CHILDREN OF KURT HOFMANN:

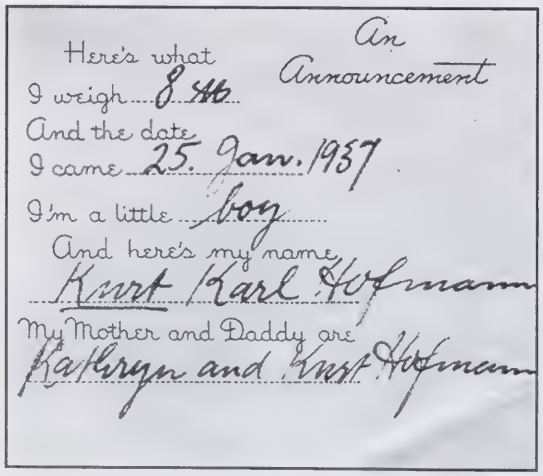
1. Albert William Hofmann (more earlier)

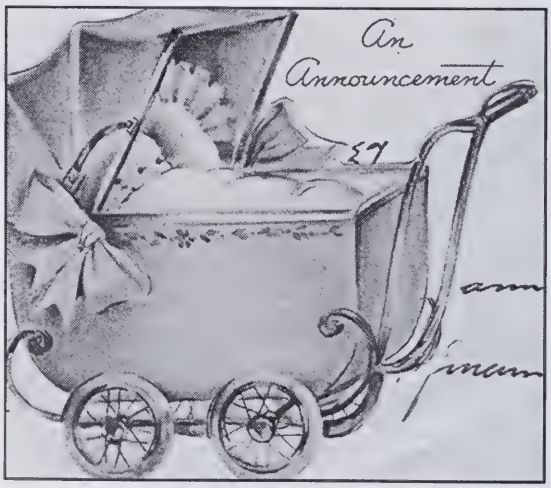
2. Kurt Karl Hofmann

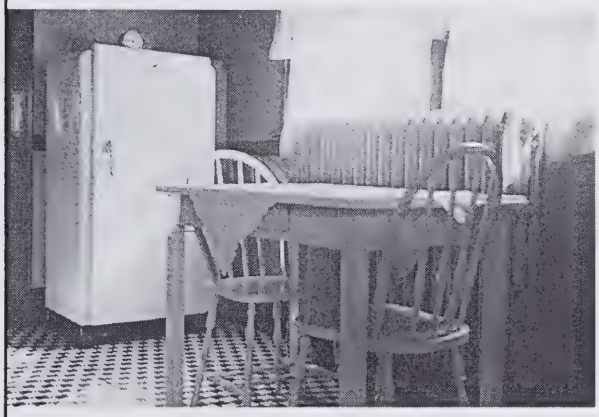
B. January 25, 1937; probably Gary, Indiana; married Nelda R. Turk, July 25__, Vallejo, California; son Karl Martin, born July 15, 1960, San Diego County, California. The name of another child mentioned in Kurt and Kay Hofmann's obituaries is unknown. Nelda was born September 3, 1941, and died in California on April 6, 2003. According to the Social Security Death Index, her last place of residence was Napa County.

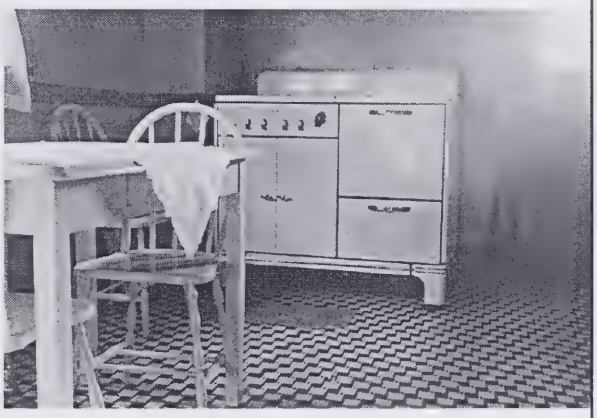


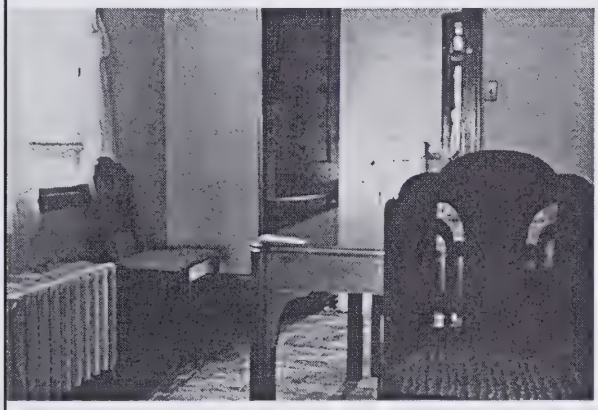
Photographs of Karl Martin Hofmann and of Kurt Karl's nursery. On the back of the photograph on the right it says, "Chest with dog, lamp, and ventilator on it. Round mirror." On the back of the photograph on the left it says, "Kurt's in bed! There are hot air balloons on the wallpaper."
Below is the birth announcement for Kurt Karl.











The six photographs on this page were taken in Kurt's home in October of 1936 and sent to Karla Gehrt in Hamburg, Germany. The lower picture was printed in 1937. Written on back was, "Kathy's Christmas gift to me."

Notice the large, standing radio in the living room and the German style Christmas tree in the photograph at left.

DIVORCE PAPERS:

These may be found in microfilmed records of the Gary, Lake County, Indiana, Superior Court (Case 24269) (page 214) Nineteenth Judicial Day of the March Term, April 4, 1932

Court again met on Monday morning, April 4, pursuant to adjournment. In attendance upon the court were the same officers as on previous days.

Wilhemina Hofmann

vs

Kurt Hofmann

Comes now the plaintiff and shows service of summons on the defendant, by the Sheriff of Lake County, Indiana, on April 27, 1931, which was more than ten days prior to the 18th day of May, 1931, the return day herein as fixed by endorsement in writing on plaintiff's complaint, which summons together with the Sheriff's return endorsed thereon, reads as follows (insert).

Comes now the defendant and files answer in these words (insert), and thereupon this cause is submitted to court for hearing and trial without the intervention of a jury and the court having heard all the evidence and being duly advised in the premises now for the plaintiff that said plaintiff is entitled to a divorce from the defendant and that she is a fit and proper person to have the care custody and control of the minor child of said parties until further order of court. The court further finds that the defendant should pay the sum of $2.00 per week, into the clerk's office, for the support of the said minor child until he reaches the age of 18 years and said defendant should have the right to visit with said child at reasonable times. The court further finds that the defendant should pay the sum of $25.00 plaintiff's attorney's fees within ninety days from this date.

It is therefore considered adjudged and decreed by the court that the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between the parties hereto be and they are hereby wholly dissolved and held for naught and that said plaintiff have and she is hereby granted an absolute divorce from the defendant.

It is further considered adjudged and decreed by the court that the plaintiff have and she is hereby granted the care, custody, control of the minor of court, and the defendant is now by the court ordered to pay the sum of $2.00 per week into the clerks office, for the support of said minor child until he reaches the age of 18 years, and the defendant shall have the right to visit with said child at reasonable times. The defendant is further ordered bo pay the sum of $25.00 plaintiff's attorneys fees within ninety days from this date.

Bertram Jenkins Judge

COURT RECORDS: Found on the court docket, Lake (County) Superior Court, sitting at Gary, page 591 (book unknown)

Action: divorce Filed: April 21, 1931 Case 24269

Attorneys: Jenkines Parker & Brown (crossed through and changed to Young & Hausur for Wilhemina Hofmann

Rosenbloom for Kurt Hofmann

Order Book	Page	Date	Minutes of the Court
18	381	5-18-31	Deft appears by H. Rosenbloom & asks for two weeks time to file pleadings herein
20	62	2-19-32	Comes now the Pltf and files her verified petition for temporary allowance and attorney Fees
20	69	2/23/32	Tendering for pltf & deft ordered to pay $2.50 for support of child commens today & every week thereafter payable to this office and clerk ordered to pay over to pltff payments to continue during (illegible) facts Atty fees to be taken up at time of trial Deft ruled to (illegible)
20	214	4-4-32	(illegible) in April 27-1931 Ret May 18, 1931 (illegible) Sent to ct Tendering for pft (illegible) the care custody and support of Albert age 5 years and deft to pay 2.00 for support of said child (illegible)

(at top of page) at the age 18 years payable in this office & (illegible) to pay same to pf & deft to visit with said child a reasonable time and defendant to pay 25.00 atty fee within 90 days of same.

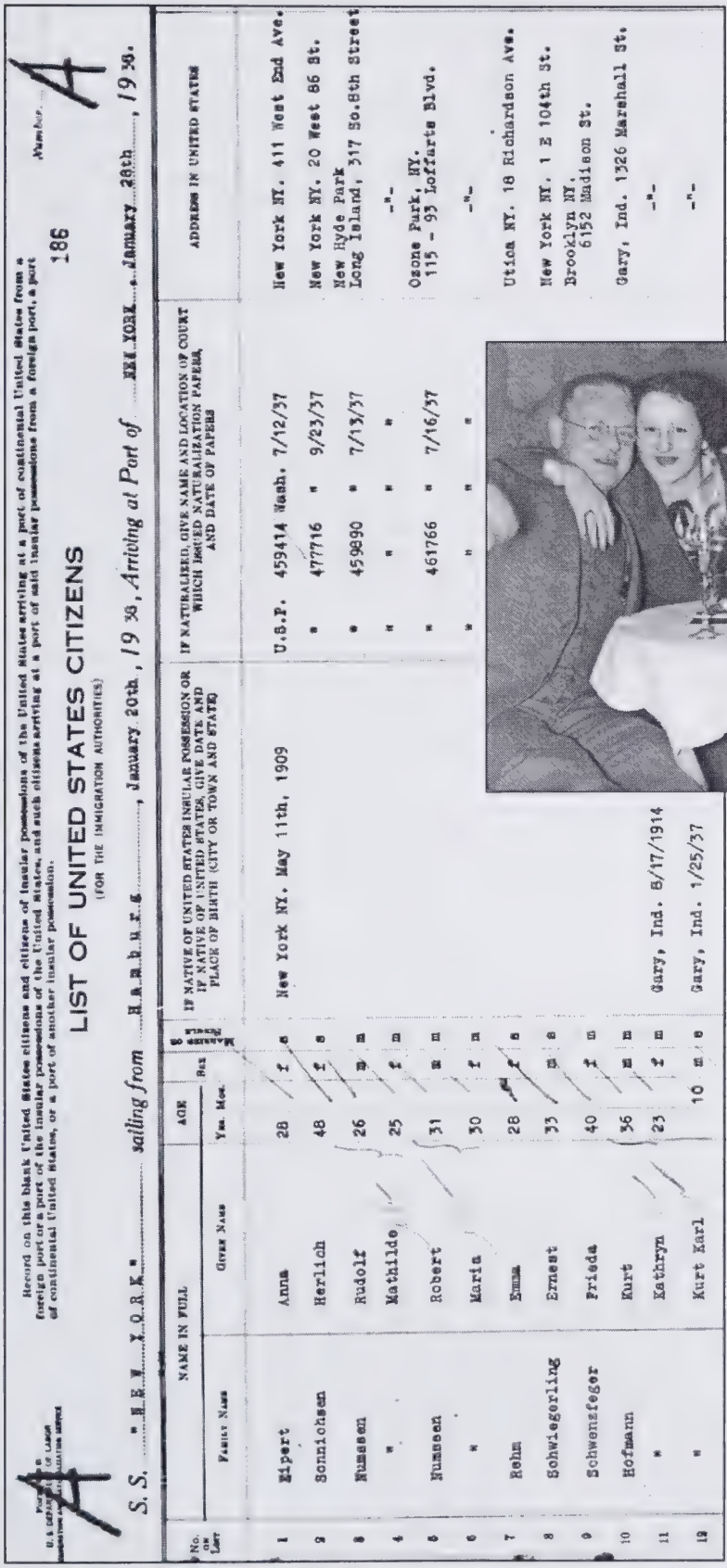
31	165	11/12/36	Deft files Plt for modification of degree as to custody of child. Hearing on Ret set for Nov 17-1936 at 130 PM.
31	186	11/13/36	Hearing on Ret set for Nov 23, 1936 at 1:30 PM BCJ
31	226	11/23/36	Comes now the plf by her attys McAllen Dorsey Clark & Travis & files herewith in open court answer to Pet of Deft for modification of ct order Sent to Ct. Defts pet for modification of order denied
31	570	12-1-39	Pltf files petition for modification of divorce decree. Cause set for hearing Dec. 15, 1939 at 2 PM. BCJ

E-MAIL: from Albert Hofmann to his daughter-in-law, Roberta Hofmann, August 29, 2005

Dad's last house that I remember was the one on Pennsylvania which was also within walking distance of Broadway. The only place that I knew was the one on Fifth Avenue West of Broadway which streets were named after Presidents. I was born in Gary and then we moved to Hammond when Mom left Dad.

POSTCARD: written by Karl in 1937

Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Karl Hofmann, Hamburg Langenhorn, Bornweg 109. The picture is of Kurt and Kay seated at a table with another couple, presumably aboard a ship.



Record on this blank United States citizens and citizens of insular possessions of the United States arriving at a port of continental United States from a foreign port or a port of the insular possessions of the United States, and such citizens arriving at a port of said insular possessions from a foreign port, a port of continental United States, or a port of another insular possession.

Number A

186

LIST OF UNITED STATES CITIZENS

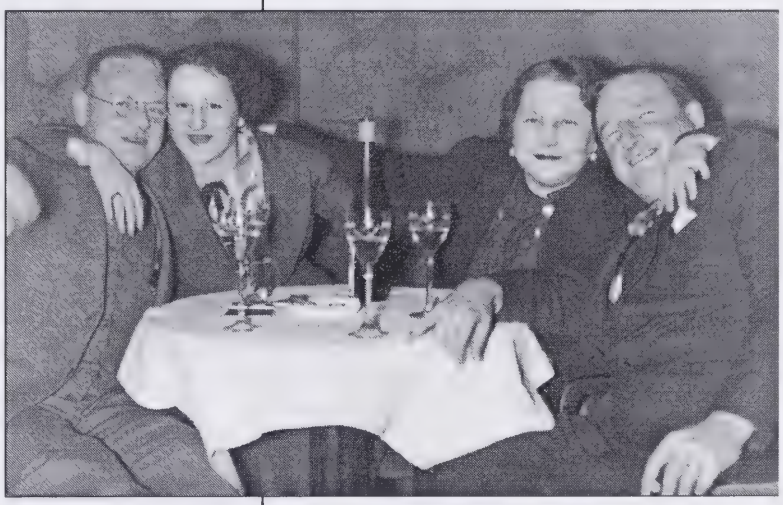
(FOR THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES)

S. S. "NEW YORK" sailing from Hamburg, January 20th, 1938, Arriving at Port of NEW YORK, January 28th, 1938.

No. on List	Family Name	Given Name	Age Yrs.	Age Mos.	Sex	Marriage or Single	If native of United States insular possession or if native of United States, give date and place of birth (city or town and state)	If naturalized, give name and location of court which issued naturalization papers, and date of papers	Address in United States
1	Eipert	Anna	28		f	s	New York NY. May 11th, 1909	U.S.P. 459414 Wash. 7/12/37	New York NY. 411 West End Ave.
2	Sonnichsen	Herlich	48		f	s		" 477716 " 9/23/37	New York NY. 20 West 86 St.
3	Numssen	Rudolf	26		m	m		" 459890 " 7/13/37	New Hyde Park Long Island, 317 So.8th Street
4	"	Mathilde	25		f	m		" " " "	-"-
5	Numssen	Robert	31		m	m		" 461766 " 7/16/37	Ozone Park, NY. 115 - 93 Loffarts Blvd.
6	"	Maria	30		f	m		" " " "	-"-
7	Rehm	Emma	28		f	s			Utica NY. 18 Richardson Ave.
8	Schwiegerling	Ernest	33		m	s			New York NY. 1 E 104th St.
9	Schwenzfeger	Frieda	40		f	m			Brooklyn NY. 6152 Madison St.
10	Hofmann	Kurt	36		m	m			Gary, Ind. 1326 Marshall St.
11	"	Kathryn	23		f	m	Gary, Ind. 8/17/1914		-"-
12	"	Kurt Karl	10		m	s	Gary, Ind. 1/25/37		-"-

Bremen, 5 December 1937.

As the picture shows, we have been heavily celebrating. Today, Sunday, we slept until 1 o'clock. Both nights we docked before morning. Very pretty city. We want to see the sights tomorrow (Monday morning). We are leaving here Tuesday and will be next in HBG Hbrttf (Hamburg docks or harbor) at 3:07 which will be timely so that we can have supper at the house. We miss Snooky very much. With regards, greetings, and kisses your Kathryn and Kurt, also Mr. and Mrs. Snooky.



POSTCARD: written by Kurt from Gary, Indiana, 1938. Gary, Ind. Dec. 7th 1938

Dear Henry, Erna, and Erich!

We wish you a merry Christmas and good luck in the new year. I received Henry's card. Thank you very much! I had abandoned all hope of getting mail from him. Business here is significantly better and we are going to catch our (lines?) to construct our dream castle on. We already chose the land. But first of all, I'd like father and mother to come here for a visit. Regards, greetings also to Mr. and Mrs. Lehmann your parents. Kurt

BIRTHDAY CARD: undated but presumably written by Kurt in the 1940's to his nephew Erich Hofmann

Dear Erich, Congratulations on your birthday. Good wishes from your Aunt Kathy, Uncle Kurt, and Kurt Karl. We hope that your birthday finds you in good health and that the CARE package arrives on time. Greetings to all the birthday guests. Dear Erna, Thanks for your dear Christmas letter. I hope everything is better for you in the New Year. With greetings and kisses, Kurt

CHRISTMAS CARD: Written by Kurt to Erna Hofmann, December 17, 1949, from Gary, Indiana
Dear Erna and Erich!
We wish you a happy holiday and much good fortune in the New Year. We received your dear letters; thank you. I have not written since. I have much work; business is improving somewhat, hopefully. We are all healthy and lively, and that is what is the important thing. Give my holiday greetings to Father and Mother Lehmann and your siblings. With regards, greetings, and kisses, K.K. & K.

POSTCARDS: written by Kurt and Kay Hofmann while they were on vacation in 1960
1. Addressed to Master Allen and Miss Carren Hofmann, 17652 State Line, Lansing, Ill. It pictures Main Street curio shops in Tijuana, Mexico, and is dated October 14, 1960. (Note: Kurt's granddaughter's name should have been spelled *Karen.*)
Dear Allen & Caran, Having a grand time, Spending to-day sightseeing in Mexico. In a couple of days we will go to Disneyland. Your new cousin is quite a boy. Lots of love Grandpa and Grandma
2. Addressed to Hofmann Appliance Co., 3720 Broadway, Gary, Indiana. It pictures Main Street in Tijuana.
Hi Everybody! Having a great time. Spending a few hours in Mexico. Quite different from San Diego. Doing a bit of sightseeing. The weather is nice in the low 70. Kurt & Kay
3. Addressed to Hofmann Appliance Co., 3720 Broadway, Gary, Indiana. It pictures San Diego's Town and Country Hotel.
Hi Everybody! Still enjoying this very pretty city. Too bad we are over the 1/2 way mark of our trip. Wed AM we are leaving for L.A. to get in a couple days of sightseeing around L.A. Till Friday Eve when we have to start the long road back. Kay & Kurt

LETTER: from Kay Hofmann to her step-son Albert Hofmann, postmarked October 31, 1960. Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Al Hofmann, Royal Hawaiian Hotel Rm 347, Honolulu, Hawaii. (pictured at right)
Dearest Al & Bonnie!
Now that you are seasoned Hawaiians & used to that horrible life, can I inject a note of discord into this paradise? Ha Ha! (Its hell & you know it) Hope by now Bonnie is feeling better, Im sure Al is. You most likely have surmised why Im writing, 1st of all what happened to the spare tire on the Pick Up? also to Gene Wright clock radio, did you take it to Hammond? You also made a note to call a Mr. Hall when Zenith comes in. Which Mr. Hall & Zenith? Outside of these questions all else is the same including Dad. He had a ball Saturday trying to get some goofs off of the radio and getting the cops all shook up about a car parked in front of the Warehouse. The car his father-in-law gave his wife gave him & her nothing but trouble. To top it off she went to Monkey Wards for a battery & they broke the starter you can imagine the rest. Other than the above mentioned all is peace & quiet, but tomorrow is another day. Have fun the weather is here Phew. Say hello to the gang especially Kit & John. Till later Love Kay
P.S. Main reason for letter Hannahs address: Mrs. H. Jackens, 221-28 Ave, San Mateo, Calif.
Note: *Monkey Wards* was a slang name for Montgomery Wards, a large chain of department stores.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT: of Kurt Albert Johannes Hofmann, found in Crown Pointe, Indiana, County Clerk's office.
I, Kurt A.J. Hofmann, presently of Lake County, Indiana, being of sound and disposing mind and mindful of the uncertainties of human life and intending to dispose of all my property and estate upon my death, do make, publish, and declare this my Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking any and all wills, codicils and testaments by me at any time heretofore made. **Article I**: I hereby direct that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid as soon after my decease as may be found convenient. **Article II:** All the rest, residue and remainder of all property of which I own or have the right to dispose of at my decease, of whatever kind, character and description, real, personal, intangible, and mixed or whatever situated, I give, devise and bequeath to my wife, Kathryn K. Hofmann, to be hers absolutely and forever. **Article III:** In the event of my wife, Kathryn K. Hofmann, predeceases me, I give and bequeath to my son, Albert W. Hofmann, the sum of ten ($10.00). **Article IV:** In the event my wife, Kathryn K. Hofmann, predeceases me, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son Kurt Karl Hofmann, all the rest, residue, and remainder of all of my said property and estate. **Article V:** In the event both my wife, Kathryn K. Hofmann, and my son Kurt Karl Hofmann, predecease me, I give, devise and bequeath all the rest, residue and remainder of all my said property and estate as follows: a. To the children of Kurt Karl Hofmann, surviving at the date of my death, in equal shares. b. In the event my son, Kurt Karl Hofmann, predeceases me, leaving no children surviving at date of my death, then to the children of my son, Albert W. Hofmann, surviving at the date of my death. **Article VI:** It is my will and I so direct, that upon my death, my Executrix shall have the authority to continue to operate my interests in Hofmann Appliance Company, for so long a period at she, in her sole discretion, may deem necessary. **Article VII:** I authorize and empower my Executrix hereinafter named to sell and dispose of all or any of the real estate of which I die seized or possessed, at public or private sale, at such time, and on such terms and conditions as she shall deem proper, to execute, acknowledge and deliver all proper writings, deeds of conveyance and transfers therefore. **Article VIII:** I hereby constitute and appoint my wife, Kathryn K. Hofmann, Executrix of this my Last Will and Testament. In the event my wife predeceases me or fails to qualify, then I constitute and appoint Kurt Karl Hofmann as the Executor of this My Last Will and Testament, and it is my will and I do so direct that either of said Executor or Executrix shall not be required to give any bond or security as a condition to qualifying or acting as Executor or Executrix hereunder. In the event that both my wife and son predecease me, or fail to qualify, I constitute and appoint the Gary National Bank, Gary, Indiana, as Executor of this my Last Will and Testament. In witness thereof, I have hereunto subscribed my hand and seal this 11th day of February 1965. Kurt A.J. Hofmann

DEATH CERTIFICATE: filed at the Starke County Board of Health, Knox, Indiana; Book 31, page 218. Local Number 71-98
This document states that Kurt died on June 7, 1971, at R3 Box 313, Bass Lake, Knox County, Indiana, of apparent heart failure. Coroner Daniel Rannels certified the death. Kurt was buried on June 10, 1971. Funeral director was Kennedy-Braman, Knox (county), Indiana.

OBITUARY: of Kurt Hofmann (which probably appeared in the *Gary Post Tribune*)
Hofmann, Kurt A.J.– Age 70, of Gary, passed away at Bass Lake, Indiana, June 7, 1971. A Gary resident for 48 years, he owned and operated the Hofmann Appliance Store for 25 years in Glen Park. Survivors, wife Kathryn K.; 2 sons, Kurt K. of Hebron; Al W. of Gary; brother Henry of Hamburg, Germany; 4 grandchildren, 1 great-grandchild. Funeral services will be held Thursday, June 10, at 10 a.m. in the Linton-McColly Chapel, Reverend N. Gordon officiating. Burial in Graceland Cemetery, Valparaiso. Friends may call at the funeral home after 7 p.m. Tuesday.

OBITUARY: of Kathryn Hofmann (which probably appeared in the *Gary Post Tribune*)
Hofmann, Kathryn K.–Age 69, of Merrillville, passed away Monday, April 16, 1984. She was retired President of Hofmann Appliances. Survived by: 1 son, Kurt (Nelva) Hofmann of Vallejo, California; 2 grandchildren; 2 great grandchildren; mother Antonia Yuriga of Gary; sister, Margaret Mike at Kouts; brother, Ted Yuriga at Portage. Funeral services Friday, April 20, 1984, at Geisen Funeral Home, 7905 Broadway, Merrillville. Rev. Michael C. Maiet officiating. Burial in Graceland Cemetery, Valparaiso. Friends may call 2-9 p.m. Thursday.

LETTERS: written by Kurt Karl Hofmann to his sister-in-law and nephew, Erna and Erich Hofmann, except where indicated. Five letters were written by Kurt's second wife, Kathryn Yuriga Hofmann, in English and translated by Kurt into German.

LETTER ONE

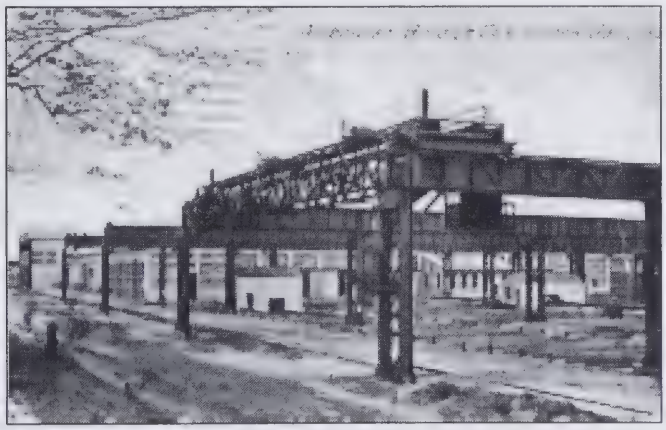
January 19th 1945 (actually, 1946)

Dear Erna and Erich,

Thank you very much for your kind letter of December 20th which arrived here on January 17th. Though we are very happy to hear from you again, we were very disappointed to find out that our Christmas parcel had not arrived by the 20th. We do hope that it did arrive and maybe even on time. It seems to take much longer for parcels to be delivered at the moment, but hopefully this will change now. As we wrote last week, we mailed two parcels at the end of December, and this week we will mail you another two. I got the (Bag–*Tasche*?) yesterday. It will be in there, and also some leather and flints , probably not exactly the size you need, but you will make do with them. I also lifted a gas lighter from the factory with some extra flints. The parcels will include flour and fat in the main, 3 pounds of Crisco fat, sweets and cookies for Erich. Right now I have a CARE package no. 5 in my shop window to make more people interested in sending these parcels to Europe. As I don't believe that the parcels I pack will really get there, I made things a little easier. It couldn't do harm to remember that Erich is so keen on that ham and eggs dish, so I will send some in the next parcel. Now I am working 19 days in a row because I want to have a vacation day on next Sunday because we have a birthday party on the 25th. Then I won't have to take care not to party too much. As soon as I have paid the damn taxes, I will order another CARE parcel for you all. We will have to wait a few more weeks. Hopefully you had nice holidays in Harburg (see map on page 77) and at Karla's. We have had March weather since yesterday and hope that you now have better weather, too. Also, Dear Erna, get rid of your nasty cold. And that you very much for Henry's picture. We will enclose some New Year's pictures which were ruined by dampness. (?) We will take more next time. Please don't talk of being "pests." We are glad if you write what you need, especially all these little things of importance that we would never think of. That's it for today. I still have some work to do and will go home after that. Tonight we have our usual card game. It is time for me to win. I lost at last Saturday's. In my next letter I will tell you the contents of the parcels that will leave the coming week. With kind regards and kisses we remain, Kathryn, Kurt-Karl and Kurt
Also very best regards to Father and Mother Lehmann from us all.

Comments: by Kurt's son, Albert

I never heard of a purse or pocket called anything but a tasche. I believe the lighter, fuel and flints were for the (cigarette) lighters. I think it was the lighter out of his office out in the building at American Bridge Company in Gary that was kept for use during power outages. He kept records for the landing craft building logs there. The electricity to Gary was provided by US Steel and was marginal at best. It was only 50 cycle and NIPSCO did not start providing electricity to all of Gary till after the war.



In the war years they (American Bridge Company) switched from bridges (they did some very famous ones) to doing enough to earn them an "E" flag from the USA for meeting quotas in production. We went there to see the presentation. They did a lot of riveting, etc. while we were there.

Notes: from http://www.coltoncompany.com/shipbldg/ussbldrs/wwii/navalshipbuilders/americanbridge.htm

The American Bridge Company was founded in 1900 and was a subsidiary of United States Steel before it was spun off in 1987. The navy requisitioned the American Bridge facility in Pittsburgh in 1942 and invested $9mm in its improvement. In addition to building LSTs, American Bridge also built structural components for 43 aircraft carriers and 81 cargo ships. After the war it returned to building bridges. Before and after the war they built the Narrows Bridge in New York,

the Mackinac Bridge, San Francisco Bay Bridge, Empire State Building, Sears Tower, Alaska Pipeline, Vehicle Assembly Building for Kennedy Space Center, Yankee Stadium, the Louisiana Superdome....and Disneyland's Matterhorn Mountain.

NOTES: from Extramile.com

Wallace Campbell was one of the founding fathers of the "Cooperative for Assistance and Relief Everywhere (CARE), which was established in the aftermath of WWII to rush lifesaving assistance to thousands of European civilian survivors of the war. Campbell's concept was to provide individual relief packages to these people until Europe could better care for its citizens. CARE enabled Americans to send 100 million CARE packages to Europe and is still at work today.

LETTER TWO:

Gary, 4/2 1946

Dear Erna, Henry and Erich,

On 2 January we received Erna's message and the U.N.R.R.A. We hope that Henry is now there with you. It has already been five months. We are pleased to hear that your house got through it without harm and that Ochsenzoll did, too. We had been fearing the worst. I have written to the Red Cross in Switzerland to ask that they search for Henry. I have yet to receive an answer. Yesterday evening we finally heard an announcement that we could write there now. We so wish to hear how all of you are and how you survived those terrible years. We are doing relatively well around here. Our son is now nine years old and in fourth grade. Kathy had to lose 25 pounds because she could not bear being overweight. I am as fat as I was back then, having changed little if not at all. Albert was drafted last year and is now in Europe. He has your address, so I hope that he can look you up. We can't depend on him much, he has so much to learn. I lost my good job in 1942 and then began an insurance agency. Things went so slowly that in August 1942 I found a job as a book keeper in manufacturing. I still have both jobs. I hope to open a store for home appliances by July. Fortunately, I have a source of money who thinks he can do lots with that money. Let's hope for the best. Other than that, there is nothing else to report from our home, other than the fact that we bought furniture for Kurt Karl's room in 1942. Most of our backyard was used as a vegetable garden during the war. Our old car is still running, but it is becoming a real rattle-trap. That's all I can think of. Write us soon. I hope that the time is not far away when we can help you. Our best to you and to Erna's parents. Yours, Kathryn, Kurt Karl, and Kurt

Note: from Albert Hofmann to his daughter-in-law Roberta Hofmann

The source of money "was probably John Will, a man that got him started in selling independent insurance for car and home, which Dad did quite well with. John was an independent agent in Hammond."

Note: *The U.N.R.R.A. (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Admininistration) was founded in 1943 with the missions of assisting and repatriating refugees. They were able to begin doing this in 1945.*

LETTER THREE:

Gary, 4/28 46.

Dear Erna und Erich!

This week we received your long-awaited letter and are happy to hear from you again. We hope you received our letter of April 2nd. We sent it through the control commission. In the meantime we have not abandoned hope for Henry. I wrote to the Red Cross in Bern but have not had an answer yet. I will write again. Maybe a more detailed account will come. We are pleased that Erich is doing so well in school. My son's work does not honor the name of Hofmann much. We'd rather he did not slip up in that way. Albert has gotten help by the war to pass high school, yes. We had hoped he would attend a university. I hope that his search goes well and that something good comes for him. I think I announced in my letter of April 2nd that he is with the American army. The same day I got a letter from you, I got one from Karla. Customs is stopping mail. I have often thought of you when I heard about the attack on Hamburg. We thought there would be much bombardment of your area as you live quite near the barracks. I also thought you might leave Ochsendoll and that you were alive. After I read your letter, I thought about the years in Wandsbeck. We did not have much hope that father and mother would live through that (the bombing, presumably). We are delighted it is over, and things will slowly get better. We help gladly, especially with food. Until now no packages have been permitted, but we hope they will be soon. What do you need most? Flour, coffee, peas and beans, rice, boxed meat, boxed milk, hand soap, noodles? We are only allowed to send small packages which will be opened. So we are sending the most necessary things first. We can not get much sugar or fats even now. How is it with Erich's clothing and shoes? Will he be attending school? It was good to find out in your letter how much pension Father Hofmann gets. It is more than I thought it would be. How do you arrive at that amount? Do you get national aid? People would rent that with you equally. Does your father get his pension from the elevated railway? We read what all of our kindred have gone through. We thought Stellingen and Eimsbuettel were bombed. Can train connections can be made again? Do you often go through Ochsenzoll? We joyfully wait for the post. It will be another few days before I can expect another letter. I wrote you, Karla, and my parents April 2nd. I hope all the letters arrive. That is all for today. With regards, greetings, and kisses. Remain your Kathryn, Kurt-Karl, and Kurt. And regards and greetings to your parents and brother. I will write again soon.

Note: from Albert Hofmann to Roberta Hofmann

Henry Hofmann, Kurt's only sibling, was captured in the last month of WWII during the big push by the Soviets. They had no prison camps in the Occupied Zone, which later became East Germany, so he was sent to a camp in Northern Russia (Siberia) where he stayed for five years.

Notes: from (www.valourandhorror.com)

Massive concentrations of armaments were made in Hamburg, and its shipyards produced the U-Boats which had devastated Allied ships in the Atlantic. On the night of July 24, 1943, 780 RAF bombers dropped 2300 tons of bombs on Hamburg. Termed Operation Gomorrah, the object of the bombing was to obliterate the city with incendiary bombs and high-powered explosives. Hamburg was bombed three more times over the next nine days. During the second attack, a firestorm erupted which enveloped the city in a fireball. Sixty-percent of the city was destroyed; a million people were left homeless, and forty-thousand people died– crushed under tons of bricks, baked in temperatures which reached 1500 degrees, suffocated in the underground bunkers, and asphyxiated when the fires consumed the oxygen in the city. In the summer heat the bodies rotted and stank; rats and flies multiplied exponentially. Most of the dead were buried by the survivors in a cross-shaped common grave.

Note: *Wandsbeck was a small city that was absorbed by Hamburg in 1937. Karla and Jurgen lived across the street from Erna and Erich in Wandsbeck.*

Note: In his *Childhood and Youth in Hamburg-Wandsbek 1922-1942*, Gerhard Lange writes the following:

In discussing Wandsbek – "...There were also suburbs that didn't belong to Hamburg at all, but were rather, independent cities in neighbouring Prussian provinces. Nevertheless they were in the meantime so near to the great city, that together with Hamburg formed an interconnected economic region. They were in the first line, Altona, Harburg and Wandsbek with Altona closer to the City of Hamburg and on the western side; Wandsbek on the eastern side of Hamburg; and harburg is in the south on the western side. In the Lowenstrasse it was mainly one-family houses. We moved into the only big, multifamily house, at the corner of Freesenstrasse. The Hamburg boundary was only about 200 meters distance. It ran down the middle of Hammerstrasse. On the Hamburg side of Hammerstrasse stood a big four or five storied block of rental flats with a passageway to a row of tenement houses. There were shops of all kinds on the ground floor of the front houses; this, our later source of all kinds of groceries, as they were called at that time, as well as for milk, meat, and vegetables. The supply was plentiful and the shops were not far. The customer service by and large at that time in the thirties was such that we had milk and rolls delivered between six and seven in the morning, and during the forenoon been called on by the butcher, by the fruiterer, and once more at some time by the milkman and baker. On our side of the Hammerstrasse were predominantly one-or two-storied houses which on the nearby streets changed into a district of villas."

Note: *Stellingen was the area where the Hagenbach zoo was located in Hamburg. Eimsbuettel was another area of Hamburg. Interestingly enough, the German newspapers railed about the killing of the animals more than anything else following the bombing. (at right: a map of Hamburg's suburbs)*

LETTER FOUR:

Gary July 10th 1946

Dear Erna and Erich,

Received your dear letters of 25th May and June 1st. Thank you for the enclosed pictures. Kurt Karl will answer Erich's letter and will enclose a picture. There has already been an affinity between him and Jurgen. We have unfortunately received no answer about Henry from Moscow or Poland. Yes, I wrote immediately to O.Z. (Ochsenzoll) and have just now received a response. The postal service is very slow. In regards to Albert's visit, Erich should not place too much trust in that happening. He (Albert) does not often do what I want him to do. His mother raised him to fight me. Before he left, he got married in Hammond, Indiana. His address is Pfd. Albert Hofmann, 15345581 Squadron A-2. A.P.O. 19909-A c/o Postmaster New York, N.Y. We were in Chicago yesterday and sent packages through a shipping agency. They are packed in Sweden, go by boat to Lubeck and in motor vehicle to your address. Unfortunately, this package will not be delivered for 2 or 2 ½ months. Under the best case scenario, six weeks. List follows: 6 pounds rye flour, 3 pounds good butter, 3 pounds beefsteak, 3 pounds bacon and ham, 2 pounds cow fat, 2 pounds cheese, 2 pounds oatmeal or barley, 2 pounds dry peas, 2 pounds whole milk powder, 1 ½ pounds canned condensed milk, 1 ½ pounds canned creme, 1 ½ pounds hard smoked sausage, ½ pound salt, 1 bottle of tomato puree, and fifty bouillon cubes. I hope the packages I sent to Karla and O.Z. (Ochsenzoll) all arrive safely. Tell none of the others about the packages. I would rather not be the support of all Germany. As soon as you have opened the packages, let us know if everything that we listed arrived. Send us a drawing of Erich's foot on paper, and we will try to send you children's shoes. We did not know about the special duty-free. Now that you have made that known to us, I will make use of that. We are pleased that Erich came through the operation so well. There is a fine line between doing enough and doing too much. (I think he says that he hopes what he knew helped them and that he can learn more before it is needed again.) The new store is not yet open. We hope it will not be too much longer before we get to that. Our house needs a new coat of paint. I started it last Sunday and hope to complete it this summer. I know nothing of Elli Spelfeld. I will look in the Chicago telephone book. No, we saw no pictures of what Hamburg looks like now. Dear Erna, you are the same sort of gardener Kathryn is– she does nothing in the garden. It is not well-kept these years. I have no time.

That's all I have to say right now. Anticipate that I will write again soon. With affection and greetings to your parents. Greetings and kisses, Kathryn, Kurt Karl, and Kurt

Note: *Lubeck is a German port city on the Baltic coast.*

E-mail : from Jurgen Gehrt to Albert Hofmann

Ochsenzoll is the name of the that suburb your grandparents lived. The underground ended there in those days and the station was also called Ochsenzoll. The packages your father sent us were stored at a customs station in the city. They informed us by postcard and then we went there, had to open the package and the customs officer controled if we had to pay a duty. Because your father knew, what was allowed to send, we never hat to pay duty I think.

(Additional information from Albert Hofmann– *In the 1920's Charles Martin, the uncle who brought Kurt Hofmann to America, bought a home for his brother-in-law Karl Hofmann in Ochsenzoll, probably because American money was worth so much in Germany due to the hyperinflation in Germany at the time.)*

LETTER FIVE:

Gary, 7-27-46

Dear Erna and Erich!

I hope you received my letter of July 11th telling you of the package I sent. In the meantime we learned from a German butcher that we can send American army food this week into the English zone. Three packages have been ordered immediately– one sent off to you. 27 pounds net (45 gross)– and it is one of five that will be sent. What is coming, most probably is, among other things, 9 pounds of Spam; 6 pounds of oatmeal, barley, and baked goods; 6 pounds of jams and puddings; 2 pounds of vegetables; 3½ pounds of sugar and candy; 1 box milk; ½ pound butter; cheese, etc.; and soap, matches, chewing gum, etc. It is possible that you will receive the package in four weeks. You have this letter; the packages will begin soon. I have written all that is within the package and it is a good quantity. We hope it gives you much joy and assistance. With happiness, greetings and lots of kisses

from Kathryn, Kurt Karl und Kurt

Also happiness and greetings to Father and Mother Lehmann.

At right: Kurt Hofmann at Ochsenzoll Station, probably taken when he visited Germany in 1935 or 1937. Ochsenzoll, meaning *ox tariff*, was formerly the customs border between Holstein and Hamburg, where people would declare their cattle before entering the city-state of Hamburg. (Wikipedia)

LETTER SIX:

Gary, September 12th, 1946

Dear Erna and Erich!

Yesterday we received your dear letter dated 15 August, and we were tremendously happy because it has been over three weeks since we have had postal service from Germany. Kurt Karl does not understand why it takes so long. The postal service takes much too long. It is two months for an answer. Hopefully, it will get better. Dear Erna, we understand time hangs heavy on your hands and especially when one has been taken from you, but you have our support. We hope that the packages have arrived by now, and we are happy to assist you in this way. Yes, I wrote that date in July has meaning in Moscow but that has no significance. We hope that hope does not run out and that all that comes for you is good. Tomorrow Kathy will go into the city and buy the boots for Erich and send them in the next package. We have sent you in the meantime three packages that we have packed ourselves in the middle of August in order to avoid being opened by the postal service. Until now only ten pound packages were allowed.

20 August: oatmeal, (a Spry)=fat, 1 box meat, macaroni, barley, raisins, (Farina)= sagr, koko, peas, chocolate, and soup

28 August: 5 flour, 1 box milk, 1 box meat, tea, coffee, chocolate pudding, dried fruits, chocolate

7 September: oatmeal, baking powder, 1 box hash (*znoammenekochtes*), 2 boxes milk, 1 box meat; ("Bakerite")= fat, rice, macaroni, noodles, soup, chocolate

We have looked for the products that Karla asked for. Only we substituted coffee for fat. We rarely see fat in boxes. I have already written Karla to divide this with whomever she wants to. Unfortunately, we can not buy everything we would like to. At present the butcher shops are empty, so we may have meatless meals. It goes the same way with my store. I have nothing to sell. I believe they are guilty of too much national regulation. If it were better times at the store, we could help you more. You should not worry about repaying us. We give gladly what we can and are happy to help you. We hope by now the first packages have arrived, even a few days earlier than expected. We congratulate you more sincerely and wish especially that Henry arrives soon. Yes, we will not abandon the hope of going there again when conditions have improved there and here. We are pleased to hear that Erich is doing so well in the school. It takes our son 15 years to read 1500 pages. He learns slowly and you have to be after him all the time. We hope that Erich does well on the Easter examinations, and a way must be found to see that he goes to a high school. We hope that his finger is better. Did the duet go well on Ernst's birthday? Yes, we celebrated Kathy's birthday by going to a state park with friends and her parents. Fortunately, at this time meat was not so scarce, and as for drinking, that could not happen. I need a good connection for beer. That is also very scarce. One must have a pile of connections. Much must be bought through connections, and there is no reason for it here. It all comes down to mismanagement. The entire world needs to make the right choices.

I need to close now and go to sleep. It is time for that, and 6 o'clock comes much too quickly. With congratulations, greetings, and kisses and also congratulations and greetings for your parents. Remaining, your Kathryn, Kurt Karl, and Kurt

Note: www.users.snip.net/~cgf172/DC_station/chapter5.html

America experienced rationing for the first time in 1941. Some products that were rationed during WWII were sugar, meat, coffee, typewriters, fuel oil, gasoline, rubber, and automobiles. Food rationing probably affected most Americans the most. Each American was issued a book of ration coupons and blue or read OPA (Office of Price Administration) tokens each month. Rationed goods were assigned a price and point value. Families were restricted to certain quantities of rationed goods. Once their coupons were used up, they could not buy rationed goods until the next month. Families were encouraged to plant victory gardens which supplied a major part of the vegetable supply during the war. Rationing began with sugar. On the next page a group of women is shown lining up to get their sugar rations. Then coffee rationing began, with an allowance of one pound per five-week period. Then shoes.

Rubber and gasoline were the most vital products rationed. Limited fuel supplies during the war ended pleasure driving. Car owners had to register and were given windshield stickers based on how the car or other vehicle was used. Most drivers were given A stickers that allowed them just four gallons of gasoline per week. Certain types of cloth were also rationed such as silk or synthetic fibers.Oddly enough, fat was rationed, as it was used in making ammunition! One happy thing-- horsemeat was not rationed. You could have all you wanted of that--no points.

The public reacted with bitterness and thousands of complaints were made. People were at first confused that in addition to turning over a ration coupon or token, they also had to pay for the item. The Black Market did a brisk business in falsified ration stamps. By 1945, 32,500 motorists had been arrested for using black market gasoline stickers on their cars and 4,000 gasoline stations were closed for fraud. Succeeding ration books became more complicated and the stamps themselves became more difficult to decipher in terms of what the symbols meant on them!

In order to get a fresh ration book, you had to declare every single or item of food you owned. If you canned your own food, you would be penalized for your efforts, not rewarded! The week assigned for declaring canned good stocks was declared a "canned goods holiday" for the grocers. During this week no cans of food could be sold so that both housewives and grocers could have time to take stock of what they had. Sooner or later, though, even that became complicated, as when the thing began, each can of food was worth 8 points, but within a couple years, cans of fruit might be worth up to 40 points which would be deducted from your new ration book.

On the next page can be seen "spare stamps." Those were used in Ration Book Four when for some reason, the hog supply grew to enormous proportions and the market was flooded with pork. You could buy five extra pounds of pork with a spare coupon. A bonanza indeed. Of course, it is to be remembered that just because you had a stamp for an item, did not guarantee it would be in the stores.

HORSE MEATS
HORSE MEAT
MAN-O-WAR PACKING CO
A
GASOLINE RATION
RATIONING
SAFEGUARDS
YOUR
SHARE
ANOTHER TANKER TORPEDOED OFF THE ATLANTIC COAST!
Should brave men die so you can drive . . . ?
OPA
RED POINTS
RATION STAMP NO. 2
RATION STAMP NO. 3
RATION STAMP NO. 6
RATION STAMP NO. 7
RATION STAMP NO.
RATION STAMP NO.
RATIONING BOARD
Form OPA R-1107
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION
V - FUEL OIL RATION
Class 3 Consumer Coupons
(One-Gallon Coupons)
V 867248

LETTER SEVEN:

Gary, Oct 17th 1946

Dear Erna and Erich!

Thank you so much for your letter of 17th September with the pictures enclosed. (Unintelligible sentence) We hope in the meantime that the packages have begun to reach you. (Unintelligible sentence) With that in balance, do not worry, Erna. We gladly help where it is needed for as long as it is needed. I believe Erich already looks forward to the sweets that I sent last week in a Christmas package for Erich. It contains, among other things, dates, figs, nuts, candy, fruitcake, etc. We hope that it makes your holidays more festive. Because things are very tight here and prices high, the amount we would be able to send you would be less, so next week I am sending you a CARE package (30 pounds of army rations). Most of the things I have sent before are not available now. Dear Erna, I see you also became a painter. I painted so much this summer but to be sure, only a couple of hours at a time. If I had something with which to paint, I would be content (?). One can't buy any color of oil paint here at the moment. It's a shame that your garden has not worked out well when you need it so much. Surely you will have better planting next year. The soldiers who are with you now who were in captivity in Russia, were they able to write from Russia? Do you know any of their relatives? (?) Kathy thanks you for the additional congratulations. We are not back on the right track yet and have forgotten most birthdays. Erna, dear, we wish you congratulations on your birthday and hope all your wishes are fulfilled. Perhaps another package arrived around the time of your birthday, giving you something else to celebrate. I have answered your letter therefore. There is nothing new to report. Kurt Karl is doing somewhat better in school and seems somewhat more (*ranzuhalten*). He most dearly loves to play ball–baseball or football. Mornings, evenings, it is one school playing soccer against another school in Gary and we are to watch. We watch occasionally, but this is the first time this year. Til the next letter, remains with regards, greetings, and kisses, your Kathryn, Kurt Karl and Kurt. And regards greetings to Mother and Father Lehmann

Dear Erna! I have just now received a letter from Ochsenzoll saying they received the first package and that you received one the same day. I expect I will receive a letter from you (about it). Kurt

LETTER EIGHT: (The following letter was written by Kathryn Hofmann.)

Gary, Ind Oct. 26, 1946

Dear Erna and Erich–

Received your very dear letters of Sept. 26 and Oct. 3 last Wednesday. Also one from Karla and father. Dear Erna we enjoy hearing about your joy in receiving these packages and makes us as happy as you, if thats possible. I would wish for nothing more than to see the boys faces as they see the food. There is nothing so terrible than seeing children go hungry. It is therefore for us a great joy to be able to help you. We who have enough to eat must all learn to help other peoples, otherwise we have learned nothing after this last horrible war. Only by understanding and friendship can such a disaster again be avoided. Don't loose faith for someday the world may right itself for us all, although the waiting is very hard at times. We hope for you, from now, things may look brighter and the future more rosy. That Henry will soon be with you we wish with all our hearts. The pictures of Henry are very nice, he has lost a little weight which makes him look very good. So nice and slim. My Kurt hasn't lost any although he should but, still I like him as he is, such a nice arm full. This week end we will pack some more packages to you. We will write you further about these later. In the last package we enclosed a box of Xpert Cake Fudge mix, to this you add a cup of water or milk and mix thoroughly. Bake in moderate oven. For baking time I don't remember but you can find it on the box. Also bake in about 8 inch square pan. We will enclose tree candles and hope you can have a tree for the boys for Xmas. Also will enclose gloves for the boys and an extra Xmas present.

The weather here is very nice and warm. Kurt Karl is still playing out without a coat; of course this is unusual weather but seems very nice to us. We have had very little rain but when it does rain its for all day. As for Kurt's business we hope it will soon get better. The merchandise is coming in very slow. Perhaps this too will adjust itself in a few months, at least we hope so. Tonight there is a German dance at the lake front Pavillion but I'm afraid we won't be able to make it. We have been going to them all and it is great fun. Dear Erna do you have to pick up the Red Cross package in Hamburg or do they deliver them to your house? Let us know how the shoes fit the boys, we are very anxious to know. Tomorrow Kurt has a day off from the mill, but of course he will have to take the car to the garage to get some work done on it. In the evening we will have our usual game with Betty and Joe at our house. Kurt and Joe naturally consume a lot of beer. Last week Kurt won three dollars and 23 cents so we have to get back at him. There were eight of us at my mothers last week. It was her birthday and we had a very nice time. Kurt Karl didn't do as good on his report card as we expected but we hope for better next time. The children here have too much time to play at school and not enough study. He is taking swimming lessons at school now. He likes water so I hope he learns to swim well. I must close now as I hear Kurt driving up and he will want his supper. My best regards to your parents and very best wishes to you all. Love and Kisses

Kay

Gary, Oct. 28-46

Dear Erna and Erich!

In the meantime it has become Monday, and I just translated Kathy's letter. Yesterday afternoon, after I got back from the garage, Kathy and I packed 7 (seven) packages. Two for you. One leaves today and more later in the week. (Something about it being a joke that he had to pay 90 cents because of the weight of three of them.) Package #9 which leaves today contains: 2 pounds mush which is very good and which my butcher makes especially, 1 pound coffee, 1 box dry milk, 2 cans sardines, 1 can of meat, 1 can of lemon juice, 1 box milk, 2 boxes Christmas tree candles, 6 packets soup, 1 packet oatmeal. In package #10 which will go out this week: 1 pound rice, 1 pound raisins, 1 pound cocoa, 3 puddings, 1 pound macaroni, ½ pound beans, 1 package Farina, 1 package cocoa-wheats, nutritious breakfast bars, 1 pound candy, 3 used boy's shirts and gloves. We hope that all of this arrives as well as the other packages did and that everyone is pleased. I have sent the same packages to Karla via Ochsenzoll and Kathy has sent her old winter coat for mother. She didn't need both (her coats). Until next time with regards, greetings, and kisses, your Kurt

LETTER NINE:

Gary, Nov 16 1946

Dear Erna and Erich!

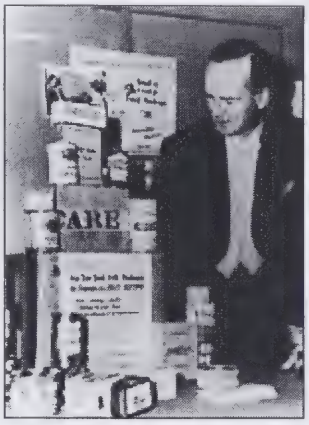
In the last few days we have received 9 letters from Hamburg, four from Dear Erna dated the 14th of October and the day before yesterday one, another the day before yesterday from 18th October, one from the 21st came yesterday...(something about the last of the first 11 arriving and expecting the 12th letter). Thank you for all the letters and also for your parents' greetings. We are happy that the packages arrived safely. It seems impossible to us that a pound of coffee should cost 500 marks. Today we pay three times that here but the average worker earns 96 ½ cents an hour which buys 2 ½ pounds of coffee or 1 1/4 pounds of butter or 7 loaves of bread. Dear Erna, your pleas for notions have already been fulfilled. They were mailed a couple weeks ago, on about Monday, November 18th, and you may already have received them. Do you still have a tenant? We think that Erich will be very happy to get the packages. As often as possible we will enclose something sweet. Kathy is preparing a birthday package for Erich and buys something for it each week. We will mail it before time and you can put it away for him so that it will be there on time. I will double pack it and the inner package will be addressed to Erich. Write and let us know when it comes. We were happy to hear that more news of men in Russia is coming out, and we hope you will learn of Henry soon. It is good that Erich is improving on the piano (He gets that from you? Or it is due to you). Yes, we are happy to believe that the CARE packages have already been sent. They were intended for soldiers in far-off places and were thrown out with parachutes in the occupation of Japan. When this became unnecessary, there was an immense number of packages available and are being put to good use in this manner. As soon as they begin again, I will order three and they should arrive more quickly. The Halazone tablets are water cleaning tablets. They can change dirty or salt water into drinking water. Yes, we hope that all subsequent packages arrive safely. We have in our cellar everything we need for correct packaging– boxes, paper, string, scales, ink– everything there handy, and that makes packaging easier. Yes, you are right. It is all kinds of work, but it makes us feel happy to know that the packages arrived and that your lives are somewhat improved. I've written this again at work. I have no time to do it otherwise. I work here thirteen days, then have a Sunday off, and then work another thirteen days. Two evenings a week I have my store open but never have much to sell. It is necessary to go out one night a week for my insurance business. I am also working in the store and working at the factory. I'm up long before six. Until now we've only had a frost at night, but winter is coming tomorrow. Nothing is new here. In hope that Erich gets these lines of congratulations. Greetings to your parents and siblings, Your Kathryn, Kurt Karl and Kurt

Package #11 mailed Nov 18:
1 box lemon juice, 1 box beans, 1 box yellow peas, 2 cans herring, 3 packets soup, 1 can sardines, 1 can banana cake (mix with 4 shares of water or milk, 1 share of banana, flour from the box (?), bring to a state (?), 1 little box of cheese, 1 can of chicken meat, 2 cans of meat, 2 packages of chocolate pudding, 4 bars of chocolate, 1 box with 50 (some type of pills) for Erich, 26 notions (threads, yarns, elastic, needles, (stiefellander?)

Note: from www.austria.org/oldsite/nov96/care.html

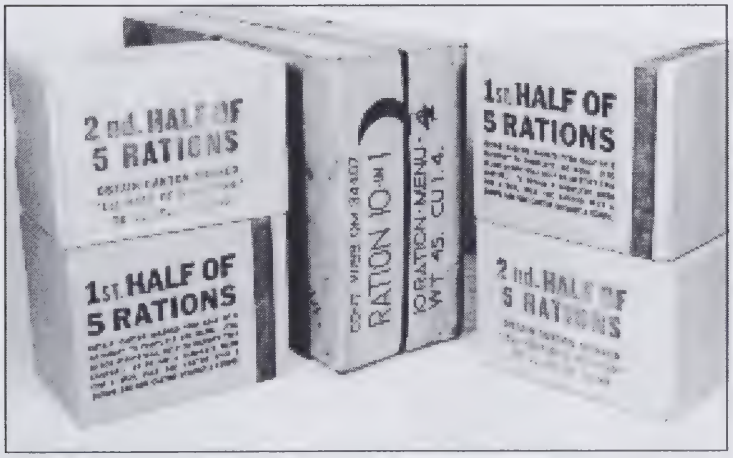
Kurt is talking about the idea that CARE had to distribute US-Army packages in Europe. These 10-in-1 packages, so-named because they fed one soldier for ten days and ten soldiers for one day, had been prepared for the invasion of Japan. In January of 1946 UNRRA gave permission for 2.8 million packages to be ordered on demand and CARE had to set certain conditions under which the

packages would be sent. First, they had to enter a country with freedom from taxes and duties. Secondly, there had to be adequate police protection to ensure the secure transportation, storage, and delivery of the CARE packages. Finally, local governments could not reduce rations to a family who received a CARE package. CARE packages could be ordered with special forms in the United States and later in other countries such as Brazil and Switzerland. On the form the donor wrote the name and address of the recipient who would be mailed a postcard telling him that he could pick up the package. Postcards were then sent back to CARE as a counter-check. For some reason, however, we have one in our archives which was not sent back. In 1945 a CARE package cost $15; later the price was reduced to $10. (As the average person earned forty cents per hour if he were covered by the minimum wage laws, $15 or even $10 was a considerable expense. Even if Kurt had earned more than twice as much per hour as the average person, he would have had to work several days in order to pay for a CARE package.



Note: http://www.dol.gov/esa/minwage/chart.htm) *A 10-in-1 package weighed approximately 14 kilos and contained 41,000 calories which meant that a family of five had 500 extra calories per day for two weeks. Already in May of 1946 the idea emerged to compile packages that met the needs of civilians, however, rather than soldiers. CARE tried to adapt the packages to accommodate changing and individual needs. There were packages aimed at the English, Irish, and Italians, families with babies, Kosher families. Packages began to contain blankets, coals, yarn, towels, and soap. Christmas of 1948 even saw special packages containing tinned turkey, plum pudding, and spices. As food became less scarce in Europe, programs were added that provided "food for the mind" in which 2.3 million books were distributed between 1949 and 1956. In 1950 there was the "Tide of Toys" program as well.*

Note: from Memories of World War II and It's Aftermath (www.memoriesofwwii.com). The following was written by Inge Gross who lived in Berlin during the war. Her grandmother received a CARE package from a relative in the United States. Her reaction to it may well have mirrored that of Erich and Jurgen and their families when Kurt sent them CARE packages. Whatever his faults, and whatever his shortcoming, Kurt steadfastly took care of his German relatives for four years.



"The first CARE packages then were military rations for soldiers who were encircled by the enemy, and the boxes were made to withstand being dropped from aircraft. First there were metal bands to break. The tightly sealed and waxed heavy cardboard box proved to be quite an obstacle. When we thought we had "made it," we found that the large box contained four smaller ones which were equally as tough and as difficult to pry open. It seemed like hours later when finally all the goodies surfaced. There were foods such as raisins, which the adults had forgotten even existed. Peter and I did not know what they were. Then there were other dried fruits, small cans of meat, cheeses, crackers, and breads, as well as dessert bars, and other strange foods which we did not know at all. One of those was peanut butter, another was chewing gum. All cans and packages were individual servings and each of the four boxes contained two or three full meals. Some of our friends stopped by just to take a look at the strange foods which had come from so far

away-- in our minds and hearts we worshipped the mysterious angel in a faraway land who had been so kind to send us this priceless gift. When we desperately needed every bit of food we could get to help us along-- and even for five very hungry people this was an important drop in the bucket-- this thoughtful gift was so much more than food. It was a bright light of hope in a nearly hopeless existence. Somebody was out there in this woeful world of ours who personally cared about our survival."

LETTER TEN:

Gary, Dec: 7th 1946

Dear Erna and Erich!

Thank you for your letter of November 4th which arrived here in four weeks. We are pleased that the packages arrived safely and that they pleased you. It would be a shame if the effort were made and the gift lost and you did not get the intended aid from it. Also thank you for the enclosed pictures; we received the winter pictures before these. We are concerned about colds as well. Kathy and I have bad colds that came with this unusual weather. Today it is warm enough to go out without a coat, but a couple days ago it was very cold. It also rains more here than it does in Hamburg. We hope it is a mild winter and that it is the last winter that coal is scarce for you. Last Monday we sent Erich's birthday package and to make it special we have sent candles for the birthday cake, cocoa and milk for the little guests and the cheese. There are also several balls of black twine or yarn for you and Karla. It was all that Kathy could buy. Divide it equally between you. As of Wednesday sending packages abroad will be temporarily stopped because of the coal (strikes?). However, that probably won't last long. However, it was lucky that we took the package to the post office earlier than we needed to. I hope that it arrives in time and gives Erich pleasure. Our Christmas package should arrive in plenty of time because I sent it early, as well. In the meantime we have ordered a second CARE package for you. We await the news that the boys' boots arrived. The day before yesterday Karla mentioned in her letter that a package we had sent after that one had already arrived. However, that often happens, and we do not abandon hope that the (boot) package will yet arrive. I want to finish this letter tonight. It is disturbing not to be able to buy things for my store. We will be lucky to keep going because even if you have nothing to sell, you still have expenses. That is all the news from here. I hope that when these lines reach you, you are in good health and that the new year is a better one for you and that all your wishes are fulfilled.

With regards, greetings also to Father and Mother Lehmann, your Kathryn, Kurt Karl and Kurt

PS Naturally regards for the birthday of Father Lehmann. It is right now two o'clock in the morning, Wednesday, December 8th for you.

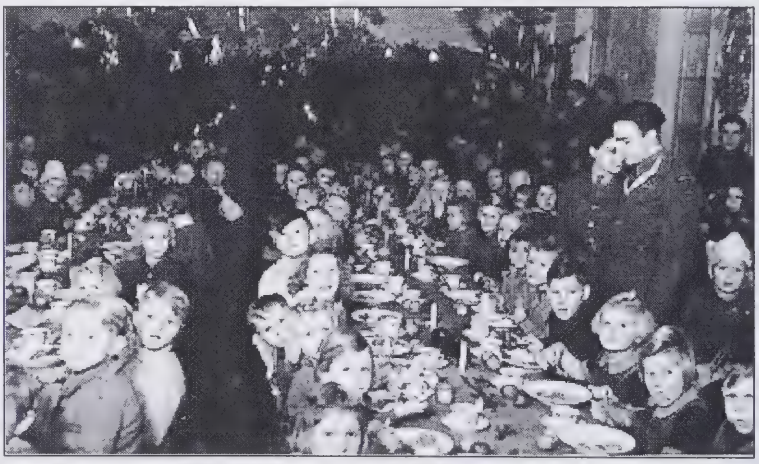
LETTER ELEVEN:

December 19, 1946

Dear Erna and Erich!

Greetings. Thank you for the dear letters of November 15th and 24th. I heard from everyone all at once. I had two letters from Father Lehmann and letters from Karla and Ochsenzoll (in total eight letters). Most pleased are we that there is finally word of Henry and that the package with the boots arrived. The other package was damaged. The syrup ran out. I will not send those boxes again. As long as the other things made it alright, I won't complain. We are happy that Erich is proud of his shoe boots and the other things. The Christmas package will hopefully be there in time and Erich's birthday present. Yes, we hope to visit you in 1950, but things must become much better there. Such travel would cost a lot of money, and I have nothing saved. Between Christmas and New Year's, I will be sending packages. Henry has written a card and I will write again to the Red Cross in Switzerland. Maybe I can find out more and surprise him with a package. I enclose a postcard with this letter. Find out if a German can sign over the __. Simple cards do not glue; get a leather one. Kathy wants to answer your letter herself in part but has much to do before the holiday. We put some more of those noodle soups that Erich liked so much into the package. Yes, Dear Erna, we have already sent the elastic, and you should have received it by this time. Kathy is always trying to think of what you might need. No, Erich, we are not annoyed by your wishes. The main thing is that they come true. I was never a keen swimmer, but things have changed, and we are always swimming especially in the summer when we go often to the marvelous lake. What is M.1.10 for, duty? (M=Marks) It is good that it does not cost too much. Kurt Karl has Erich's letter translated and will answer it over Christmas vacation. It was very cute how he decorated the letter for Christmas. Otherwise nothing new. I hope it is not as cold there for Erich as it is here.

With affection, greetings, and kisses, remain your Kathy, Kurt Karl, and Kurt



Excerpt: from a column written by George Orwell entitled *As I Please*. It appeared December 20, 1946, in the *Tribune* (a British newspaper).

...I only add in passing that when we gorge ourselves at Christmas, if we do get the chance to gorge ourselves, it is worth giving a thought to the thousand million human beings, or thereabouts, who will be doing no such thing. For in the long run our Christmas dinners would be safer if we could make sure that everyone else had a Christmas dinner as

well. But I will come back to that presently. The only reasonable motive for not overeating at Christmas would be that somebody else needs the food more than you do....I am writing in praise of Christmas, but in praise of Christmas of 1947, or perhaps 1948. The world as a whole is not exactly in a condition for festivities this year. Between the Rhine and the Pacific there cannot be very many people who are in need of Liver Salts (a digestive aid)....In Germany, Austria, Greece, and elsewhere scores of millions of people are existing on a diet which keeps breath in the body but leaves no strength for work. All over the war-wrecked areas from Brussels to Stalingrad, other uncounted millions are loving in the cellars of bombed houses, in hide-outs in the forests, or in squalid huts behind barbed wire. It is not so pleasant to read almost simultaneously that a large proportion of our Christmas turkeys will come from Hungary, and that the Hungarian writers and journalists...are in such desperate straits that they would be glad to receive presents of saccharine and cast-off clothing from English sympathizers. In such circumstances we could hardly have a 'proper' Christmas, even if the materials for it existed...meanwhile, half a turkey, three tangerines, and a bottle of whiskey are not more than double the legal price.

E-mail: from Albert Hofmann to Roberta Hofmann, dated August 25, 2005. This e-mail was in response to my asking if Jurgen and Erich might have attended a Christmas party given in 1946 by American soldier for German children living in Wandsbek. I had found photographs of the party on line. (See one on opposite page.)

...no, he was not there...he went to the same type of party at the British Sailors Society where Jurgen's Uncle was the manager."

LETTER TWELVE: (The following letter was written by Kathryn Hofmann.)

January 15, 1947

Dear Erna and Erich,

Thank you for your very lovely letters which we enjoy very much. As you no doubt know, they are looked forward to and reread many times. Since today being Erich's birthday, you all were on my mind, so I thought it fitting to write to you after so long a delay. That Erich thoroughly enjoys the day, we all hope and wish him the very best in the coming years. The very wonderful news of Henry we also enjoyed with you. I know that Kurt felt with you the great burden of not knowing. He has often thought and wondered about Henry. None of his mail to the Red Cross was as yet answered. He has again written since hearing from you and we hope to get further news of Henry. Knowing he is well we know made your holidays happier and soon perhaps, you can start your life where you left off. The lost years you can not make up so it is best to try to forget them as nothing can bring them back. We have faith that you can and will. We also will continue to help you as much as we can. We regret that this is not as much as we would like to but perhaps in the future we will be able to do more. In one of your letters you ask if I drink a lot of coffee. Yes, Erna I do. In fact, too much, but that is one of my vices but I sure like my coffee. Even Kurt has gotten to be quite a coffee fiend. In one of the last packages I sent you comes more thread and elastic, let me know in plenty of time when you need more and what colors you want. We have so many different colors here it is hard to know just which you want most. As for Xmas we had a very nice one not many gifts as most of us have relations in Europe and we all felt we would rather send a few extra packages to them instead. Further more, we could all do without the luxerious as long as we have enough to eat and drink. We had a lot of company and many lovely evenings with our friends. We think often of how we would like to have you all for dinner and for a long visit. But this is wishful thinking, at least for a long, long time to come. (We can dream, can't we) For New Year's eve all our friends celebrated at our bar. It lasted all night and I'm sure we all enjoyed it. There are plenty of spirits left on the bar but no one seems to want any since, least of all Kurt. He was so sick the next day and all he wanted was chicken soup. I always make him a big pot of it as I know from past experience that all he can eat for the next day or so. I brought him his coffee in bed in the morning as he said his head would fall off if he tried to get up. I felt sorry for him but also could not help laughing at him as he moaned and groaned about his poor head. We took some pictures during the evening and if they turn out alright we will send you some. Kurt Karl also had some pictures taken at school and we will enclose you one in this letter. The weather here was very bad with lots of snow and ice but now for the last two days it has been very warm but also damp. Since the holidays I have gone back on my diet as I have put on some more weight. To much eating & drinking and not much work. Thats over for another year and now I have to eat like a rabbit. All vegitables and not much meat. I made a cake for Kurt & Kurt Karl but this too I just look at. As for the store it is not doing much better. Merchandise is still slow in comming in. So far this year Kurt has gotten nothing. He has been told it will get better soon but that remains to be seen. We are still hanging on and hoping for the best. The insurance business is still good so that is a concilation. After the hard work and long hours Kurt puts in he should get some componsation. Now, dear Erna, that is all for now except my very best wishes to you, Erich and your dear parents. Also regards from all our friends to you. Love and kisses

Your Kathryn

Added in German alone–And regards, greetings from Kurt Karl and Kurt

For Erich dispatched:
Package #13 29th December 1946
1 pound coffee, 1 pound rice, 1 pound raisins, 1 pound macaroni, 1 pound peas, 1 pound oatmeal, 1 box milk, 100 saccharin tablets, chocolate, 1 pair new stockings for Erna from Kathryn, writing paper and envelopes, exercise book for Erich
Package #14 31 December 1946
1 pound beans, 1 pound lentils, 2 packages of soup, chocolate, 1 package pancake mix (ready except mix with water or milk), 1 pound cheese, 1 pound smoked sausage, 1 box of pepper (not a substitution!), 1 pound cornmeal (use like potato flour), 21 notions (yarn, thread, etc.)
Hope everything gets there! The above packages do not contain Erich's package.

NOTE: from Albert Hofmann to his daughter-in-law Roberta Hofmann

During the war appliances were not made. But "all the manufacturers went into making their appliances, cars, etc. as soon as their defense contracts expired." However, Kurt continued to have difficulties getting appliances to sell because "millions of guys came back and were trying to catch up for lost time. Homes and families especially. So all dealers were on allocation for years after the war ended. This thing did not turn around overnight. Used appliances sold like mad because you couldn't get new ones. I remember when my used Montgomery Ward one quit and thank god it was winter so that I could make a window box and keep food that way a while."

LETTER THIRTEEN:

Gary, March 1st 1947

Dear Erna and Erich!

Thank you for your dear letter of January 19th that I received last week. I'm glad you received another package. It is a shame that it takes so long for them to arrive when you need them so badly. I hope none were lost. I don't understand why Karla always gets her packages faster. We always mail them at the same time, and they have almost the same contents. Dear Erna, you are probably right that I can send nothing to Henry. Last week I received from the Red Cross in Switzerland saying that they had no knowledge of Henry, that they themselves did not know who the prisoners in Russia are. I wrote a postcard with no more than 25 words to Henry. Previously I wrote more, as much as possible. I'll try now with just 25 words. (Something about damage from a bad winter.) We have had much ice and snow, although we can tolerate it alright except it is hard on old cars. It adds many expenses. Yes, we hope that things will have improved themselves here and there enough by 1950 so that we can visit there. We hope that Erich did well on his tests. Yes, it is allowed (*ausgezeidmet*) but only the young test. We also wish more success in the future. In the meantime we hope you will soon receive a birthday package. In the next package (sent 4 March) I enclose a jacket for Erich and a lady's jacket that you can probably make something of. This month I am sending you a little smoked meat that our butcher smoked so that it could last through lengthy travel. Business is not good. Monday I am going to Chicago to apply for a job in electricity. (?) Nothing else is new. I hope these lines and the packages arrive soon. Remaining with regards, greetings and kisses your Kathryn, Kurt Karl and Kurt

Package #17 leaving 18th February (I forgot I registered this!)

1 pound rice, 1 pound beans, 1 pound yellow peas, 1 pound green peas, 1 pound raisins, 1 Farina (sago), 1/4 pound tea, 1 soup, 1 sardines, 1 macaroni, 1 applesauce, 1 box milk, chocolate, 3 flints, 100 saccharin tablets, cold pills for Erna (1 tablet three times a day, with food and two hours before you sleep, four per day)

Package #18 leaving 4 March

1 pound coffee, 1 box milk, 1 pound corn meal, 1 pound barley (?), 1 pound oatmeal, 1 pound noodles, chocolate, 1 ball, 1 jacket (For Erich), 1 jacket (for a woman).

LETTER FOURTEEN:

Gary, 3-19-47

Dear Erna and Erich!

Thank you for your letter of February 1st. We hope Erich will be pleased with his birthday package. Let us know when it arrives. Yes, summer is the time to play for young mammals. In that birthday package I sent a (*Ukreiden*) and ball. I will enclose chocolate pudding and candy in the next package. We'll be very happy when this winter is at last behind us. I know you share that feeling. Even if the weather is alright, we are always happy to see the end of winter. Yesterday we received a letter from Ochsenzoll saying all their missing packages had arrived. Therefore we take it that all the packages arrived in February. I sent you a package Monday March 17th. It contains among other things about 4 ½ pounds smoked ham. Our butcher specially salted and smoked it. We already sent it before and it arrived in good shape. We hope it does as well this time. There is really nothing new. Kathy is busy with housework and Easter shopping. I have done nothing the past few Sundays because I needed rest from work. (?) Naturally while I was resting, I assisted my brewery by making some beer bottles available!! (?) The store is still empty with few customers. The best business is car insurance and some fire insurance. That's all I can think of to write today. I can't think of anything to add. With regards, greetings, and kisses, remain your Kathryn, Kurt Karl and Kurt.

Package #19 mailed March 17th:

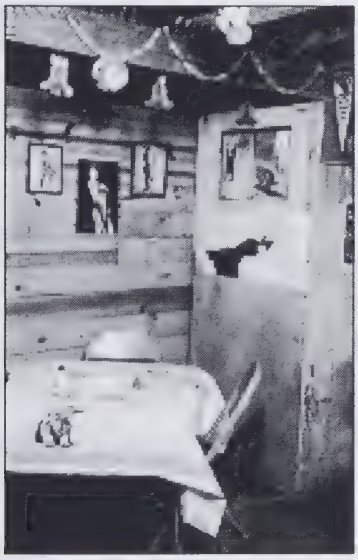
4 ½ pounds smoked ham, 2 large boxes of milk, ½ pound good cheese, ½ pound macaroni, 450 grams fish, 3 packages soup, 1 penknife for Father Lehmann, 1 birthday underwear for Erich.

Gary 3-19-47

Dear Lehmanns!

Thank you for Father Lehmann's letter from the end of January which we read with great interest. Your letter gave us an excellent picture of what it is like there today. Your lives have been hard (?). I believe that was the last hard winter for you. It is widely reported that there will be more aid for you. Dear Mr. Lehmann, I hope that you will not take it badly that I enclosed a penknife (for you) in the last package. Please regard it as a late birthday gift. (Something about he did not write that he sent it) as it is such a trifle. So please don't feel badly about that and we hope it gives you pleasure.

With regards greetings and kisses remain your Hofmanns



LETTERFIFTEEN:

Gary, April 2nd 47

Dear Erna und Erich!

Greetings and thank you for your dear letter of 14.2 that arrived here last week. We were pleased that all your missing packages arrived and that three came so closely together. In the meantime certainly more will have arrived, and it has been some time since the CARE package was sent, too. The stockings are nylon, a byproduct of coal, and almost no one carries them anymore. We are pleased that you have had word of Henry again, and we hope that the negotiations which are taking place in Moscow currently meet with success. Erich probably has his tests well behind him now. Yes, that was a peculiar subject: "The Stream becomes a lane (?)." Luck is with you. We would have already sent some candles to Ochsenzoll (rest of sentence unintelligible). We hope that Father Lehmann's foot is better now and naturally hope he makes a speedy recovery. There's nothing new here to report. Here it is always the same. (Something about having wished he'd stockpiled something or the other.) ...but I'll wait to see it. There have already been too many promises. Kurt Karl spent a couple of days in bed last week, as he caught a head cold, but he is on the mend. In the meantime, I have sent you two packages last Wednesday, March 26, and yesterday, April 2. I put a bottle of 1000 (thousand) saccharin tablets in the oatmeal box. Also in both packages are 20 cigarettes, duty-free. Also in the first package is a shirt and a pair of pants that Erich might be able to wear in the summer. In today's package, a can of fruit juice, applesauce, and fruits (?) for a fruitcake. I could find no lemon juice in cans. Chocolate is also scarce, but in the first package are six bars.

That is all for now. With affection, greetings and kisses, remain your Kathryn, Kurt-Karl, and Kurt

Also regards, greetings to Father and Mother Lehmann.

Tax amount 19.5.47 (written in pencil, lightly in the corner of the page)
package #20 from here March 26:
1 pound oatmeal, 1 package of butter, cookies, 1000 saccharin tablets, 1 can knockwurst, six bars of soap (hand and laundry), 6 bars chocolate, 1 pound coffee, 1 can/box milk, 2 soup, 20 cigarettes, 1 pair of short pants and a shirt.
package #21 from here April 2
2 boxes/cans meat, 1 box/can milk, 1 package of cocoa powder, buckwheat flour, (fan?) Cake, cookies, 1 box black pepper?, 1 can fruit juice, 20 cigarettes, 1 pair women's hose (new, pink, from Kathy for Erna)
P.S. I am off to work. I wrote with bad ink!

Note: from mars.acnet.wncec.edu/~grempel/courses/germany/lectures/36airlife.html

Erna may not have been a smoker, for all the cigarettes that Kurt sent her. There were other uses for cigarettes in post-war Europe. During the those years, the only valued unit of exchange was the cigarette until 1948 when overnight they "became once again merely something to smoke." The United States, Great Britain, France, and the other West European countries surprised the Russians by printing a new currency, the Deutsche Mark, with a stable and universally accepted value. Twenty-thousand cases of the new bills arrived secretly in Frankfort labeled Bird Dog– the code name of the operation. For eleven days and nights the distribution went on until June 18th when the new currency was announced. "The result was electrifying...The black market was wiped out almost overnight... as confidence in money was restored. The barter system was abandoned and traders returned to selling goods for cash. For the ordinary German the greatest wonder of currency reform was the magical, virtually immediate stocking of shop windows with the foodstuffs and consumer goods which had not been seen legally for years."

E-mail: from Albert Hofmann to his Roberta Hofmann, October 30, 2005, in regards to a discussion about the camera Kurt used.

If I remember right the first Brownies did not even offer color. I remember that Dad had a big old Kodak folding camera that used 116 film. And you had a little door on the back and you could write info somehow on the picture with the attached metal stylus. Then Kodak came out with the Brownie for the masses. Everyone had one and nobody could afford color anyway.

LETTER SIXTEEN:

Gary, 26 May 1947

Dear Erna and Ernst,

Finally I have found some free time to thank you for your letters written on Good Friday and 19 April. Thanks for your kind wishes on my birthday and thanks to Erich for his handmade card. Well, we were fairly fat-headed for waiting for the next Saturday to celebrate. The bar room is starting to look good again. We are so pleased that you received our CARE Package at Easter and that the holidays were just a bit better because of that and that our packages are getting to you. Although it is nice to know that Henry's cards are proof that he retains his courage and hope, I just cannot help feeling the way you do, my dear Erna, namely the main concern is that he comes home. Then things will begin to happen. Regarding the move over there, he should not get his hopes up too much; that is no easy matter and for the near future out of the question. Of course none of us knows what the future will bring. What are the people out in Wellingsbuttel doing that has them in such good circumstances? Even in America most people do not have two cars. Many people don't even have one and most of those who have one have an old junk heap like ours. America is not what it was before the war. It may be better than some other places, but it is getting worse bit by bit. Things are not yet back to normal but will probably get better in time. We hope that your cold has disappeared with the warmer weather and that you are not suffering from lingering effects. We have very poor weather here, very cold and lots of rain. We still have to use the heater a bit now and then. It is good that we live up the hill a bit. A lot of the land is under water. Around here there will be a possibility of having a vegetable garden this summer. I too caught a cold in this bad weather and am waiting for the warm summer weather to arrive. I have two weeks vacation from the factory from 7th of July to 10th of July and will be spending time in Chicago. I have to try to get more goods for the store. Things are a bit better here but not really good by a long shot. In the garden we have tulips and lilacs blooming. Too bad we have so much rain, we can hardly get in any time in the garden. Next Sunday I will be planting a few tomato plants and that will be all for this year. I finally got around to taking some pictures and will enclose them, as well as stamps. On 13 May I sent package no. 23 with 3 bags of oats and 2 of rice, one can of meat, one can of fish, two of lemon juice, one of cookies, one of chocolate pudding, 20 cigarettes, three chocolate bars, and two soups. In the next few days we will be sending you five pounds of honey and other stuff. That is all for today. Duty calls!
Our best wishes to Father and Mother Lehmann as well
From your Kathryn, Kurt Karl, and Kurt

Note: from Albert Hofmann to his daughter-in-law Roberta Hofmann

Dad's bar in the basement was built with scrap lumber from the overseas Maytag wooden crates that did not go there and were diverted and sold at retail.

LETTER SEVENTEEN:

Gary, 26 May evening (1947)

Dear Erna,

Thanks for your nice letter of 4 May that I just found when I came home from the factory. This is the first report I have received telling me that my dear mother has passed away. Although I had expected to receive this kind of news for some time now, we still have a hard time accepting the fact that it has actually happened. We had hoped to be able to help her a bit more to make her last years pleasant, to help her forget those terrible years. We will have to be satisfied knowing that we were able to help her just a little bit in the last months. We had some very fine hours together. It is very good that Father has made up with Karla. They should have done that long ago. My dear Erna, you are right in thinking that Father could benefit by having his sons around now for some good advice. When Kathy and I receive his letter, we will write to him immediately. First we want to read his own ideas. It is too bad that you are all overrun with people there in Wandsbek. We do think that the best thing for him would be to live with relatives. It would be a relief financially and it would be easier for us to help him out with packages. We are also of the opinion that if this could be done, he should sell his house in Ochsenzoll, or rent the whole thing out. We just don't know what he is considering doing and that kind of plan takes time. Regarding Mrs. Irma, it is possible that she was a great helper and if that is the case I would not change my mind about compensating her. Of course that would not mean that she can take over just anything she wants and certainly she has no claim on the things that we sent to Mother. We will explain to Father that it would be our preference to have everything left in the family. Please take your time in dealing with this matter. We do not wish to have any conflict with anybody and are certain that a solution can be found. And thanks very much for the message from Father Lehmann. We are pleased to read that he likes the knife. We hope that he can put it to good use, especially now that he can work in the garden. Well, I have to close for today. It is already very late.

My best to all of you,
from Kathryn, Kurt Karl and Kurt

P.S. Kurt Karl has already grown out of the jacket. You can see in the picture just how much he has grown. The underwear is from Kurt Karl's cousin, he is nine years old. In the next package I will send more stuff from him.

LETTER EIGHTEEN:

Gary-7-12-47

Dear Erna and Jurgen:

Thank you very much for your letter of 22 May, telling us that the packages have been arriving. We sent two packages with 22 pounds of goods in them to you this week. On July 7, package #27 with the following contents: 2 pounds rice, 2 pound farina, 5 pounds sugar, 2 cans lemon juice, 9 bars of chocolate, 2 soups, 20 cigarettes, 1 chocolate pudding, 1 sardines, 1 can sweetened milk, 1 can chocolate

syrup, 1 can pepper, 1 can meat, 3 pounds oatmeal, 1 can beans, coffee, 1 tapioca pudding this later with 1/4 cup sugar, 2 cups milk, mix and cook over a double boiler with very hot water. Cook until it thickens. July 8th package #28 with 3 pounds Bakerite (Like Crisco) fat, 5 pounds flour, 4 bars of soap (1 washing, 3 hand), a blue winter jacket for Erich and wool hat, 1 pair of women's overshoes– Then we will be dispatching a birthday package for you, Dear Erna; keep it as a birthday surprise. We hope everything makes it there okay as always and that Erich is happy. (Unintelligible sentence) We have heard that you can trade chocolate for meat there, and you might prefer doing that. Are the coffee beans we sent as good as the boxed coffee? If you want to have some to exchange for coal, let us know. Does Erich need shoes for next winter? Please send the size of his foot (and also Karla for Jurgen!) I have had ten days vacation but I am too busy to take time off. We spent the day in Chicago and it was very nice. If there is good weather tomorrow, we will go to a state park and spend the day there. We hope to take a drive in Illinois one day next week, too. The car needs repairs; I hope it holds out. Enclosed is a letter from Kathy which I entirely agree with. (Do as you want?) (Unintelligible sentence) In my opinion you should not accept clothing from father (as your part in mother's estate?). Irma is a legacy hunter, an Indian giver. I want to announce to everyone that we will be using stiff bright brown packing paper now instead of the red packing paper (beginning with package #27). We hope we can assist you further. Sending large packages is better for me as it takes less time and work (than sending several smaller ones). We will enclose no more stamps in letters because we got a notice on two letters saying *reclaim* (importations forbidden). It is too bad that Henry can't receive mail; (something about he needs to send it as much as he needs to receive it). Well, it will soon get better; the newspapers here say prisoners will soon be returned. That is everything I have to report today, with regards greetings and kisses we remain Kathryn, Kurt Karl and Karl and to Mother and Father Lehmann, hope that (something about exploiting/enjoying? the summer).

NOTE: *This letter appears to refer to the letters written by his wife in August of 1947 and so, maybe be misdated. Perhaps they were meant to be dated 9-12-47.*

LETTER NINETEEN: (The following letter was written by Kathryn Hofmann.) Erna is pictured at left. This photograph was taken in 1938.

Gary, 8/27/47

Dear Erna & Erich,

Received your letter of 7/10 and were glad to hear from you again also thanks for our Bday wishes. Yes, we celebrated the day nicely at least quietly. We went out for dinner and were supposed to go to Chicago but it was so hot that I insisted we come back home. We have had 100 degree temperature for the last 20 days and yesterday and today only 85 degrees so it is much more comfortable so you see why I wanted to come home. Betty & husband came over in the evening & we played cards. Saturday night all our friends surprised me by comming over. I wasn't prepaired for them. I just washed and set my hair and I was dressed in a pair of slacks so you can imagine how I looked. I did have a cake I had baked which came in handy also they ate everything I had but the kitchen sink. I did have enough food though and everyone seemed to have a good time. No one drank much I guess it was too much. We slept late and it felt good to be lazy and no dinner to fix. I guess we all need a day off. Sorry to hear Erich is ill. I hope that he has recovered by now. Its too bad to see them in bed during the nice weather. Thank you Erich for the very nice Bday card. He did a very beautiful job on it also I like it so much more since you made it yourself. I don't think the package is lost just delayed. We have heard from friends that packages lost since a year ago have been delivered. It all takes so much time and they do get misplaced. Yes, Erna, we also hope & wish with you that Henry will soon arrive. More seem to be comming back & I'm sure he will be home soon too. That father came to Karlas I to am surprised. He said he didnt intend to go to Wandsbek and he didn't care who did. I took this to mean Karla too but perhaps he changed his mind. Let me now clear up something that is very hard for me to write. It would be better if I could tell it to you but this is not to be. I don't expect Karla or you or anyone else to share my views on father's behavior. If she wishes to see him I can not condemn her for it or expect her to share my ideas on the matter. It is not right for us to inflict our ideas on others. This I don't wish to do. You may feel differently, but in this I do not condemn you either. I am not saying you are wrong or Karla is wrong you see I have no right to judge anyone's ideas but my own I don't always like them but I can respect them for their own convictions. I don't like seeing you and Karla mad at each other over the matter. I am also afraid it will influence you & her sons behavior they should not be influenced by their parents arguments. Dear Erna their childhood is too short for them to be deprived of each others company. I cite my own disagreement with my brother-in-law. I did not speak to him for five years. This did not stop me from seeing my sister and the children nor did Kurt stop speaking to him either. I think it would have been foolish for me not to speak to Marge all that time. After the argument did not concern her. We avoided the subject and patched our differences in our own good time. I don't like fathers way of life or his household. I don't pretend to but I also don't expect anyone to feel as I do. What he writes it not worth repeating and I will not fan the fire by so doing. We have quit writing to him. I for one don't wish to hear about him again. He can keep his family & I wont be a part of it. I don't believe all he says and don't like what he does so I will avoid all contact with him. He expected us to get mad at Karla when Aunt Tilly died & I told him then I had no argument with her & didn't intend to quit writing to her. Now as she is the third party & has been left out of the family I can't blame her for not wanting to be a party to something that doesn't really concern her. Lets try to understand each other and as I will write to Karla she too should try to see our viewpoint. If she is of another opinion, she is intitled to it. I will just avoid any mention of that subject to her. I cant hate or get mad at her for it. Too much misunderstanding has ruled this world too long lets not let this influence our lives. We can do it if we try and I know you will try. After (all) it makes little difference as long as we know that in our hearts we are right. That my conscience is clear is all that matters to me. So lets only think of the pleasant things from now on. He can't hurt me anymore. I pity him for all the hate he has brought on himself but he will suffer for it, not I. So dear Erna this is all for today and write soon. Don't condemn me for my ideas. I can't help them its just the way I am I can't change it. Best regards to your parents and all my love & best wishes to you all. Your Kathy

LETTER TWENTY: The following letter was written by Kathryn Hofmann.

8-29-47

Dear Erna,

I received your letters of August 26 and 28 today. I might as well answer here as Kurt hasn't had time to translate it yet. I will take care of the shoes as soon as possible also did I write to you for your foot size? The coffee beans are cheaper and easier to pack than the can coffee. We can get the bean coffee in 3 lb. bags which makes it nicer. I am glad to hear also that the packages are arriving so good. Some of course are a little slow. Kurt Karls swimming lessons had to stop as the pool is now in repair but will continue them later. He got along so well as he is a regular fish. I have to watch him all the time at the lake as he likes to go in deep water. I bought you some cornstarch today & will enclose some in the next package. I had no idea you had so much use for it. In fact I told Kurt not to send so much as it was a useless thing for you. He sure let me know how wrong I was. Pics we have sent & will enclose more next time. Now to that affair of father's. I'm glad to hear that you are doing something about it. If possible try to get at least the coat that would make me feel better. Couldn't you get your part in clothes instead of money? The clothes are more valuable and the money is more or less useless. Also how about the new pair of shoes I sent after mothers death? I asked him to give them up even before they arrived and certainly he has no rights to these. He has never acknowledged this package. Let me know what comes of all of this I am very anxious to hear. Yes I do think we should put a stop to what he is doing. As for me, yes, I think it should go to court if no other way. I don't care what people think of me for this after all its between you & I so it concerns no one else anyhow. He upset me enough now let him see how it feels. I also don't think she should keep mothers wedding ring. It shows his poor taste in giving it to her. Now I want to thank you for your wanting to give me that tablecloth. I think it is very sweet of you but you really shouldn't do it as what we do we do because we enjoy it. It makes me feel good to be able to send you things you need or want so don't feel you have to do anything in return. Of course I would very much enjoy it but as I said it isn't necessary to do so. I want to wish you the very best of birthdays & hope all your wishes come true. Celebrate the day real nice and we will also be with you in our thoughts. Maybe even Henry will help you celebrate. Wouldn't that be a birthday present? The weather here is cool and we had a lot of rain which we badly needed. Yesterday it was hot again so it feels good to us to be cool again. Here it gets so hot in the summer and very cold at wintertime. The tomatoes are ripe now and we have been eating them for the last few days. Everything is late this year because of the cold wet spring we had here.

So goodbye til next time

Love Kay

(And added in German only)

Dear Erna!

Also from me and Kurt-Karl love. Congratulations on your birthday! Hope that the packages arrive on time and that you are pleased with what we have prepared. We will send more, get the coffee beans and coal (kohlen?), etc. I enclose a picture of Kurt-Karl. Greetings and kisses also to Erich, Kurt

Also regards and greetings to Father and Mother Lehmann and to all birthday guests.

Package #30 which left here August 11

paper and covers (folders?), 20 cigarettes, 1 can fish, 1 can meat, 1 can sardines, 1 liter oil, 1 pound caramel cream, 1 lemon juice, 2 pounds sugar (also some tobacco for Mr. Lehmann), women's and boy's clothing!

Package #31 which left here August 14:

2½ pounds sugar, 4 lemon juice, 2 pounds peas, 2 boxes milk, 1 cocoa, 1 pound rice, 2 soups, 2 pounds farina, 1 pound beans, 1 can sardines, 1 can/box meat, 1 can/box fish, 1 (unknown and underlined), 1 can sausage, 1 pound raisins, 1 pound plums, 1 pound (graupen), caramel and 20 cigarettes.

LETTER TWENTY-ONE: The following letter was written by Kathryn Hofmann.

Gary, Indiana
Nov. 1, 1947

Dear Erna and Erich:–

As long as I have a few quiet hours this eve I might as well gossip with you. Kurt & his partner are at the store tonight doing some figuring. We had friends comming in this eve, but at the last minute they couldn't come so by writing to you it doesnt seem so lonesome. First I want to tell you we received your letters of Sept. 8 & 28. Yes, dear Erna we too had a very dry hot summer here, but, it always gets very hot. The winters are also very cold. It gets around 40 Centigrade and 15 degrees and 20 degrees below in the winter. Of course a dry spell here doesn't mean too much as the country is so vast. A few dry states don't mean much as good stuff are easily shipped throughout out country. A lot of it is shipped by plane. In a small country like Germany it is a catastrophe. My mothers people also have written about the drought. Bettys people live near the Danube in Hungary also have written of the dry spell and lack of food. It almost seems world wide. That Father is having trouble at home doesn't make me sad. He should have more and if Irma comes out of the hospital as mother did, I'm sure I wouldn't shed a tear. It would break Fathers heart to have anything happen to her. Now that he has to do without her he must soon be shopping around for another. Of late I rarely think of him and can soon completely forget he exists. Yes, my letter dear Erna was Air mail it should only take 7 days. I guess it is censored here before it leaves the country as yours is by British censor. I don't think you can yet send air mail out of Germany. We also go without stockings in the summer but my legs don't get tan they get red or pink and I look boiled. I prefer the summer as Im never warm during the winter and my feet are already freezing. Our warm spell is now over and the rains set in last Sunday. Glad to hear you liked your B-day package and we did think of you often. I thought many times I could be there in a few hours by plane but I'm not quite that fortunate. Right now it doesnt look like we will be able to see you for

many years we can only hope. This afternoon wrecked the front of the car. He didn't get hurt but the car sure looks bad. He was expecting me to wreck it for the last 13 yrs, but I havent put a scratch on it. Kurt banged it up 4 times already. Dear Erna you must be able to see in the future you were mentioning heart and kidney trouble sure hit it on the head. Kurt went to the Dr. 3 weeks ago and had to go on a strict diet. 900 calories a day. He lost about 20 pounds and can't have any beer. He has an enlarged heart and badly functioning kidneys because of the fat around them. He also works to long and too hard. He has to loose another 10 lbs. I'm thinking of sending him to Germany and bringing one of you to take his place as I know none of you are dieting on purpose. He is allowed one small piece of meat a day (time out to make coffee). He looks much better but his clothes hang on him. By Karlas letter we hear that Ernst to is sick but in his case I guess it's the need for more food and all the war years didn't help either. We also have had polio here but this year it was not bad it seems like it strikes each July and lasts until September. There is a clinic for these cases in the next town and they have lost very few cases. I always keep Kurt Karl out of crowds at that time of year and also make him rest during the hot hours of the day. From here there is not much new– We did go to a wedding last Sat. And then left at 11:30 to attend a dance that Bettys husbands club gave. We got to bed about two o'clock. Next Sat. We also have to go to another wedding. Last Sun. we went to Chicago with my sister and her family. We saw an agriculture exhibit and a show it was very nice then in the eve, our usual card game til 1:30. So we do get out for a few hrs. once in a while. Kurt of course is taking it easier and also packed 10 packages this month. In the Xmas package I got you a can of chicken let me know how it is. I have never tried it. It is already cooked only to be heated. We always have it fresh so I havent wanted to try it. I have a friend who tried it and liked it. Also in one of the packages is a 3 lb of oatmeal in the oat meal is a package for Erich for Xmas. I won't mention it here as I want it to be a surprise for him. The shoes for you I also sent on. They are a brown tie shoe but by Karla's letter I see you would prefer a pump. I do hope you will like them as you didn't write what type you wanted. I do think you will like the style though also let me know how they fit. Is getting past midnight now so Ill close til later with love and kisses to you all. Regards to your dear parents. Your Kurt-Kathy- Kurt Karl

And Kurt added in German– Your parents of me..

LETTER TWENTY-TWO:

Nov. 3. 47

Dear Erna and Erich.

Because Kathy has answered everything and reported all our news, I am just going to tell you what I have sent you this month. The packages that we sent last November and December took so long to get there, that we sent them in October this year to be sure (they arrive in time).

#33 October 13th: boots for Erich, 3 pounds coffee, 2 cornstarch, 5 pounds flour, 1 can meat, 1 can sardines, 1 pound beans, 1 pound grapefruit, 1 pound peas, 20 cigarettes, 2 plates (trays?) of chocolate, 1 box milk, 3 soups (20 pounds)

#34 October 15th: shoes for Erna, 1 pound peas, 1 tray chocolate, 1 box of candy and a part of a CARE package #5 with several boxes and a carton in waxpaper.

#35 October 29th: 3 pounds coffee, 5 pounds flour, 2 pounds mush, 1 pound raisins, 1 pound cocoa, 2 trays of chocolate, 2 soups, 1 fruitcake, 1- 3 pound can chicken.

#35 October 29th: 3 pounds oatmeal with Erich's Christmas gift hidden inside, 3 pounds coffee, 2½ pounds sugar, ½ pound tea, 1 pound rice, 1 box milk, 1 pudding, dates, figs, walnuts, 2 dozen (*eichte?*), 1 can meat, 20 cigarettes, 1 pound raisins, 1 can fish, 2 soups, 3 bars soap, 3 white and 3 black (*zurin*?), and a Christmas gift for Erna.

#35 and 36 have the Christmas presents. We hope that they arrive on time and make your holidays happier. We know we have sent a lot of coffee. We think you can trade it for fuel. We are sending a birthday package for Erich this month so that it will be on time. If the packages come all together, divide them up, as we will not be sending anything else for a while.

With regards, greetings, and kisses, Your Kurt

LETTER TWENTY-THREE:

Gary, Nov. 29, 1947

Dear Erna and Erich!

This week we received Erna's letter of October 15th thanking us and telling us that the three packages arrived. We are tremendously happy. We are pleased that it has been increased to eight. (?) We hope that the other packages arrive including package #32 which we sent September 11th and that everyone receives the four packages sent October 6th before Christmas. We hope we correctly read the name of the new street. We were not sure if it were TZ or EK. Also in the October package we have sent enough coffee that you will have some to trade. (Something else new?) will come in addition. I am not finished with my 900 calorie a day diet. I lost thirty pounds in six weeks and can now eat naturally but in less quantity than I did before. With the daily rise in grocery prices, that's very practical. Finally today I sent a package. I had too much to do to get it off earlier. We got a lot of things for our store and had to unpack and display them. Kathy and I have worked until 1 o'clock some mornings in the store. We h ave two weeks ahead of working from 9 in the morning until 9 at night. Kathy during the day and I during the evenings. Naturally, we hope it is all worth it. There has been a delay because Erich's package became very heavy. Other than twenty pounds, the rest is packed personally for him. Tomorrow I have another package for you with five pounds of flour, 3 pounds of fat, 2 pounds of sugar, 3 pounds of coffee, etc. Also 1000 tablets of saccharin and two pair of stockings for Erna. We naturally wanted to be most loving at this time, but we had to put Erich's package inside the package addressed to Erna. We hope that the contents will give you much pleasure and that it arrives on time. There's nothing else new to report. Working so much makes time pass quickly. We have already had cold weather with much ice and snow, and it is questionable as to whether our old car will make it through the winter (up to now it has run okay). We are compelled to use it because we have so much work to do. It saves us time over taking buses (something about hurrying to get to the customers). Hopefully, we will reach our goal of making the store

profitable and the amount of things we sell will rise (?). Kurt Karl is deep into sledding now. His cousin Edward will be coming here tomorrow, Sunday, and they will be spending the largest amount of their time having fun street sledding. I will pack packages and Kathy will clean house for Christmas which is only a few weeks away. (Unintelligible sentence). Have a fun Christmas and an even better New Year with Henry's homecoming. I remain with regards, greetings, and kisses, your Kathryn, Kurt Karl and Kurt
And regards and greetings for Christmas and New Year's to Mother and Father Lehmann

LETTER TWENTY-FOUR:

Gary, Jan 28-48

Dear Erna and Erich:

Many thanks for your letter of December 15th wherefrom we observe that all the October packages happily arrived. We are happy that they all arrived before the holiday. (We hope?) your festival days were nice. We await your next letter to tell us what they were like, and we are especially pleased that Erich was happy with his Christmas gifts. We were anxious about the postal service. After I mailed Karla's package, it went wrong. I have already had to go see about the lost package. On January 2 I ordered a CARE package for you and since then have learned of a new company SAFE or CARITAS that sells vouchers here that can be immediately redeemed at the place of issue in Brandstweiete. The enclosed voucher gives you all the information. Write immediately how the quality of the package is and if it is as good as CARE. Your birthday letter for Kurt Karl arrived a day late; however, he was very pleased and will answer it later. It is very cold here and hope it is not as cold where you are. I will write again soon. With regards, greetings, and kisses your Kathryn, Kurt Karl and Kurt

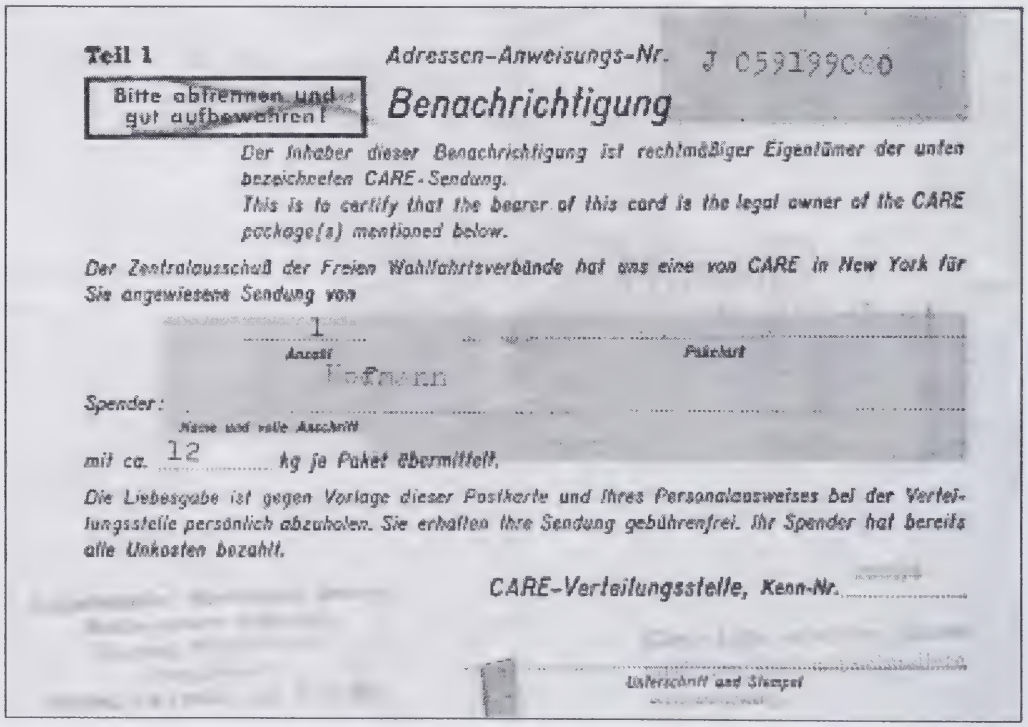
Note: *CARITAS is a Catholic relief organization that is still at work today. Brandstweite is a street in Hamburg.*

LETTER TWENTY-FIVE:

Gary, 6 March 48

Dear Erna and Erich!

Greetings. Thank your for all your letters of 4/22. All the January and February letters have arrived within the last ten days. February's arrived yesterday. The first one written in January took a damn long time. Also greetings and thanks to Father Lehmann for his long letter. Unfortunately, I did not write back immediately. I have had so much to do that I have not done so. Instead of a letter, I sent Father Lehmann some bean and pea seeds. I hope they grow well. Watch for the child's birthday gift enclosed in the package. Dear Erna, I am also enclosing Kurt-Karl's swim trunks. You'll have to make them the right size. (Something about children not swimming without a pair of pants.) It pleases us that everyone's package arrived on time and that you had them for the special days. Yes, you are quite right. We need a new car (something about Germany). Hopefully, the old rattlebox will hold together a while longer until we get a newer car.



Teil 1 *Adressen-Anweisungs-Nr.* J 059199000

Bitte abtrennen und gut aufbewahren!

Benachrichtigung

Der Inhaber dieser Benachrichtigung ist rechtmäßiger Eigentümer der unten bezeichneten CARE-Sendung.
This is to certify that the bearer of this card is the legal owner of the CARE package(s) mentioned below.

Der Zentralausschuß der Freien Wohlfahrtsverbände hat uns eine von CARE in New York für Sie angewiesene Sendung von

1 *Anzahl* *Paketart*

Spender: Lehmann *Name und volle Anschrift*

mit ca. 12 *kg je Paket übermittelt.*

Die Liebesgabe ist gegen Vorlage dieser Postkarte und Ihres Personalausweises bei der Verteilungsstelle persönlich abzuholen. Sie erhalten Ihre Sendung gebührenfrei. Ihr Spender hat bereits alle Unkosten bezahlt.

CARE-Verteilungsstelle, Kenn-Nr.

Unterschrift und Stempel

A postcard announcing that a CARE package was waiting for Erna.

Believe me, we would not enjoy a new car knowing that everyone there needed our aid and we knew that we could make the car last a little longer. It must go on if you are to receive butter. In regards to mother's gravestone, we must wait. So long as father is alive we will make no grief (trouble) over it. The oatmeal is good packing and with the adhesive tape has mostly something else in it. (?) Before I forget, thank Erich for his letter. The ballpoint pen is a new invention. The little ball rubs against the ink and then on the paper (something about what it being dry and superior in some way). I will put one in the child's birthday package. (Something here about the pen writing in a jiffy and under water?) If it quits working, you take it apart and stick a new ink holder in the plastic holder. (Something about customs officials holding packages an entire day.) We receive an official certificate. (An unintelligible statement concerning the process of living.–perhaps something in the line of "One never knows what life holds.") Our hard work in that regard is rewarded, but we have to try harder (unintelligible). Very pleased that more detailed word of Henry came. It looks like things are better and he will soon come home. That is the most important thing. I would like to see the letter. Yes, there have been many disappointments but life is full of disappointments. We must always have hope and make the best of everything. Yes, I would like to relive the pre-war years, but that is past, and we have to live in the present. Things have improved and we work day and night to stay on our feet. We often doubt that we will be able to do so, but we must not doubt it. We are working harder but are making no profit. The car broke down twice this week, wasting time and money. We are robbing Peter to pay Paul. We will have to send fewer packages. It is 72 times more expensive to send them now than it was when we first sent them. Care packages or *Blitz*paketes (airmail?, literally lightning package) are cheaper to send than other methods, particularly CARE. It has become so expensive that an average worker can hardly make it. Your rent and living costs take it all. The high taxes, the expensive coal that everyone has needed this winter more than ever before. We have been trying to save for years but are not a penny ahead. It's like we are going backwards. (Here he writes something about economizing but not to much as they have to do without in Europe and saying that he has to be satisfied with somewhat larger numbers in his bankbook.) (Something about it's the same as if he's doing nothing.) We believe in live and let live. We hope that by the time you receive this letter, you have already had more information about Henry. Things are going to change, and you will meet again and be happy. With regards, greetings, and kisses remain your Kathryn, Kurt Karl and Kurt
And regards and greetings to Father and Mother Lehmann

LETTER TWENTY-SIX:

Gary, April 30, 1948

Dear Erna and Erich!

Yesterday I received your and Father and Mother Lehmann's birthday greetings. Thanks especially to Erich for his drawing. This letter came quickly: from the 5th to the 29th. We received at the beginning of this week Erna's letter of March 20th. You said you received the package I mailed February 10th, so that took 1½ months (to get there). We hope that Karla's has arrived. It is peculiar that two packages mailed at the same time should arrive at such different times. April 24th I sent you a package containing, among other things 3 pounds of coffee, 3 pounds mush, knockwurst, cheese and all possible, also a new shaving brush and soap for Henry. Something else is in the package. Next I will order you another package. (Something about packing a package himself is more expensive and takes more time?) You wanted, however, the brush and stuff sent. We hear that airmail will soon be permitted from there soon, so that we will have word of Henry's homecoming immediately. We got an old bicycle for Kurt Karl from a neighbor. We take rides on it ourselves, which makes him laugh. Our poor old dog runs after him, wherever Kurt Karl goes. Yes, it has become much better. Kathy can't believe the progress in the store. But I don't believe we are making a profit yet. (Something about people are not buying what they have to sell.) What we earn, we do not earn easily. People are not spending their money on appliances. We used the car a lot last week and it is not in a good state. It is in the garage again. We hope things are better with you soon. Experience shows me that it became better in earlier years when it fell away (?). Your feelings of guilt concern us. We do not feel like you. We give what it is humanly possible to give and hope that if we were in the same situation, that help would come. At the moment we send less. The single reason for that is that we are not permitted to do more. (Something about there not being enough oil.) We are all in the same boat, and I hope it gets better there and here soon. (*Strenk*) and war danger are momentarily the day's topic. It is not good that the only humor is gallows humor. (?) Dear Erna, I have not answered your letters of February 16th and 20th. We have so much going on in our heads and so much mail to answer that we often do not know where to begin. Do not take offence. Can you use different stamps on your letters to us? Many would like to trade with us, especially new series like exhibitions, reminiscences, or the like. Letters are no longer censored from there, so you can put what you want in them again. Here much hair is dyed and bleached. Perms (cold waves) here are now usually done without machines. I smoke very few or no cigars per day, no cigarettes, no more pipe. The smoking does not do my throat any good. That's my Achilles heel. So when there became a scarcity of tobacco, it didn't bother me. I also don't eat so much as I used to. I don't let my guard down. We three have all achieved something. The weather has heated up too quickly again. The garden is a lovely green and many flowers are blooming. Narcissus, hyacinths, tulips, and by next week, lilacs will be fully opened. My letter is at an end today. We hope that Henry has received my letter and we wish him a happy homecoming. With regards, greetings, and kisses, remain your Kathryn, Kurt Karl, and Kurt
also regards and greetings to Father and Mother Lehmann. How is the sowing coming?

LETTER TWENTY-SEVEN:

Gary, 18 Juni 1948

Dear Erna and Erich!

Greetings and thank you for your letters of April 30th and May 23rd. That letter came yesterday, so it took three weeks to be delivered. Hopefully, the postal service will improve. We are pleased to hear that Erich liked the swim trunks. Also that the sowing has been done and will soon bring results. You write that it is well the winter is behind you. We already have had two hot days this week, and it is only the middle of June. We hope with you for the success of the Marshall Plan and the new currency. I heard on morning radio that

the plan will soon be implemented. Although getting merchandise is harder for you every day, it is probable that things will get better (I am uncertain of this translation.). Dear Erna, we understand that Henry's homecoming is the most essential thing to you. That is to be expected. But I have had no further word from the Red Cross since that wonderful message. No, I have no problem with the car, but it is not to be trusted. It's often broken; it doesn't help our situation. Yes, Kurt Karl gets a lot of joy out of its old wheel. (Here he says something to the effect that she should just wait until Jurgen is behind the wheel and something about bicycles and cars.) Otherwise, it is a good dog, a good comrade and house (unknown–*Beschnitzer*). Fruit here is not very good; the strawberries did not do well. We love Sundays and Holidays which we almost always spend at home. Kathy spends a lot of time on housework, and I happily spend a couple hours working in my garden. There is recovery in the fresh air, and so there's nothing better than puttering around in the dirt. We have had rainy weather. The cool weather has helped the trees, bushes, and roses which are doing very well. In the oak trees we have many squirrels and (waldrogel). To be sure we have bad things like ants, flies (or aphids), and bugs (or midges). You have to fight them with poisons. Although there is much construction here, there are yet several empty places (oak forests) near us. Kurt Karl and his friends play ball in an area behind our house. There is a yellow sand pit left by construction on our street. So if one cannot travel, one can do nicely here. When it is finally warm, we will occasionally go to the lake (Lake Michigan) which is about a half hour trip. I hope you enjoy the English wedding, especially on the subject of what to eat and what to drink. Jobs in Hamburg are probably laughed at like displays of electrical appliances and automobiles are here–to look at, yes; to have, no– except from profiteers (*schiebern*–??)! I believe it is time to end my efforts. We hope that this letter reaches you and that you are in excellent health and that everyone who has been slow in writing back will do better.

With affection, greetings, and to father and mother Lehman remaining Your Kathryn, Kurt Karl, and Kurt

Note: *The Marshall Plan was proposed by Secretary of State John Marshall in June of 1947. The plan was put in place to assist in the economic recovery of Europe. The countries of Europe, due to the devastation of the war, had nothing to sell for hard currency. The Marshall Plan called for pumping billions of dollars into the various countries which would have to cooperate with each other and figure out how best to use the money. It benefitted Americans as well as Europeans, as the goods were sold in the United States and carried by American merchant ships.*

LETTER TWENTY-EIGHT:

Gary, October 8, 1948

Dear Erna and Erich!

The day before yesterday, Dear Erna, we received your letter of September 2nd and was very happy to hear from you again. The best news was that the CARE package had arrived. Your birthday package also will soon arrive. We are all healthy. But business is very bad, and the future of the store is uncertain. Something sells occasionally. Insurance used to be very good. (Two unintelligible sentences with the gist that it's not good anymore.) The car spends more and more time in the repair shop. It is too old! It is also painful that Henry has not come home yet. We are somewhat losing hope that it will be soon. Our summer was somewhat better than yours. It was not long enough but the good weather is still sticking around. We only went two days to the beach this summer. Either there wasn't time or the weather was bad. We are pleased to hear that Father and Mother Lehmann are yet so healthy and wish them well in their new house. You may yet find some suitable work to do or some possible relief as long as you have less *(schuler)*. Yes, we can swim now with Kurt Karl, the world champion swimmer. Yes, we admit gladly that so far Kathy is the best! (Something about Erich's progress in education, being behind what they were doing in American schools, and so forth.) There is always friction to get schoolwork done. Riding a bike and playing ball or reading trash is all children here think about. How time flies. Christmas will be here in less than ten weeks. That knowledge is not very welcome. The children, naturally, very rascally (?) after (realizing?) that. We are restricted (in leisure?) this year. Otherwise, nothing new. With regards, greetings, and kisses, remain your Kathryn, Kurt Karl, and Kurt.
And regards and greetings to Mother and Father Lehmann

LETTER TWENTY-NINE:

(Incomplete, undated, possibly Fall, 1948 letter)

...that progress is made and new protection given. Things must get better. Things go back and forth, over and over. It takes a long time. When Russia meets with the allies at the consulate in New York, things will get done. (?) Although it won't get to that in Berlin. After that, it will demand attention here. Dewey will be the next President. I choose the social democrats, but that's nothing new. The workers here are politically stupid; the large capitalists keep them that way. There are 6 or 7 (political) parties, but only two are of consequence, the Republicans (Dewey) and the Democrats (Truman), Wallace and the Southern Democrats are admirers of Truman. Dewey will win. Dear Erna! We send you birthday congratulations and hope all your wishes come true. Soon a birthday package will arrive and I ordered a CARE package ago. Hope they will reach you and give you pleasure. Also many thanks for the enclosures. We did not have everyone (I think this is referring to pictures.) I am writing this letter at work again; I wouldn't find the time otherwise. There is still much to do at the house before winter comes. Repairing (checking?) the furnace, etc. Yes, our house (something about the sides of the house and 1½ all around). Yes, it is all constructed on sand. There are a couple supporting iron posts in the cellar. We haven't had any trouble for a long time. We celebrated Kathy's birthday simply. We celebrate it as much as we have before. It costs too much. I must end for today. I have to go back to thinking about my work.. (Something about being seen working.) You will find me at work six days a week. This is the first time that I can vote in a Presidential year. Otherwise, this is a bad year. This is to be accepted.

Until next time I remain with regards, greetings, and kisses your Kathyrn, Kurt Karl and Kurt
And also regards and greetings to Father and Mother Lehmann and we would gladly hear from Father Lehmann again. How was the bean harvest?

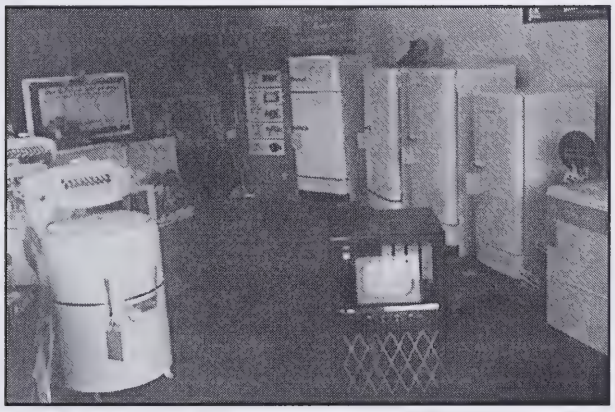
LETTER THIRTY: The following letter was written by Kathryn Hofmann on Glen Park Appliance Stationery. The name of the store had been changed to Hofmann Appliance, however. Kurt translated her letter and then added a part behind it of his own.

January 31, 1949

Dear Erna and Erich:

First of all dear Erna I want to thank you for the lovely table cloth. We will think of you always when we use it and will give us hours of pleasure. No, dear Erna we did not have to pay duty on it just a few cents of additional postage. Now, I also want to thank you for the birthday wishes for Kurt Karl which we celebrated very nicely. We gave him a wrist watch which he enjoys very much. It hardly seems possible that he is twelve; but they will grow up. I hope Erich had a nice birthday with all the happiness and joy the day brings. He certainly writes very good English in fact it is the best I have seen from anyone who has studied so short a time. Yes, dear Erna he must be a very good scholar to be able to accomplish so much. The other day we heard on the radio that Russia is releasing most of its prisoners in the next few months so perhaps now your wishes will come true. It seems a shame to keep a man away from his family so long for no reason. Don't loose faith and Im sure he will come back to you both. Kurt and I bought out the partner in this business as it seemed the only way to realize anything out of the store. So now we realy are very busy. All the headaches are ours and also what pleasure there is. We still have trouble with shortages and loose many sales because of it. I spend my days here and Kurt spends three nights working here beside working at the factory. We hope he can give up the factory work soon and spend all his time here at the store. It needs him there as I am not the sales man Kurt is. In business he is like a Jew and it amuses me to see him sell. Right now business is very slow but we wont loose faith as some day it has to get better. The weather here has been very bad lately, first we had warm wet weather now it is very cold. We don't have much snow which is just as well. I am so cold this morning that while I type this letter my fingers feel like they are frozen and I cant make them do what I want. Kurt has't been feeling so good lately he spent most of the day yesterday in bed with a cold. He work so hard and doesn't get enough sleep and then with this cold weather its no wonder he got sick. Kurt Karl is alright which is a blessing he rarely gets sick for which I am thankful. He can stand a lot of cold but, I cant. After a winter like this it will be next August before I finally thaugh out. Now my writing must come to an end as I have to get busy and earn my salary which I don't receive.

As Always, Kurt, Kathy & Kurt Karl



Kurt adds– in German

Dear Erna and Erich,

You have probably read the news in Kathy's letter. We continue to immerse ourselves in the work, in an effort to get out of the deep current slump. We have placed all our hope on the spring season. It may be that I have not answered some of your letters, one from Father Lehmann for sure. Please express my gratitude to him and ask him not to be angry with me for not writing right away. Given our current situation, it is simply impossible to answer all of the letters from there right now. Our American Congress has made an ultimatum to Russia regarding the prisoners, that they should be released by the end of 1948. Supposedly Russia is the only country that has not done this yet, but they have promised to do it. All prisoners are to be released this year. We heard from some friends here that a man just returned to Germany from Russia after 7 ½ years. Well, let's not give up hope. Henry should be coming home soon now. Our best wishes and kisses, Kurt.

LETTER THIRTY-ONE:

Gary, 2-28-49

Dear Erna and Erich;

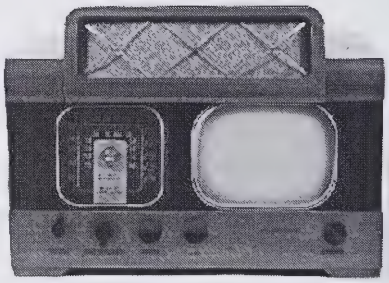
Thank you for your letter written in the beginning of January which arrived last week. We are sad, however, that there is such little good news in it. We have nothing good to report from here either. Business is really down in the store. It gives "too much stones and too little bread." Much work and no profit.

I am also feeling under the weather. Kurt Karl and especially I have colds. Kathy has lots of headaches. We have had peculiar weather– one day it is almost like spring and then the next– winter again. Dear Erna, you are right. Henry's writing is not very useful (does not inspire courage), but one should not abandon hope. While there is life, there is hope. It's hard to imagine what I would have written in his place. But I think I would have written something helpful because it doesn't help one's situation when one writes things that discourage the reader. I have had it damned tough here in America, too, but I wrote very little if anything about it. From 1929 until 1936 I and most of the people had it damned tough. Nobody knew where the money for the next meal would come from. Most had no electricity or water. You couldn't get a job. Most were unemployed or worked one day in two weeks. Now there is work enough, especially around here, but it takes all of our money to buy food and pay taxes. There is nothing left to buy stuff for the home. The people with money don't seem to be coming to our store, so we wait and hope. If sales were now where they were at this time last year, we would not complain, because we owned the entire business. Now sales are only half what they were, but the expenses are the same. When we take our goods on the road we can sell some stuff here and there, so Kathy and I have decided that before we give up the store, we are going to make an attempt to keep it going. By the end of March we will have to move the store out of its current building. Store space is hard to come by. A spot has been promised to us in a very new building, but the rent is much higher. But the place is possibly larger and more modern, so we hope to be able to attract customers. If so, that will be too much work for Kathy and I will have to quit my job at the bridge factory (at least temporarily). The rest we will find out as we go. We have put so much money and effort into it that one last attempt to keep it going won't hurt. Other than that, there is nothing to report around here. There is no money to go out for anything fun. Since early December we have spent only one-half afternoon at the movies, we go there late. Don't lose hope. We, especially I, am sometimes at the end of my wits, but that doesn't improve matters either. We send our best greetings, Kathryn, Kurt Karl and Kurt. Best wishes to the Lehmanns as well

Note: www.rootsweb.com/~nyfulton/Salute/WWIIrations.html
Prices of food during World War II, if it was available at all
Roast Loin of Pork dinner, 45 cents
Turkey dinner and Halloween Party (includes cocktail), $1.00
potatoes, 65 cents a bushel
cabbage, 1 cent per pound
Italian bread, 5 cents a loaf
apples, 59 cents a bushel
veal chops, 17 cents per pound
hamburger, two pounds for 25 cents
mackerel, two pounds for 25 cents
pot roast beef, 14 cents per pound
butter, 3 pounds for $1.03
pork roast, 12 cents per pound
doughnuts, 12 cents a dozen
oysters, 29 cents a pint

LETTER THIRTY-TWO:

Gary, 5/16. 49
Dear Erna and Erich!



Thank you for your letters of March 18th and April 6th. We are now very busy. The store claims all our time. The warm weather helps our business so we can hold our heads out of water. If the business continues, we will probably make it. We are a day and a half *(nudit?)* in the store. We are doing it all ourselves so far as possible. It is nearly midnight before we get home. First to your postal service, we wanted a long answer, but the time!! Yes, such a business causes headaches, especially in the beginning. Pleased to hear that Father Lehmann is at the hospital and recovering well. I have enclosed in the child's birthday package some bean seeds, Kentucky Wonder, which grow large. Hopefully, they will do well. Erna dear, there is thread, etc. in the same package. It was hard to find even the one package (of thread?) to pack. With the Russians now admitting Berlin, hopefully goods will soon be regulated and Henry will soon come home. It is good that you have no weather difficulties because your parents (*zumers?* unintelligible word here). Yes, I agree. Houses and churches are needed and palaces are constructed for the rich and the families have no houses. Houses here also cost too much money; so does everything else! Thank you for your birthday greetings. My birthday fell on a Monday, so we had Sunday visits. It was entirely cozy. Monday I was in the store from 8:45 until midnight. It is high time studying helps you with something! Erich has a good report card and knows that you are proud of it. Kurt Karl does not do so well in school or the house (or anything else?). I hope that Erich goes on with (unintelligible word). Yes, we have our winter diseases behind us now and we haven't gotten any new ones. Our old car keeps flapping along, and we hope it lasts a lot longer. It is more necessary that our money go into the business. In many ways it is good that Ernst (?) is young and serious, as he can get wild enough later. I have to close now, unfortunately, as I can't keep my eyes open any longer. I put in another fourteen-hour day in the store today. I wanted to write Karla, too, but that will have to wait. I've enclosed a picture of our store that appeared in the Gary newspaper. It shows about 2/3 (of the store). Now I also have television to sell. It is radio and pictures like in a movie theater (See a ten-inch 1948 GE TV above.). It is very interesting. However, it is hard on the eyes and costs a lot. With regards, greetings, and kisses remain your Kathryn, Kurt Karl, and Kurt Greetings to Father and Mother Lehmann. And greetings to Henry when you write him.

Note: from mars.acnet.wnec.edu/~grempel/courses/germany/lectures/36airlift.html

Kurt is probably referring to the end of the Berlin Airlift. Following the war, Berlin was divided into four sectors, one of which Russia controlled. Whereas the other countries wished Germany to get back on its feet, Russia did not. They wanted a weak Germany. So they took whatever resources their portion of Berlin had for Russian use, including machinery, toilets, and appliances. In an angry reaction to the new German currency introduced by the Allies in 1948, the Russians had halted all traffic and travel between Berlin and the West. Over two million inhabitants in the British, French, and American zones of Berlin were largely dependent for food on supplies from the West. By cutting West Berlin for overland supply, the Soviets had launched, in General Clay's words– "one of the most ruthless efforts in modern times to use mass starvation for political purposes." Thus began the Berlin Airlift–the air delivery of tons of food and supplies to keep West Berliners alive. In the course of 13 months, 500,000 tons of food and over a million and a half tons of coal were flown in as well as food for the animals in the Berlin zoo, chocolate for Christmas, newsprint for the free press, two million seedlings that would replace trees that had been cut down or destroyed, and even Volkswagens for the Berlin police. Nearly 175,000 people, most of them children and TB patients were flown out on the returning planes along with thousands of tons of goods "Made in Blockaded Berlin." The Soviets were hurt by the Blockade as was the economy of East Germany. So on May 12, just a few days before Kurt wrote this letter, the Soviets threw in the towel and allowed traffic between West Berlin and the West.

LETTER THIRTY-THREE: Note: The following letter was typed on the front side and hand written on the back side on Hofmann Appliance letterhead. Unfortunately, the letter is difficult to read, as it is a (smeared) carbon copy. The letterhead says that Kurt sold General Electric refrigerators, home freezers, ranges, electric sinks (an early dishwasher, see photo below along with 1949 freezer and 1947 washer ads for GE), washers, ironers, cleaners, radios, television. His phone number was given as 4-5453, and the store's address was 3720 Broadway, Gary, Indiana.

Gary, October 29, 1949

Dear Erna & Erich!

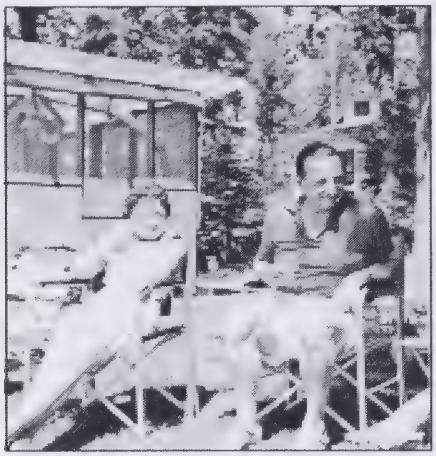
It has been a very, very long time since I have written you a letter. This has been a very busy summer, during which I have worked 70 or 80 hours a week in the store. We could have hired help, but there was always a threat of a strike, so we did all of the work ourselves. As you have probably read in the newspapers, the steel strike started on October 1 and, unfortunately, there is no end in sight. Many people we sold to on credit cannot pay now. Some of them have taken the goods and have headed for the South (or other places). The weather has been wonderful for the last few days (unintelligible)...our firewood supply. Lots of people have no heat because the coal supply is low and suppliers are out. This may be the land of unlimited opportunity, but still some times things are good and other times very bad. Last month (unintelligible) in Glen Park (a suburb of Gary where we live and where our store is) we had a business fair for a week with booths and (unintelligible). We had a booth, too, and it cost a lot, but it was good advertising. If the strike had not come, we would have done well, but now all of that effort was for naught. That same week Kurt Karl broke his arm, which meant lots of money paid for the doctor and the hospital. We don't have health insurance. That's how we live, doing well at times and down in the dumps at times. I have so little time and so many to write that I am muddling through with the typewriter and have used carbon paper. Please excuse this method, but otherwise I would never be able to write so many people. I received your letter of September 27th the

day before yesterday. We are pleased to read that the prospects for Henry's return are getting better. It is nice to read that you have been able to save some things from the CARE packages. As you see, we have to stop sending them for a while. We have to use every cent to keep the store open. With best wishes and kisses from Kathryn, Kurt and Karl

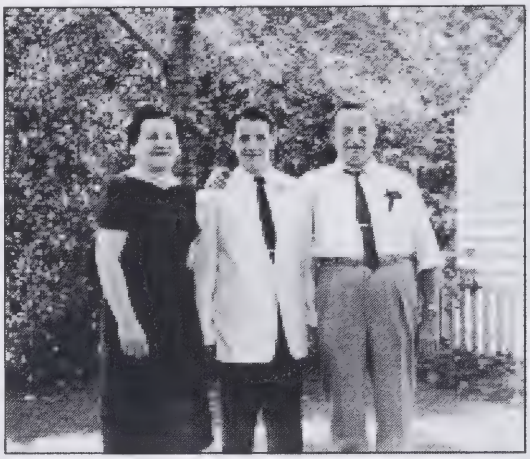
Dear Mr. and Mrs. Lehmann, As a P.S. I extend my congratulations on your golden wedding anniversary. May you enjoy many more years together. And thanks for Father Lehmann's interesting letter. We hope that conditions will be better soon, both there and here. Again, our best from K, K, and K.

Note: http://www.kentlaw.edu/ilhs/curricul.htm#10

Most of the contracts for steel workers were settled by the first of November, but some went unsigned until Christmas. The strike pretty much shut the industry down for six weeks. There was a growing trend in the postwar period for trade unions to amalgamate into huge union associations, rather than to remain small, one-occupation unions.



Kate Poland and Kurt Hofmann, 1961



Kay Hofmann, Allen Hofmann, Kurt Hofmann

There's good news in Glen Park—the new, modern Hofmann Appliance Store at 3720 Broadway, is already open and doing business. The latest General Electric appliances there include washers, refrigerators, deep freezers, clocks, radios, televisions, etc. Nationally advertised Sunbeam products are also on display for your inspection.

Mr. Kurt Hofmann, the owner, is already well known here, for he has represented leading electrical appliances in Gary since 1929. Stop in this week for a personal demonstration by Mr. Hofmann. The store is open daily from 9:00 till 6:00—Monday, Thursday, and Saturday till 9:00 p. m.

1949 newspaper article. A picture of the interior of the store with Kurt seated at the end of the room accompanied it but would not scan properly.

NOTE: *This appliance store was a short distance south of the corner of Ridge Road and Broadway in Glen Park. I personally remember that corner very well, as my sisters and I went to the movies just west of that corner every Sunday. We lived at the corner of Ridge Road and Virginia Street which was seven or eight blocks west of Broadway. There was a Rexall Drug Store at Ridge and Broadway. There were two bakeries and the Beauty Spot restaurant where you could get a cherry coke if you had the cash, and a Five-and-Dime where Santa Claus awaited children every year, a book store, shoe repair, and a shop where a guy would fix your toaster or other appliance. Glen Park was a pleasant middle and lower class neighborhood in the 1960's, a few miles south of Gary. Lots of Poles and Germans and the like. Today it is a war zone. The houses are boarded up or in terrible condition and the Blacks have graffitied the buildings and broken windows out.*

E-MAIL: from Albert Hofmann to his daughter-in-law Roberta Hofmann in response to a question concerning the location of Kurt's appliance store.

(The store) was at 3720 Broadway 1/2 block South of Ridge Road. Later on when Dad was still alive it was just before the hill (farther south on Broadway) and then when KK gave it to whomever his service man was at the time it moved into a strip mall up where you are talking about (near Lew Wallace High School) and I remember seeing a sign on a panel truck that was hand painted or should I say scratched on the side of it. SAD!

HOFMANN APPLIANCE CO.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

REFRIGERATORS
HOME FREEZERS
RANGES
ELECTRIC SINKS
WASHERS
IRONERS
CLEANERS
RADIOS

TELEPHONE 45453

formerly

GLEN PARK APPLIANCE CO.

3857 BROADWAY

GARY, IND.

January 31, 1949

Dear Erna And Erich:

First of all dear Erna I want to thank you for the lovely table cloth. We will think of you always when we use it and will give us hours of pleasure. No, dear Erna we did not have to pay duty on it just a few cents of additional postage. Now, I also want to thank you for the birthday wishes for Kurt Karl which we celebrated very nicely. We gave him a wrist watch which he enjoys very much. It hardly seems possible that he is twelve; but they will grow up. I hope Erich had a nice birthday with all the happiness and joy the day brings. He certainly writes very good English in fact it is the best I have seen from any one who has studied so short a time. Yes, dear Erna he must be a very good scholar to be able to accomplish so much.

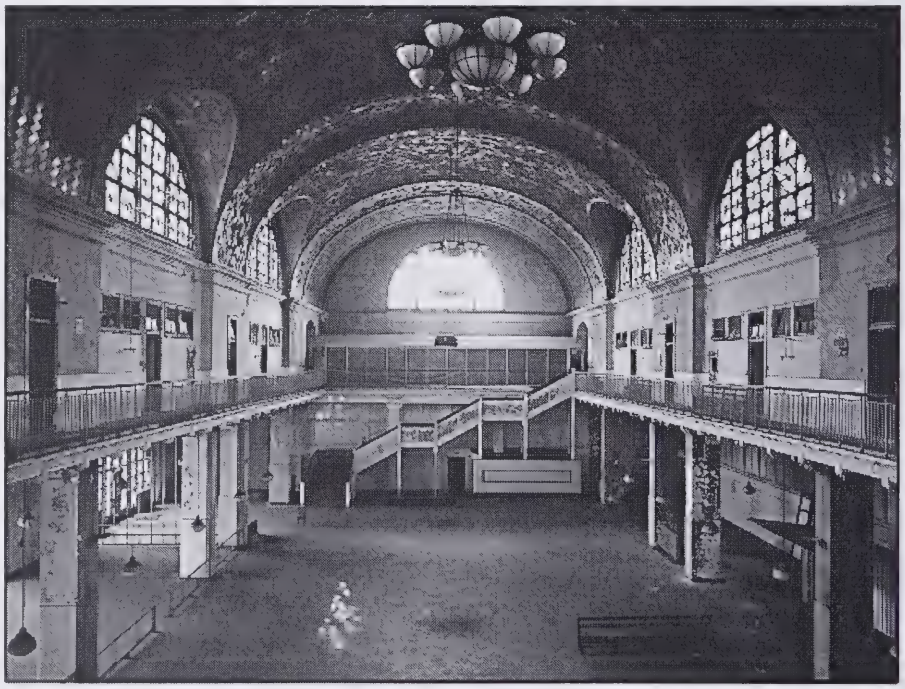
The other day on the radio we heard that Russia is releasing most of its prisoniers in the next few months so perhaps now your wishes will come true. It seems a shame to keep a man away from his family so long for no reasen. Don't loose faith and I'm sure he will come back to you both.

Kurt and I bought out the partner in this business as it seemed the only way to realize anything out of the store. So now we realy are very busy. All the headaches are ours and also what pleasure thereis. We still have trouble with shortages and loose many sales because of it. I spend my days here and Kurt spends three nights working here beside working at the factory. We hope he can give up the factory work soon and spend all his time here at the store. It needs him here as I am not the sales-man Kurt is. In business he is like a Jew and it amuses me to see him sell. Right now business is very slow but we wont loose faith as some day it has to get better.

One of the letters written by Kay with overwrite by Kurt.

Kurt is the only ancestor we have on either side of the family who entered the United States through the fabled Ellis Island, the portal through which passed 12 million immigrants. He actually came through just one year before immigrants began to be processed by means of other facilities in New York City unless they were refugees or detainees. Over 71% of all the immigrants who entered the United States through New York came before 1924, and Kurt among them. Then as more and more restrictions were placed on immigration, as quotas were added, the number of immigrants became smaller and smaller, until finally, in 1954, the doors to Ellis Island were closed and the buildings deterioated for the next two decades in the fierce weather of New York Harbor.

A young, healthy German like Kurt, of a preferred nationality, would have had no fears in going through the various checks that were required before he could enter this country. Had he been a second-class passenger, he would have been processed on board the *Resolute* without even going ashore on the island. But otherwise, he would have left his baggage in the baggage room and climbed the steep stairway (called the "six-second medical exam) to the Great Hall. Doctors stood along the stairway, watching for those who were short of breath or had difficult climbing. They would mark a suspect person's clothing with one of a number of chalked marks which signified some ailment or problem that would bear further scrutiny. After 1917, any person coming into the United States had to pass a full medical exam anyway, but it would have been daunting to have had such a mark chalked on your coat. Following his medical exam, Kurt would have waited in the Great Hall with his aunt and uncle and their other nephew until his turn came to be interviewed. This whole process took from 3-5 hours if there were no problems. Then Kurt would have had to show his visa and passport to prove his country of origin, state where he intended to live and work, and, as he emigrated after 1917, he would have had to pass a literacy test. Obviously, he passed all his tests and became a resident of the United States.



ELLIS ISLAND

X	Suspected Mental Defect
⊗	Definate signs of Mental Disease
B	Back
C	Conjunctivitis
CT	Trachoma
E	Eyes
F	Face
F+	Feet
G	Goiter
H	Heart
K	Hernia
L	Lameness
N	Neck
P	Phisical and Lungs
Pg	Pregnancy
Sc	Scalp (Fungus)
S	Senility

#9 WILHEMINA BERTHA SCHWERIN PETERSEN (HOFMANN ADAMS) (1907-1972) (Immigrant Ancestor)

Wilhemina Bertha Schwerin was born in Hamburg, Germany, on October 13, 1907, the illegitimate child of a woman who placed her for adoption. Wilhemina was adopted and raised by Bertha and Wilhelm Petersen but must have retained some sense of shame about her birth, as she did not tell her fiancé, Kurt Hofmann, about the circumstances of it throughout their courtship. Forty years later, Kurt's brother wrote me that she had "a day before their engagement, confessed" those circumstances to Kurt. The use of the word *confessed* is telling– either from him or from her.

Nothing is known about Wilhemine's youth or about her courtship with Kurt. But when she was sixteen, he emigrated to America with an uncle and aunt and left her behind in Germany. Based on the birth date of her older son, Albert Hofmann, who was born in Gary, Indiana, on November 21, 1926, I would guess that she arrived in 1925. I have no doubt that she sailed on one of the ubiquitous Hamburg-Amerika ships and that she sailed to New York. One might think that she would have landed at Ellis Island, but she was one year too late for that. She would have been processed at some facility in New York City or even New Jersey. Hamburg-Amerika had docks in New Jersey, just across from New York.

The family guessed that she married Kurt in New York City, though it is possible that they traveled together to Gary and married there, as he had family and friends living there. Who was there to tell them not to wait? They were on their own. They settled in Gary where Kurt had already been living and working, as I have stated in her husband's biography. Photographs show Kurt and Albert in front of long lines of what appear to be duplexes or apartment buildings. No doubt their early years together were exciting, especially after the long separation and after the birth of their son.

But the excitement that they must have initially felt about being together in the United States must have faded fairly quickly. Wilhemina filed for a divorce at the Gary courthouse on April 27, 1931, and was granted it a year later. What happened then is told in the autobiography of the only child that she and Kurt had, Albert (Al). His grand mother had emigrated to this country when he was three and after the divorce, Albert, his mother, and his grandmother began to live together in Hammond, Indiana. Wilhemina worked, and Bertha took care of *Albi*-- their nickname for Al.

At top, Wilma as a young girl. Below, Wilma and Kurt. This is possibly one of the pictures that Kurt's brother Henry took. Henry and Kurt liked to take their own photographs and make post-cards of them.

The picture above right is of Wilma's daughter Bonnie. The top picture at top left of Wilma and her older son Al was taken on Christmas of 1927 as was the middle photograph of them. Kurt noted on the back of the top picture that it had been taken with a flash. It is interesting to see the gifts that one-year-old Al received for his second Christmas. It appears he got a ball and a car, perhaps a musical toy shaped like a wheel and a swan.

The lower photograph was taken in Wilma and Kurt's Fifth Avenue, Gary, Indiana, apartment. A picture of Kurt and Wilma is on the buffet. The apartment seems awfully well-situated for a young couple who were barely established. It may have been a furnished apartment.

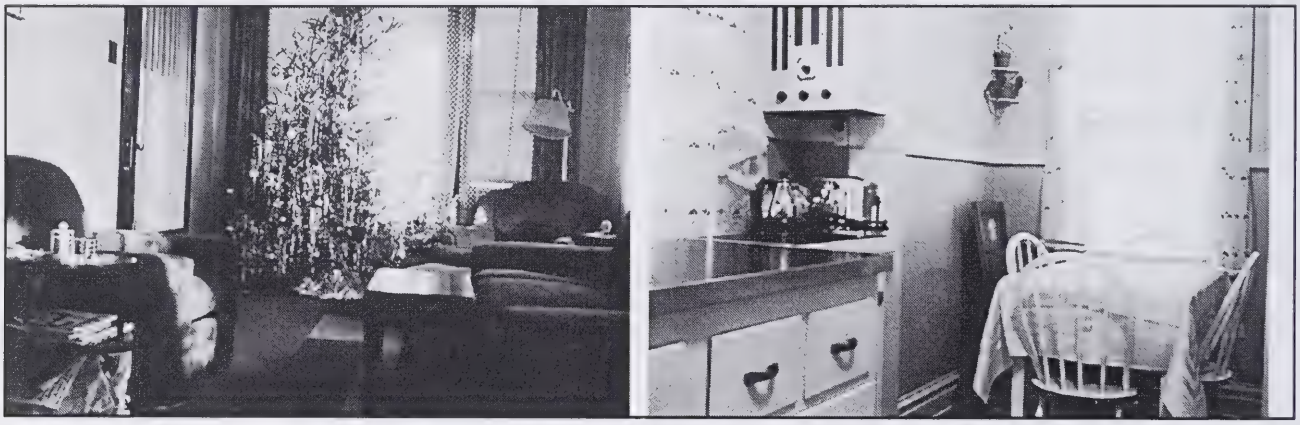
E-mail from Albert Hofmann,to Roberta Hofmann, dated August 1, 2005:

I swear that the doll is the same one that we had in Hammond that showed up all at once on Pine Street. Grandma Peterson had found it and very little was said about it and I don't remember seeing it again. It had been put up in the attic and the elastic that held the arms and legs together was all gone, I guess from the heat.

Views of the Fifth Avenue Apartment in Gary, Indiana, in which Kurt and Wilma lived. Fortunately for us, Kurt was an enthusiastic picture taker, labeler, and sharer. He sent these pictures of his apartment to his brother and sister-in-law, Henry and Erna. Erna saved them and gave them to Kurt's son Al in 2005. The comments that Kurt wrote on the back of the pictures are given below.

Our front room with our Christmas tree. To the left is the porch. There are three windows in the front and two windows on the right. Ahead on the left is a stand as well as a pile of newspapers, usually.

The kitchen. Snooky's (the baby's) chair sits in the corner. The wreath in the window is a Christmas decoration. To the left is a part of our kitchen cabinets. Also shown are our electric coffeepot and electric toaster and our kitchen radio.



Note: I particularly like seeing Wilma's pigs on the chair rail, the sink hanging from the wall and the stove. Notice the washpan hanging from the rail and the big roaster.

The divorce was an acrimonious one, and caught between two parents who wanted nothing more than to establish new marriages and new families, Al was pretty much left in the care of his grandmother until he grew up. For several years they lived alone and shifted for themselves; then they were moved into a basement apartment built for them by Wilhemina's second husband– possibly to save some money on their keep. At one point they moved back in with the Adamses because their help was needed. Wilhemina had married James Adams, a rather rough man, probably in November of 1935. Her son Albert told me, " She went out with men on dates but the only one I actually knew of was a local lawyer/politician that she dated for a while. I have no idea where Jim Adams came from, all at once they were married." However they met, she bore Adams two children: Bonnie Joyce and Ralph. Bonnie, the elder, born about 1936, was troubled with convulsions as a infant, and it is because of that, that Wilhemina needed her mother back with her.

The Adams do not appear in the 1935 Hammond City Directory but they do appear in 1941, living at 5969 Park Place. James was listed as a laborer and home owner. Prior to 1941 they lived at 4412 Pine, the house in which Al and his grandmother lived in the basement. His stepson Al says James "worked on the B&O for many years as a Maintenance of Way Employee, as a carpenter foreman, and had a labor gang that worked for him, building bridges and making many repairs. He suffered a heart attack, and they made him a truck driver, and he hauled gangs all over the system."

Other than what Al wrote in his autobiography and the information about his mother in the interviews I conducted with him and with his wife Bonnie, I have little information about Wilma, as she came to call herself. Her relationship with Albert ended about 1960 when he resumed a relationship with his father, and so he had no contact with her during the years when most people tell their adult children about their personal histories. When asked what he recalled about her in terms of what she liked to do, all he could remember was that, "The only thing I ever saw her do other than nothing was she liked to make belts out of the cellophane wrappers off of cigarette packages."

We do know that she was caught up in several major movements in American history. Firstly, we know that she was one of the 8.6 million Americans to work for the WPA. According to the newspaper announcement of her marriage, she was working for that organization as a teacher of handicrafts in the Hammond parochial schools when she wed James Adams. The WPA, the Works Progress Administration (later Works Projects Administration) came into being on May 6, 1935, when Franklin Roosevelt signed the order which created this, the largest of the New Deal agencies. It was basically a "make work" program that provided jobs and income for the unemployed during the Great Depression. Some of its projects employed blue -collar workers in construction projects around the United States, projects such as the Golden Gate Bridge, the TVA dam, Camp David, and the Houston City Hall. In all, this branch of the WPA built 650,000 miles of roads; 78,000 bridges; 125,000 buildings; and seven hundred miles of airport runways at 800 airports.

The other branch of the WPA was the Federal Art Project. George Biddle, a painter who was also a friend and classmate of Roosevelt, was concerned that the Depression was destroying America's arts community. He appealed to Roosevelt to create projects for artists that would utilize their talents. As they were constructing all those new buildings, murals for those buildings seemed a likely venue for those unemployed artists. Today many of those WPA murals can still be seen with their grandiose themes and distinctive style. During the decade of the WPA's existence the Federal Art Project employed over 5,000 artists and thousands of drawings, paintings, posters, and sculptural works were created. Photographers were sent out to record the life of the people; writers interviewed old-timers and thus recorded the history of this country one person at a time; 4,000 musical programs were given each month; experiments in theater were made; state and regional guidebooks were written; and thousands of vital records were indexed by WPA workers. At its peak the WPA employed about 3.5 million people and over the course of its history employed a total of 8.5 million Americans. Steadily increasing employment in the private sector just prior to and during WWII ended the necessity for the WPA, and the agency went out of existence officially in June of 1943.

Wilma may have been hired as part of the National Handicraft Project, a section of the Federal Arts Project, which was set up in 1935. The women in that project were drawn from the relief rolls and were mostly the breadwinners of their families. They did things like bind books and teach sewing, make toys, test toys, print textiles, make historic doll costumes and the like. Most of the women involved in these things had never been employed before or spoke limited English.

Her second involvement in historic movements came about through her WPA employment. She was set to handing out applications for bonuses to the WWI veterans in Hammond in 1936. A photograph of her doing so (with her freshly marcelled hair) appeared in the *Chicago Herald Examiner* on February 1 of that year. The handing out of bonuses came about after one of the most unfortunate chapters of our country's history. In 1924 a bonus had been promised to the veterans of the First World War, to be paid in 1945. They were to receive a $1.25 for every day they had served overseas and $1 for each day served in the United States. But many of those veterans were jobless victims of the Great Depression and, desperate for money, 20,000 of them marched on Washington in 1932, calling themselves the *Bonus Expeditionary Force*. With their wives and children they set up a shantytown in Washington, building shelters with materials scavenged from materials dragged from a nearby junk pile– old lumber, packing boxes, and scrap tin, covered with roofs of thatched straw. They petitioned Congress for immediate payment of their promised bonuses.

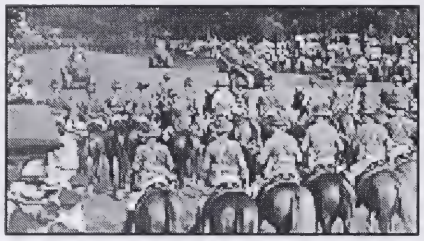
On June 17 when the vote was to be taken on the petition, 10,000 marchers crowded the Capitol grounds, waiting for the result of the vote. At dusk their leader came out to tell them that Congress had voted their petition down, 62-18. As H.L. Mencken observed, "In the sad aftermath that always follows a great war, there is nothing sadder than the surprise of the returned soldiers when they discover that they are regarded generally as public nuisances." The veterans reacted with stunned silence, sang *America*, and returned to their shelters.

The Bonus Army, as the public pegged them, refused to leave Washington, saying they would sit there until 1945, and even though they were not causing any trouble, the politicians were afraid that they might, so Hoover ordered the vets driven out of Washington by means of bayonets, tanks, and tear gas. The shantytown was burned to the ground. Two veterans were killed; two babies died; and the local hospitals were overwhelmed with casualties. Eisenhower later wrote, "The whole scene was pitiful. The veterans were ragged, ill-fed, and felt themselves badly abused. To suddenly see the whole encampment going up in flames just added to the pity."

The sight of American cavalry with swords drawn advancing on helpless, penniless American veterans and their families and gassing them and burning their shelters appalled their fellow citizens and Hoover was voted out in the next election. The reputations of

McArthur, Patton, and Eisenhower who participated in the rout against their fellow veterans all suffered. When a smaller Bonus Army returned to Washington in 1933 and 1934, Roosevelt, opposing the payment of the bonus, sent the last remnants of them to *veterans rehabilitation camps* where they worked for a dollar a day. The savior of the WWI veterans came in strange form. The most severe hurricane ever to strike this country smashed into the camps on the Florida Keys on Labor Day of 1935, killing over 250 of the vets. Finally, shocked by the deaths, Congress overrode Roosevelt's veto in 1936 and authorized immediate payment of the bonus. It is thought that this event paved the way for the GI Bill of Rights that assisted the veterans of World War II. The photograph of Wilma seated at a table and handing out the applications to the veterans, therefore, bears witness to two historic events in American history.

But her involvement in the major movements in American history was not limited to WPA employment and the Bonus payments. It extended to the paranoia about all things Japanese and German during the second World War. As a result of her employment with the (German) Lloyd Shipping Line, she was investigated by the American government as a possible collaborator with the Germans. The documents pertinent to the investigation of that company can be found online at www.archives.gov/research/guide-fed-records/group/131.html. Apparently, in 1942, records were seized at the offices of the German Railroads Information Service, the German-American Bund, the German-American Athletic Union of North America, and other organizations with German ties. All correspondence of the office of the North American Agent for the parent corporation of the Hamburg-America Line and for the North German Lloyd Line were also seized along with motion pictures that they had made for publicity purposes, pictures of the insides and outsides of their ships, photographs of the famous people who sailed on their ships, and picture albums related to the activities of the shipping line. Even sound recordings of Germans singing nationalist songs were taken.



Document six states that the Hamburg-Amerika line had "reportedly smuggled Nazi spies into the US before the war and had encouraged U.S. 'patriots' to travel to Germany and proselytize for Hitler during the 1930's." The licenses of the Hamburg-Amerika Line and its sister line the Lloyd to operate in the United States were revoked and their assets seized after creditors and taxes had been paid. This was done under the Trading with the Enemy Act. Fortunately, after Wilma, as an employee of the latter, had been investigated, she was cleared of any wrong doing. It must have been unsettling for her to even have been questioned, however.

Worse times were ahead, however. In the mid-fifties Wilma lost both her mother and her husband within four years of each other. Wilma was widowed on July 14, 1958. Jim had contracted mumps at age 63 and died as a result of that disease. Oddly enough, as he lay dying, he told Wilma, that he had been carrying a terrible secret. Wilma told him not to worry and not to tell her.

His step-son, Al Hofmann, feels it is possible that the "terrible secret" was that Adams had a Black daughter. Al says that once when he was at the Adams' house for

Thanksgiving dinner, a Black girl named Jackie was there as sort of a server, but she joined them at the table, and her name was Adams. Today that would hardly qualify as a "terrible secret," but in that day, it would have been. In some states it was illegal then to even have sexual relations with a person of another race. Adams was buried, secret intact, with Masonic rites (Garfield Lodge #569) and buried in Elmwood Cemetery, Hammond.

And there was more sadness for Wilma ahead. In 1960 she and her son Al became estranged when he decided to resume a relationship with his father. For some reason, rather than being pleased about that, she was willing to stop seeing her son and his children unless he remained estranged from his dad. There had been friction between her and her son and his wife for many years. She did not like Bonnie and said some insulting things about her, which did not win Bonnie's affection. Actually, when she learned that Al had lied about his age in order to marry Bonnie, saying he was 21 when he was only 18, she tried to have the marriage annulled. The Red Cross loaned him $50 to go home and stop the annulment.

Perhaps she retained some feeling for her grandchildren. I remember that when I visited my husband who had been hospitalized (as a teenager) in St. Margaret's Hospital in Hammond, that she came into the room to visit with him as well. She was working as a cashier in the hospital at the time. I saw her for just a few minutes and formed no opinion of her.

Various pictures of the bonus army appear on the opposite page. Unfortunately, most of the pictures which appeared in various websites are small and of poor resolution. Nonetheless, they give insight into what happened in Washington when the Bonus Army marched there. Below is the photograph of Wilma registering WWI veterans for their bonuses.

Wilma Hoffman (seated) and Anne Charles receive the applications of Hammond veterans for their bonuses. Hundreds of ex-service men stood in lines yesterday at bonus "depots" set up throughout the Calumet

Wilma died on July 28, 1972, in Hammond and was buried beside her husband. The cause of her death is shown as colon cancer of two months' duration complicated by a metathesizing of the cancer to her liver and then hepatic intoxication. She died where she had worked, no doubt receiving especially good care, at St. Margaret's. Nobody notified Al that his mother had died. He lived in Merrillville at the time of her death, and no obituary appeared in the newspaper that he read. As it happened, his wife Bonnie happened to be driving by the church at 165th and Calumet in Hammond and saw Bonnie Joyce Adams (Watson) walking out. For some reason Bonnie Hofmann drew the conclusion that Wilma had died...and she was right.

CHILDREN OF WILHEMINA PETERSEN AND HER HUSBANDS:
by Kurt Hofmann
1. **Albert William Hofmann** (more earlier)

by James Adams
2. Bonnie Joyce Adams, born ca. 1937; married Clinton Watson, February 13, 19__, Hammond, Indiana.
3. Ralph Adams, born ca. 1943; occupation teacher

As Albert was estranged from his half-siblings, he knows little about them.

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT: from an unknown newspaper, possibly the *Hammond Times*. Notice that she has apparently regained her maidenhood.
Wilma Hoffman and James Adams Wed.

Miss Wilma Hoffman of 924 Wilcox street and James Adams of 707 Wentworth avenue, Calumet City were married on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. at the home of Mr. And Mrs. George Buck in 504 Kenwood street. The Rev. Loren Stine of the United Brethren church performed the ceremony. For her wedding, the bride wore a brown tunic ensemble, trimmed with brass nailheads, and carried yellow chrysanthemums, tied with a yellow bow. Her accessories were in brown. Mrs. Buck, the matron of honor, was dressed in a black crepe outfit and held a bouquet of rust colored mums. Mr. Buck was the best man. Following the wedding, a delicious dinner was served to 16 guests. Mr. and Mrs. Adams will be at home in an apartment on Kenwood street after Nov. 22 when they are expected back from their wedding trip to an unannounced destination. The groom has a position with the B.O. and C.T. railroad. His bride taught handwork in the parochial schools for the WPA.

BONNIE JOYCE ADAMS

PLANS ARE BEING MADE for a February wedding by Miss Bonnie Joyce Adams and Clinton E. Watson, son of Jesse Watson of Poplar Bluff, Mo., whose engagement is being announced by her mother, Mrs. Wilma Adams of 5906 Park Pl., Hammond. The bride-elect was graduated from Hammond High School, attended Hammond Business College and is a member of Sigma Alph Sigma social sorority. She is employed as a secretary at LaSalle Steel Co. Mr. Watson is an alumnus of Poplar Bluff High School and is employed by the Sinclair Refining Co.

Above: James, Bonnie, Wilma, and Ralph Adams
Above, right: Bonnie's newspaper engagement photo

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCEMENT: from an unknown newspaper, presumably the *Hammond Times*.

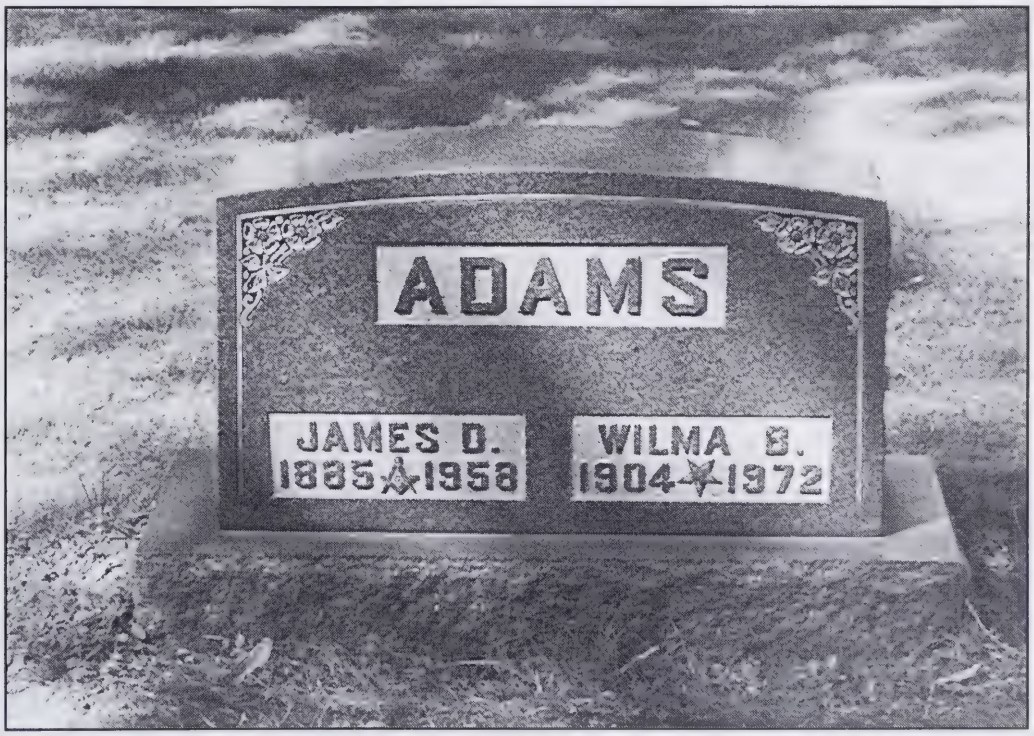
Plans are being made for a February wedding by Miss Bonnie Joyce Adams and Clinton E. Watson, son of Jesse Watson of Poplar Bluff, Mo., whose engagement is being announced by her mother, Mrs. Wilma Adams of 5906 Park Pl., Hammond. The bride-elect was graduated from Hammond High School, attended Hammond Business College and is a member of sigma Alpha Sigma social sorority. She is employed as a secretary for LaSalle Steel Co. Mr. Watson is an alumnus of Poplar Bluff High School and is employed by the Sinclair Refining Co.

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT: from an unknown newspaper, presumably the *Hammond Times*.
BONNIE JOYCE ADAMS WEDS CLINTON WATSON

The First United Presbyterian Church in Hammond was the scene of the 7 p.m. double ring ceremony which united in marriage Miss Bonnie Joyce Adams, daughter of Mrs. Wilma Adams, 5969 Park Place, Hammond, and Clinton E. Watson, son of Jesse Watson of Popular Bluff, Mo. The Rev. Harold W. Turpin solemnized the rites on Feb. 13 before an altar decked with baskets of white gladioli and mums. White satin bows marked the pews. "Revery" by Banks, "Pastorella" by Matthews, and "Meditation" by Wheeldon were the musical selections for the wedding. Guests were escorted to their seats by Dan Love, Dean Bagwell, Ned Carlton and Bill Stump while George Amber attended the groom as best man. White satin was worn by the bride as she was given in marriage by her brother, Ralph J. Adams. The floor-length bouffant skirt was accented with a redingote panel with appliqued lace in front. The full back ended in a chapel-length train. Her headpiece was a tiny pearl crown with borealis tear drops and a fingertip veil of French illusion. Stephanotis and feathered carnations surrounded by white orchid in her cluster bouquet. The bride's attendants were Miss Dorothy Brumm, Miss Sandra Kingater and Miss Peggy Hinton, maid of honor. The girls wore street-length satin dresses with petal skirts accented with a bow at the waistline. The maid of honor's dress was creme café and the bridesmaids' were cocoa brown. Bow bands and halo veils completed their ensembles. They carried colonial bouquets of yellow pompoms with a center cluster of wood roses. Before leaving for a wedding trip to New Orleans, La., the couple greeted 300 guests at the American Legion Post 16. A champaign beige and gold worsted suit with matching beige accessories was worn by the bride for traveling. A graduate of Poplar Bluff High School, Mr. Watson is employed by the Sinclair Oil refinery. His wife is an alumna of Hammond High School and is a secretary for LaSalle Steel Co.

OBITUARY: from an unknown newspaper, presumably the *Hammond Times* (1972)

Wilma B. Adams, age 67, of 9544 Cypress Ave., Munster, Indiana, passed away Friday, July 28, at St. Margaret Hospital, Hammond. Survivors: one daughter, Mrs. Bonnie (Clinton) Watson of Munster; one son, Ralph J. (Marcia) of Santa Barbara, California; four grandchildren. Funeral services will be Monday, July 31, at 11 a.m. at the Clarence J. Huber Funeral Home, 722-165th Street, Hammond, with Rev. Paul B. Stephenson, officiating. Burial Elmwood Cemetery, Hammond. Friends may call at the chapel Sunday, 3-5 and 7-9 p.m. She was a resident of the Calumet Region for 45 years; member of the Ridge Methodist Church; Member of the Abby Hansen Chapter of the Eastern Star. She was a member of the Senior Citizen's Club of Munster.



top, left: Ralph and Bonnie Adams with their Grandmother Petersen.
top, right: Ralph Adams

Thanksgiving at the Adams house. From center front, Jim Adams, Bonnie Adams, Allen Hofmann, Ralph Adams, Bertha Petersen, Wilma Adams, Bonnie Hofmann, Karen Hofmann

#19 BERTHA KATHERINE DAHNKE PETERSEN (1877-1954)

Bertha was born in Hamburg, Germany, on April 24, 1877, the daughter of John and Katherine Dahnke and sister of Paula Wilhelm Dahnke. Bertha married Wilhelm Petersen. It is probable that they could not have children of their own, as they adopted a daughter, who was their known child-- Wilhemina. Wilhelm worked on the wharfs in Hamburg, and Bertha ran a fine goods laundry in her home, so they were not a prosperous couple. Bertha had a refined look about her though despite her circumstances.

No doubt she was distressed when her only child emigrated to the United States in 1925, but she joined her sooner than she would have imagined. In 1930 Wilhelm fell off a ship he was working on and contracted pneumonia, which killed him. Bertha decided to emigrate to the United States herself then and join her daughter. Her grandson, Al Hofmann, remembers her as a "tiny" lady who got off the train and gave him "a big kiss." She was, in fact, barely taller than he.

After her daughter's divorce from Kurt Hofmann, Bertha was given the care of her grandson. I guess at first it wasn't a bad situation, but things worsened as the Depression deepened, and soon Bertha and her grandson Al were living a rather Dickensian existence which he wrote about in his autobiography which appears earlier in this book and which I will not repeat here. However, I think he must have been very important to her. He was, after all, all she had. She had left behind her country to come to a place where she could not even speak the language. Instead of improving her lot, she arrived just as the Great Depression was getting started, and the stress of having the responsibility of a young child at such a time must have been great. She must have felt unhappy and perhaps even defensive about not being able to do more for him, hence her misguided telling him that there was no dinner or no Christmas present because he was *bad.* Then her daughter married a man she didn't like and moved her into a basement to live.

Al remembers going to the Lutheran Church in Hammond with his grandmother to listen to the speeches given at the German Bund and to watch their propaganda films so that they could eat the free meal given after the presentations. He says that the people there would press his grandmother to place him in their Hitler Youth Group but that she wouldn't. So apparently, she did not swallow the Nazi line– just their food.

Al also says she "worked from morning to night. I didn't have many socks so she was always darning them and CLEANING the little house her and I lived in. the evening was hers to read the *Abendpost* from back to front! We would walk to Goldblatts which was MILES away to buy food in the basement there.

I know little else about her, as Al did not see her much beyond his teen years. He left home to join the army when he was 18 and was then busy with his work and family. One of the more touching things he mentioned about her, however, was that when he was about to leave for boot camp, she brought him some pajamas to wear there. The pajamas ended up in the Calumet River as the young Al was not keen on wearing them amongst the other soldiers. But I see the pajamas as the last thing she could do to take care of him.

top: Bertha and Wilhelm Petersen holding a picture of their daughter Wilma and her husband Kurt Hofmann. Bottom, Bertha Petersen and her grandson Ralph Adams.

She died of stomach cancer on November 17, 1954, in Hammond, Indiana, at age 77, and was buried in Elmwood Cemetery in Hammond, Indiana, a long, long way from Hamburg. Although she is not a direct ancestor of Matthew and Nathaniel Hofmann, she is included here for the influence that she had on those who were their direct ancestors.

OBITUARY: from the *Hammond Times*, November 17, 1954.
Mrs. Bertha (Grandma) Petersen, 77, or 5969 Park Place, Hammond, died early today at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wilma Adams. She lived here 24 years. Services will be held at 2 p.m. Friday in the Emmerling Funeral Home, 6020 Hohman Ave., Hammond, the Rev. Harold W. Turpin officiating. Burial will be in Elmwood Cemetery. Friends may call at the funeral home Thursday. Surviving besides her daughter, are three grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Bertha Petersen and grandson Al Hofmann

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be
no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

For though from out
our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far
I hope to see my Pilot
face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

....ALFRED TENNYSON

In Memory of
BERTHA KATHERINE PETERSEN

Date of Birth
April 24, 1877

Date of Death
November 17, 1954

Services from
Emmerling Funeral Chapel
Hohman Ave. at Highland St.
Hammond, Indiana
Friday, November 19, 1954
2 P. M.

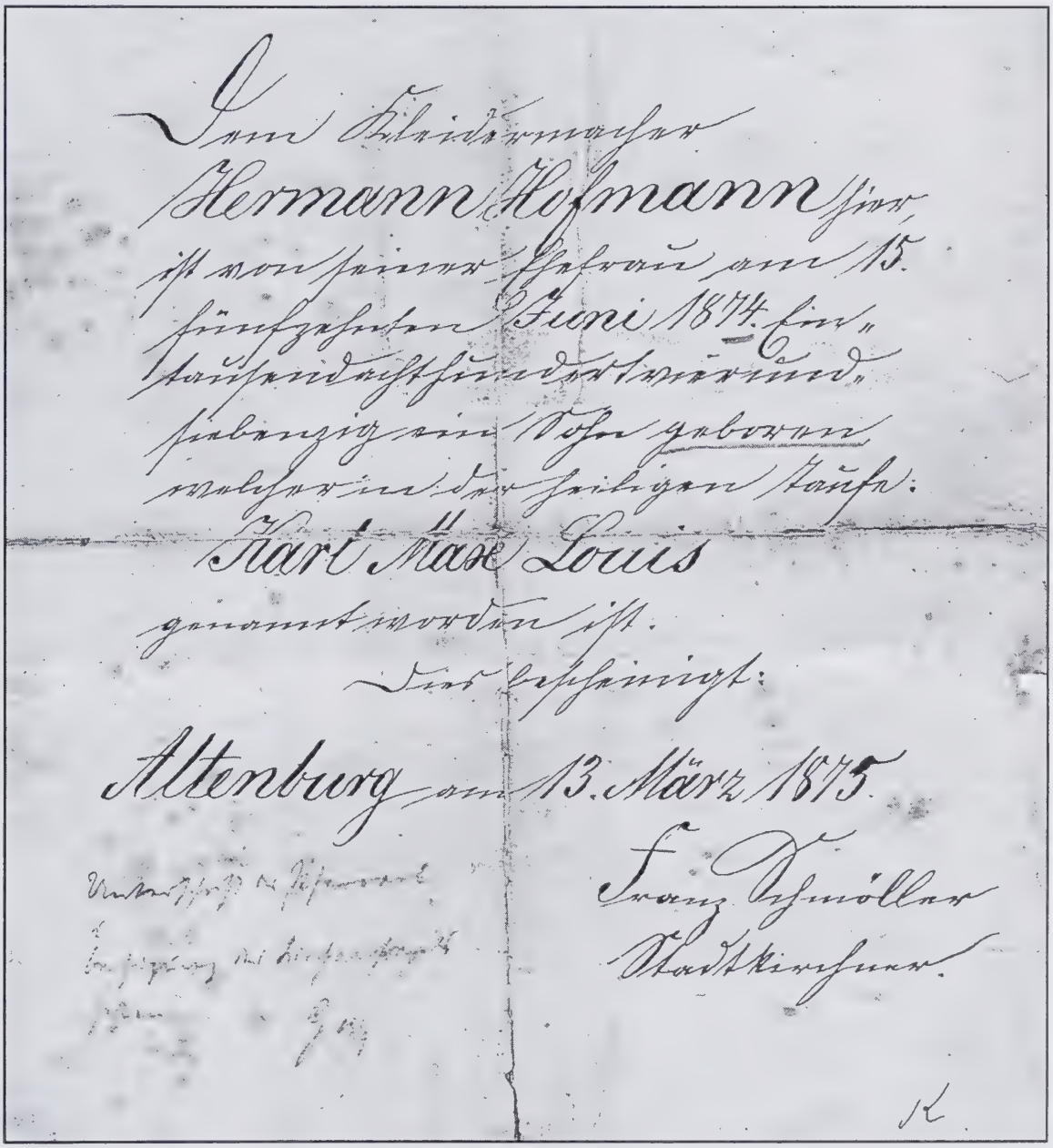
Clergyman
Rev. Harold W. Turpin

Final Resting Place
Elmwood Cemetery

#16 KARL MAX LOUIS HOFMANN (1874- 1955)

Karl Hofmann was born in Altenburg, Germany, in 1874. Altenburg lies in the German duchy of Thuringia now though it belonged to the former East Prussian territory, Sachsen-Anhalt or Saxony at one point. Its chief claim to fame is that the deck of cards was invented there. Four generations prior to Karl had lived in a small village near Altenburg– Dobitschen. The word *Altenburg* translates to *Old Person's Castle* and indeed there has been a castle there since 976, a favorite of early German emperors such as Frederick Barbarossa (Red beard).

In 1878 the peasant stock of Altenburg was described as "industrious and prosperous," their land as agriculturally rich, their rivers – the Pleisse and the Saale as watering the "undulating and fertile region." Oats, wheat, rye, and potatoes were the chief crops raised by the 35% of the population that worked in agriculture as Karl's ancestors had. But Karl's father had left the rural area where he was born and had moved to Altenburg before 1874. Then at some time prior to 1877, he had moved to Hamburg where Karl attended school until he was fifteen. Karl's grade report book, which is in my possession, shows that overall he was a *gut* student.


Im Schneidermeister
Hermann Hofmann hier,
ist von seiner Ehefrau am 15.
fünfzehnten Juni 1874 ein
tausendachthundertvierundsiebenzig ein Sohn geboren
welcher in der heiligen Taufe:
Karl Max Louis
genannt worden ist.
Dies bescheinigt:
Altenburg am 13. März 1875.
Franz Schmöller
Stadtkirchner.

"A son was born to tailor Hermann Hofmann of this town by his wife on 15 June 1874. The child was given the name of Karl Max Louis. This certificate is issued in Altenburg on 13 March 1875. Franz Schmoller, City Church Office. This certifies that the pastor did not sign the original record (signature)." A second birth certificate says that Karl's mother is Katharine nee Ehlerding and that he was christened June 20, 1874. It was dated Altenburg, 19 September 1898 and signed by H. Schottmeyer of the supervisory office of the Lutheran Church.

At right: Birth and baptism certificate dated September 10, 1898. Karl must have needed a copy for some purpose.

Below: Commemorative baptismal document probably given to Karl by his godparent. It contains a poem about a good angel watching the child and the child living a righteous life that will be rewarded by Christ in the life to come.

Geburts- und Taufzeugniss.

Dem Kleidermacher Hermann Hofmann hier wurde von seiner Ehefrau Katharine geb. Ehlerding am 15. fünfzehnten Juni 1800 vierundsiebzig — 1874 — ein Sohn geboren, welcher am 28. des nächsten Monats getauft und „Karl Max Louis" genannt worden ist.

[illegible] d oberpfarramtlich beglaubigt.

[illegible]urg, am 19. September 1898.

Das Oberpfarramt.

H. Schoenmeyer.

ZUR

Erinnerung.

Ein guter Engel wolle Dich begleiten
Und treu Dir stets zur Seite steh'n,
Dass Du vom rechten Pfad nie mögest gleiten:
Von jenem Pfad, den wahre Christen geh'n.
Halt fest an ihm mit kindlichem Verlangen,
Dann wirst Du nach der kurzen Erdenfrist
Die Kron des ew'gen Lebens dort empfangen,
Die uns durch Christus schon verheissen ist.

Diese Erinnerung
giebt seinem lieben Taufkinde

Sein getreu Taufzeug

Altenburg, d. 28/7 74.

Max Schott

On opposite page, top:
Hamburg School Adminstration; People's school, Spitalerstrasse, No. 26
Departure certificate
Karl Hofmann, born June 15, 1874, attended the school January 3, 1882, through March 31, 1889.
Overall: very good. Behavior: (?) very good. Work ethic: good. Cleanliness (?): very good. Religion: good. German language: good. English language: good. Literature: very good. Geography: good. Nature study: good. Nature apprenticeship: satisfactory. Calculation and algebra: very good. Geometry: satisfactory. Composition: good. Drawing: good. Singing: satisfactory. Physical education: unsatisfactory.
Signed by the teacher, Mr. Muller, and the principal.

Hamburgische Schulverwaltung.

Oeffentliche Volksschule

des 2. Schulbezirks Spitalerstrasse № 26

Abgangszeugniß

für

Karl Hofmann

geboren den 15. Juni 1874

besuchte die hiesige Volksschule von 3. Janr. 1882 bis 31. März 1889

geht ab aus Classe: I a

Betragen: sehr gut

Ordnung: fast sehr gut

Schulfleiß: gut

Häuslicher Fleiß: sehr gut

Religion: gut

Deutsche Sprache: gut

Englische Sprache: gut

Geschichte: fast gut

Geographie: gut

Naturgeschichte: gut

Naturlehre: genügend

Rechnen und Algebra: fast gut

Geometrie: genügend

Schreiben: gut

Zeichnen: gut

Singen: genügend

Turnen: vorzüglich

Der Classenlehrer:

G. F. Müller

2.

Der Schreiber Karl Hofmann ist seit dem 24 Februar 1889 in unserm Geschäfte thätig gewesen und verlässt dasselbe am 31 März a. c. auf seinen Wunsch. Derselbe hat sich während seiner Zeit bei uns zu jeder Zufriedenheit verhalten, so dass wir ihn nur bestens empfehlen können.

Hamburg den 16 März 1893.

Donnenberg & Jaques

DONNENBERG & JAQUES Rechtsanwälte HAMBURG

The clerk, Karl Hofmann, has been employed in our business since 24 February 1889 and is leaving our employ by his own choice on 31 March this year. His performance during that time has been satisfactory in every regard, such that we can give him a most enthusiastic recommendation. Hamburg, 16 March 1893. Donnenberg & Jaques, Attornies, Hamburg.

Citizenship No. 93706. In response to a petition, Karl Max Louis Hofmann, born in Altenburg, Saxe-Altenburg, on 15 June 1874, and his wife Justine Catharina Johanna nee Hartung, born in Hamburg on 16 September 1876, and their two minor sons 1.) Kurt Albert Johannes, born here on 9 May 1901 and 2) Henry Eduard August, born here on 27 February 1905, are hereby granted rights of citizenship in Hamburg on fourth day of June 1908. The Senator and Supervisor of the Civil Registry Offices Dr. von Bargen. posted on 4 June 1908.

Aufnahme-Urkunde. A. No. 93706.

Auf Ansuchen ist der am 15. Juni 1874 ... Altenburg geborene ... Hofmann ... Catharina Johanna geborenen ... am 16. September 1876 und seinen ... 1, Kurt Albert Johannes, ge... 1 und 2, Henry Eduard August, ... Februar 1905, ... hundert und acht als ... gehöriger aufgenommen

... Juni 1908.

... r. Chef der Aufsichtsbehörde ... die Standesämter

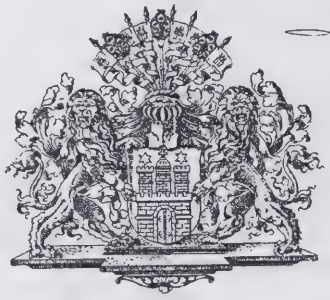
i. A.

Dr. v. Bargen

Rat

Above, a document granting citizenship to Karl, his wife and sons, dated June 4, 1908. The second document, the one in front of the other, shows that Karl had taken the oath required of him as a citizen and is dated July 10, 1908. The oath requires him to pledge that he will abide by the laws of the "free and Hanseatic" town of Hamburg and will defend it while remaining an upright citizen.

No. 1908
Fol. 444. No. 887.



Ausweise des bei der Aufsichtsbehörde für die Standesämter bewahrten Registers hat

Karl Max Louis Hofmann,

geboren am 15. Juni 1874 zu Altenburg, Sachsen-Altenburg am 10. Juli Neunzehnhundert und acht den untenstehenden Eid abgestattet und das hamburgische Bürgerrecht erworben.

Hamburg, den 10. Juli 1908.

Zur Beglaubigung:

[signature]
f. d. Rat.

Bürgereid:

Ich gelobe und schwöre zu Gott, dem Allmächtigen, daß ich der freien und Hansestadt Hamburg und dem Senate treu und hold sein, das Beste der Stadt suchen und Schaden von ihr abwenden will, soviel ich vermag; daß ich die Verfassung und die Gesetze gewissenhaft beobachten, alle Steuern und Abgaben, wie sie jetzt bestehen und künftig zwischen dem Senate und der Bürgerschaft vereinbart werden, redlich und unweigerlich entrichten und dabei, als ein rechtschaffener Mann, niemals meinen Vorteil zum Schaden der Stadt suchen will. So wahr mir Gott helfe!

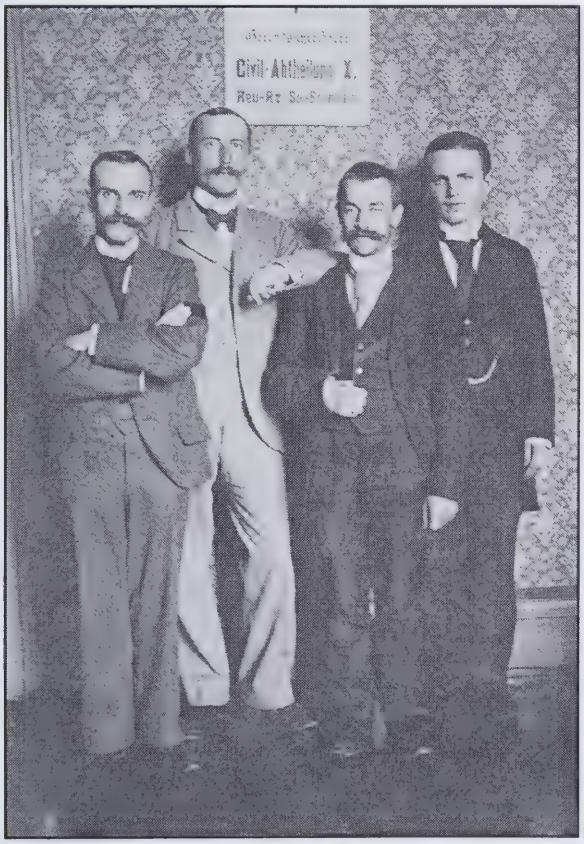
Unterschrift des Inhabers: K. Hofmann.

For four years after he left primary school, Karl did office work for a lawyer and then got a job as a clerk in the office of the Hamburg treasurer or payroll office. His grandson, Erich Hofmann, says that Karl "was a brilliant pupil" and that he must have "done very good as a clerk with the lawyer, if not he would not have got an employment with a Hamburg local court in 1893." Whatever the case, Karl continued to work as a clerk and eventually received a forty-year service medal and letter of gratitude for "service to the fatherland" signed by Adolf Hitler as his reward. He was already working in the Hamburg treasurer's office when, on July 7, 1900, Karl married Joanna (Henny) Hartung. Together they had two sons : Kurt, born in 1901, and Henry, born in 1905.

German society in the Wilhelmine period (1890-1901) when Karl attained maturity and began his life's work was divided along class lines with little mobility between classes. The middle ranks were socialized into officials of the state, the *beamte,* such as teachers and civil servants like Karl. Although teachers and civil servants were strictly regulated in conditions of employment, they were granted rights of tenure and pension in return. So their status was highly cherished and widely respected. In the eyes of his fellow Germans, Karl had much improved his lot in life. He and Henny must have felt proud of his accomplishments.

Although it seems odd that a German would need to apply for citizenship in a German state, Karl actually had to request citizenship from the Hamburg Administration for himself and for his sons. These were granted on June 4, 1908. His grandson, Erich Hofmann, postulated that Karl had lived until then in Hamburg with citizenship and passport from the feudal state of Saxony. Hamburg was a Hanseatic state– that is, along with Bremen and Lubeck, it was joined in the Hanseatic League with cities in other countries such as Norway and Russia from the Middle Ages.

The Hanseatic League was not so much a league of cities as it was a union of merchant associations who had joined together to protect trade. As travel was dangerous in the Middle Ages, merchants would travel together along such roads as the *Salt Road.* When a canal was built from near Hamburg to Lubeck, the Hamburg merchants controlled the canal and dominated the very important salt trade. Although Hamburg and Lubeck were the first two cities to form the *Hansa*, eventually 60 cities were a part of it. Interestingly enough, Hamburg is still called *The Free and Hanseatic City of Hamburg*, and it did not take that name until the League had been history for a century and a half. The people in Hamburg considered themselves above most of the other cities in Germany and even separate in certain ways. Hence the need for Karl to seek citizenship in it.



But there is another possibility for his need to request citizenship. In Hodgskin's *Travels in Northern Germany* (1820), he writes that one could not be a legal citizen of Hamburg, possessed of full privileges of citizenship, unless one owned a "house of a certain value." The status of citizen had to be granted by the Senate upon proof of such ownership. I do not know if that edict was in effect in 1909, but judging by the slow pace of other social progress, it seems possible that it did. So it might have been in 1909 that Karl was able to purchase a home with significant enough value to allow him to request a ruling in his favor by the Senate and achieve citizenship.

Karl stepped away from his office job at least one time– when he served with the German army in WWI. His designation was *Landstrummann* (land storm man) and later, as *Landwehrmann* (land barrage man). All German men were liable to be drafted from ages 17 through 45– unless they worked in a profession deemed more valuable than their being in the military. For example, during a war a farmer might be exempt or certain types of industrial workers might be exempt. Otherwise, there were four categories of military standing: active, reserve, *Landstrummann*, and *Landwehrmann.*

top, Karl as a young man
bottom, Karl (far right) with the men he worked with at the Hamburg court.

Altenburg Castle

Karl Hofmann's grade book

Parents or Guardians: H. Hofmann
Occupation: Tailor
Residence: in the Muhren 11/111
Ongoing education: Public School
On 14 April 1887 Spitalstrasse 26
Classification of grades after 1 April 1888:
a. For deportment and order: very good, good, rather good, unsatisfactory, poor
b. For other grades: very good, good, satisfactory, unsatisfactory, defiicient

Public School of the Second District
Holland Brook No. 12
Grades for
Karl Hofmann
Born 15 June 1874
Entered school 3 January 1882
Registration no. C251
Registration interview no. C251
Classification of grades:
a. For deportment: very good, good, not without reproach, poor
b. For the other categories: very good, good, satisfactory, unsatisfactory

Eltern oder Pfleger: H. Hofmann
Geschäft: Schneider

Wohnung: b. d. Mühren 11 III

Umschulung:

Oeffentliche Volksschule:

Am 14. Apr. 1887 Spitalerstr. 26
" 18
" 18
" 18
" 18
" 18

Abstufung der Zeugnisse vom 1. April 1888 an:
a. Für Betragen und Ordnung: sehr gut, gut, ziemlich gut, nicht befriedigend, schlecht.
b. Für die übrigen Zeugnisse: sehr gut, gut, genügend, mangelhaft, ungenügend.

Oeffentliche Volksschule des 2 Schulbezirks:
Holländ. Brook № 12.

Schulzeugnisse
für
Karl Hofmann.

geboren: den 15. Juni 1874
aufgenommen: den 3. Jan 1882
Anmeldebogen № ~~293~~
Aufnahmeprotokoll № ~~293~~
C. 251.

Abstufung der Zeugnisse:
a. für Betragen: sehr gut, gut, nicht ohne Tadel, schlecht,
b. für die übrigen Rubriken: sehr gut, gut, genügend, ungenügend.

— 1 —

Classe. VI b

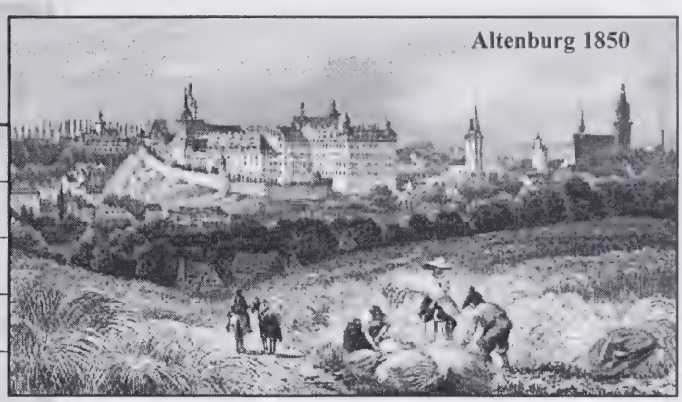
Von Januar bis April 1882.

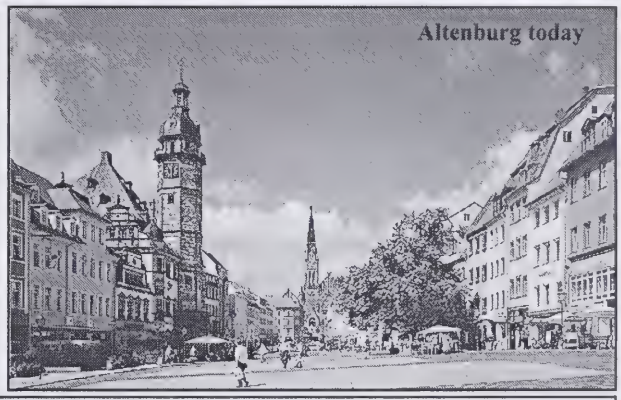
Betragen:	gut.
Ordnung:	genügend.
Schulfleiß:	genügend.
Häuslicher Fleiß:	gut.
Fortschritte:	ungenügend.

Versäumt an halben Tagen:

im Monat:	Jan.	Febr.	März	Im Ganzen:
krank:	—	2	—	2
Erl. v. Hauptl.:	—	—	—	—
Erl. v. Vorst.:	—	—	—	—
ohne Erl.:	—	—	—	—
zu spät:	— mal	— mal	— mal	— mal
nachgeblieben:	—	1 "	—	1 "
Classenplatz von	№ 50 ... 54	№ 33 ... 54	№ 39 ... 54	Schülern.

Unterschrift der Eltern oder Pfleger: H. Hofmann





— 18 —

3. Classe.

Von April bis Juni 18 86.

Betragen:	sehr gut.
Ordnung:	gut.
Schulfleiß:	gut.
Häuslicher Fleiß:	sehr gut.
Fortschritte:	gut.

Versäumt an halben Tagen:

im Monat:	Apr.	Mai	Juni	Im Ganzen:
krank:	—	—	1	1
Erl. v. Hauptl.:	—	—	—	—
Erl. v. Vorst.:	—	—	—	—
ohne Erl.:	—	—	—	—
zu spät:	— mal	— mal	— mal	— mal
nachgeblieben:	— 4	— 5	5	3
Classenplatz von	№ 14 ... 56	№ 3 ... 56	№ 1 ... 54	Schülern.

Unterschrift der Eltern oder Pfleger: H. Hofmann's Wwe.

Page 18
3rd class
From April to June 1886
Deportment: very good
Order: good
Effort: good
Housekeeping effort: very good
Progress: good
Half-days of absence:
1 in June
1 total
Class records:
April no. 14 of 56
May no. 3 of 56
June no. 1 of 54
Signature of the parents or guardians:
H. Hofmann's widow

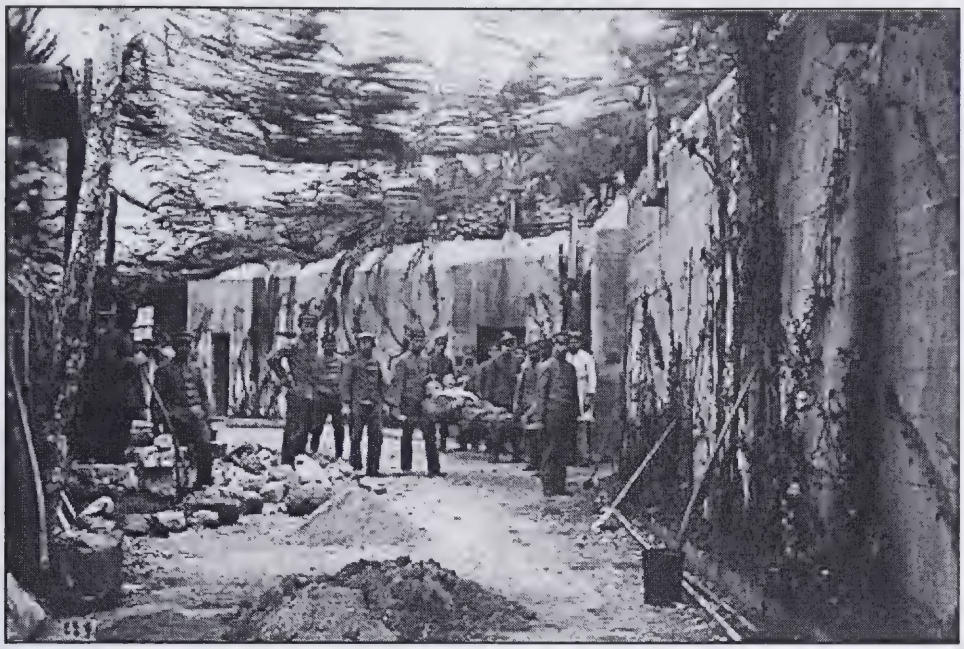
Page 1 is signed by Hermann Hofmann. Some of Karl's work was satisfactory and some unsatisfactory. Notice his class ranking steadily improved.

At age 17 a man could be called into the Landstrum 1st Ban, a type of national guard for home defense. At age 20 that man had no choice but to perform actual active service, either in the form of two years in the infantry or 3 years in the cavalry and field artillery. (It is likely, therefore, that Karl was a veteran of at least two years' service before he even went into the infantry in WWI.)

Following his compulsory active service, a man would then spend four or five years in the reserves, training for two weeks each year, similar to our own National Guard. After that stage, a man would serve in the Landwehr for eleven years and then end his last seven years of military duty in the Landstrum 2nd Ban. At the age of 45, a man was no longer called to duty– theoretically. Actually, it was only in times of war that anyone in the Landstrum or Landwehr would be called up as Karl was. For this service, Karl received an Iron Cross, which is also in my possession at the time of this writing. It is a black Iron Cross with *1918* impressed at the bottom of one side. The Iron Cross was given for bravery, but the term must have been applied broadly, as many thousands were given out. That does not negate the significance of Karl's however to us, and likely to him.

From postcards that he sent home, we know that he did see battle and that he was tired of it and wanted to go home long before the war was done. Unfortunately, we also know that he was wounded in action and spent some time in a military hospital, as a photograph has survived which shows him with a group of soldiers and nurses (He is on the far right). One of the postcards is particularly interesting as it was mailed from Brest-Litovsk in February of 1918, just a month before a treaty was signed there with the Russians. It indicates that he served at least part of the war on the Russian Front. (Translations of all of these postcards can be found at the conclusion of this biography.)

Karl certainly would have had first hand knowledge of the horrors of the First World War: trench warfare, the use of poison gas and the

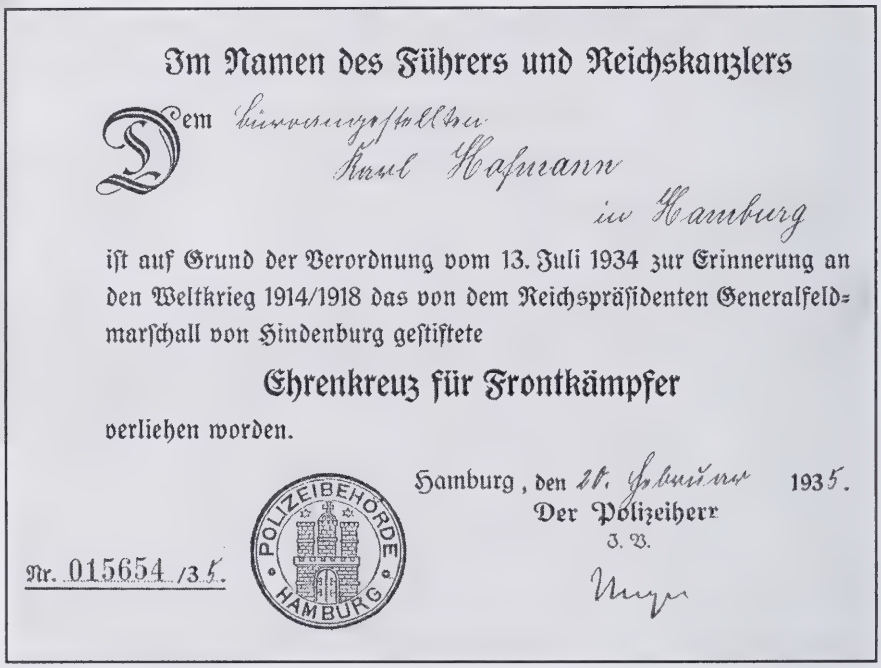


On this page are photographs of WWI soldiers inside a bunker and crossing no-man's land. **On the opposite page** is a photograph taken at the front lines. Karl is in the middle of the front row. Two copies of this photograph have survived. **One** was sent as a postcard to Karls' niece Karla Richter. The text on the back says, "At the front, 31 July 1917. My dear little Karla, as a souvenir of the campaign of 1914-1917 from your Uncle Karl. I am doing relatively well here, which I do hope is true of you as well, my dear Karla, as well as of Mother and Aunt Tilli. I send you my best wishes and kisses. May we meet again soon. Your Uncle Karl. Best wishes also to your mother and Aunt Tillli." **The second** was sent as a postcard to Hermine Richter, Karla's mother. The text on the back reads, "At the front, July 26, 1917. Best wishes to our dear Tilli. My dear Hermine, I am sending you this picture as a souvenir of the campaign of 1914-1917. I am doing relatively well and I do hope the same is true of you and of your dear Robert, Karla, and Tilli. May the war be over this year. I really have high hopes of that. Today I have been back here at the front for three weeks. There has been a lot of artillery fire this week, but today things are quieter. Well, I will close for now and send you my best wishes. May we see each other again soon. Your brother Karl. Best wishes and kisses to my dear Karla. A request of Karla. I don't have all of the pictures yet. (Tilli was also his sister.)

introduction of the (problematic) tank, and hand or rifle driven grenades. The latter was particularly useful in a war fought chiefly in the trenches. Nine-man teams of grenadiers would be responsible for running the line of a trench, lobbing grenades into each dug-out in order to purge them of their occupants. German soldiers often wore *stielhandgranate* (stick hand grenades) around their necks. If one were lucky enough to escape the grenades, the gas might get him. Its use was considered *uncivilized* prior to WWI– rather an interesting choice of word, as what part of war is *civilized*? It was soon seen as necessary to avoid the stalemates which developed in the trenches. The Germans made a real effort to develop effective gases and soon progressed from using tear gas to using poisonous chlorine gas, which would envelop the battleground in a yellow cloud and within seconds, destroy a man's lungs.

A description of a gas attack can be found at from http://www.firstworldwar.com/diaries/firstgasattack.htm. It is an excerpt from the diary of a British soldier named Anthony Hossack: "As we gazed in the direction of the bombardment, where our line joined the French, six miles away, we could see in the falling light the flash of shrapnel here and there the light of a rocket. But more curious than anything was a low cloud of yellow-grey smoke or vapour, and, underlying everything, a dull confused murmuring. Suddenly down the road from the Yser Canal came a galloping team of horses, the riders goading on their mounts in a frenzied way; then another and another, till the road became a seething mass with a pall of dust over all. Plainly something terrible was happening. What was it? Officers, and Staff officers, too, stood gazing at the scene, awestruck and dumbfounded; for in the northerly breeze there came a pungent nauseating smell that tickled the throat and made our eyes smart. The horses and men were still pouring down the road, two or three men on a horse, I saw, while over the fields streamed mobs of infantry, the dusky warriors of French Africa; away went their rifles, equipment, even their tunics that they might run the faster. One man came stumbling through our lines. An officer of ours held him up with levelled revolver, "What's the

Undated postcard that Karl sent his sister Bothilde. It has only a greeting on the back of it. Karl is on the far right of the third row down from the top.



Im Namen des Führers und Reichskanzlers

Dem Büroangestellten
Karl Hofmann
in Hamburg

ist auf Grund der Verordnung vom 13. Juli 1934 zur Erinnerung an den Weltkrieg 1914/1918 das von dem Reichspräsidenten Generalfeldmarschall von Hindenburg gestiftete

Ehrenkreuz für Frontkämpfer

verliehen worden.

Hamburg, den 20. Februar 1935.
Der Polizeiherr
J. V.

Nr. 015654/35.

POLIZEIBEHÖRDE HAMBURG

In the Name of the Fuhrer and Reichs Chancellor, Office employee Karl Hofmann, a resident of Hamburg, is hereby awarded the Cross of Honor for Front-Line Soldiers in accordance with the law of 13 July 1934 and in memory of the World War of 1914-1918, as decreed by Reichs President and Field Marshall von Hindenburg. No. 015654/35 (seal) Hamburg, 20 February 1935. Police Official (signature)

NOTE: from www.worldwarI.com/sfgcross.htm

The Iron Cross was created in 1813 during the Napoleonic Wars. Designed by Karl Schinkel, it is a simple blackened iron cross with continuous silver trim around the edge. One side has a simple oak leaf sprig in the center, with 1813 on its lower arm, and the Royal Cipher "FW" and a crown in the upper arm. At first the obverse side was originally left blank. Later the year of the war in which the soldier took part was impressed on that side. The medal was suspended by ribbon from a large ring at the top of it. The Iron Cross was intended to be awarded only during times of war. The best guess is that between one and one and a half million were distributed. Prior to 1915, during an award ceremony, the ribbon with medal attached, would be placed through the second button hole below the collar of the tunic. Generally a soldier would send his medal home and wear just the ribbon in the field. In 1915 the uniform was changed to conceal the buttons and then the ribbon was sewn to the button fly where the button hole would have been. Later on a bar was made out of ribbon and worn on the chest, over the heart along with various other wartime ribbons. Karl's Iron Cross is pictured at in the middle of this page.

matter, you bloody lot of cowards," says he. The Zouave was frothing at the mouth, his eyes started from their sockets, and he fell writhing at the officer's feet."

Karl may have witnessed such scenes. The British and French gassed the Germans as they themselves had been gassed. The more deadly phosgene gas and mustard gas succeeded the chlorine. It is said that had the war continued, gas would have been inserted in more than half of all shells. As it was, they got around to using over 130,000 tons of the stuff and killing or injuring over a million and a half men. The only protections the soldiers had were urine-soaked cloths or wads of cotton soaked in bicarbonate of soda or mouth caps filled with some liquid that counteracted the gas, until eventually, in 1918, filter masks were invented.

The details of Karl's service are unknown. All service records for WWI were destroyed in the fires of WWII. The Bundesarchiv says his hospital records have also been destroyed. But we do know from the postcards that he served throughout the war, that he served on the Eastern Front, and that he was in battalion 9, company 4. In a photograph that I have, the roman numeral four can be seen on Karl's collar with the number 36 beneath it, so I would imagine his unit might have been number 36. We also know that they served in Russia and traveled through Schleswig. His grandson Erich Hofmann he wrote that Karl "got instruction as *Landsturmpflichtiger* in the Rekruten-Depot I E.L. Inf. Reg. 84 from July 27 1915 to June 10 1916 and thereafter he participated in the campaign in Russia from June 11, 1916 to October 28, 1918 with the Landsturm-Infanterie-Regiment 9 and from October 31, 1918 to January 8, 1919 with the Landstrum-Infanterie-Regiment 327. On January 9, 1919 he was sent back to the *Bezirkskommando* (district command) Hamburg III."

Karl's homecoming from the war would have necessarily been bittersweet. Before the war, Germany had had expectations of a quick victory and the establishment of their country as a world power. After all, Germany had been victorious in all her wars over the past sixty years. Her standard of living had been steadily rising for a quarter of a century. She'd no doubt thought it would continue to do so. But things didn't work out that way, and after four years of hardship and economic decline and the deaths of 1,700,00 of their soldiers, Germany had been defeated.

Large numbers of their soldiers had begun deserting from the trains taking them to the Western front as early as July 1918. The army was in retreat on the Somme by August. In September the Hindenberg line was broken and in October, German sailors mutinied rather than fight under suicidal conditions. Shortly thereafter, the war was over and the ill-fated Weimar Republic founded. The Germans had to give back Alsace-Lorraine to France. They had to pay enormous reparations. There was political dissension, widespread inflation and widespread unemployment. The morale of the German people must have been at an all-time low.

On a more personal note, during the war Karl's house in downtown Hamburg was destroyed, burned out. Fortunately, that problem was taken care of by his brother-in-law, Charles Martin, who had married Louisa Hartung and moved to America in 1892. When Charles returned to Germany for a visit about 1923, he was able to purchase half of a house– a duplex– for Karl and his wife Henny (Hartung) for a "handful of dollars." The exchange rate for American dollars must have been impressive, considering there had been a complete collapse of the German currency in 1922-23. It was said by the family that the house was bought outright by Martin, but as money remained on the mortgage when Henry died over thirty years later, that story might seem to be apocryphal. However, after WWII, the German government placed mortgages on the homes of those who still had a home and gave the money garnered from that process to assist refugees. So Karl would likely have had a mortgage after the war even if he hadn't had one before the war.

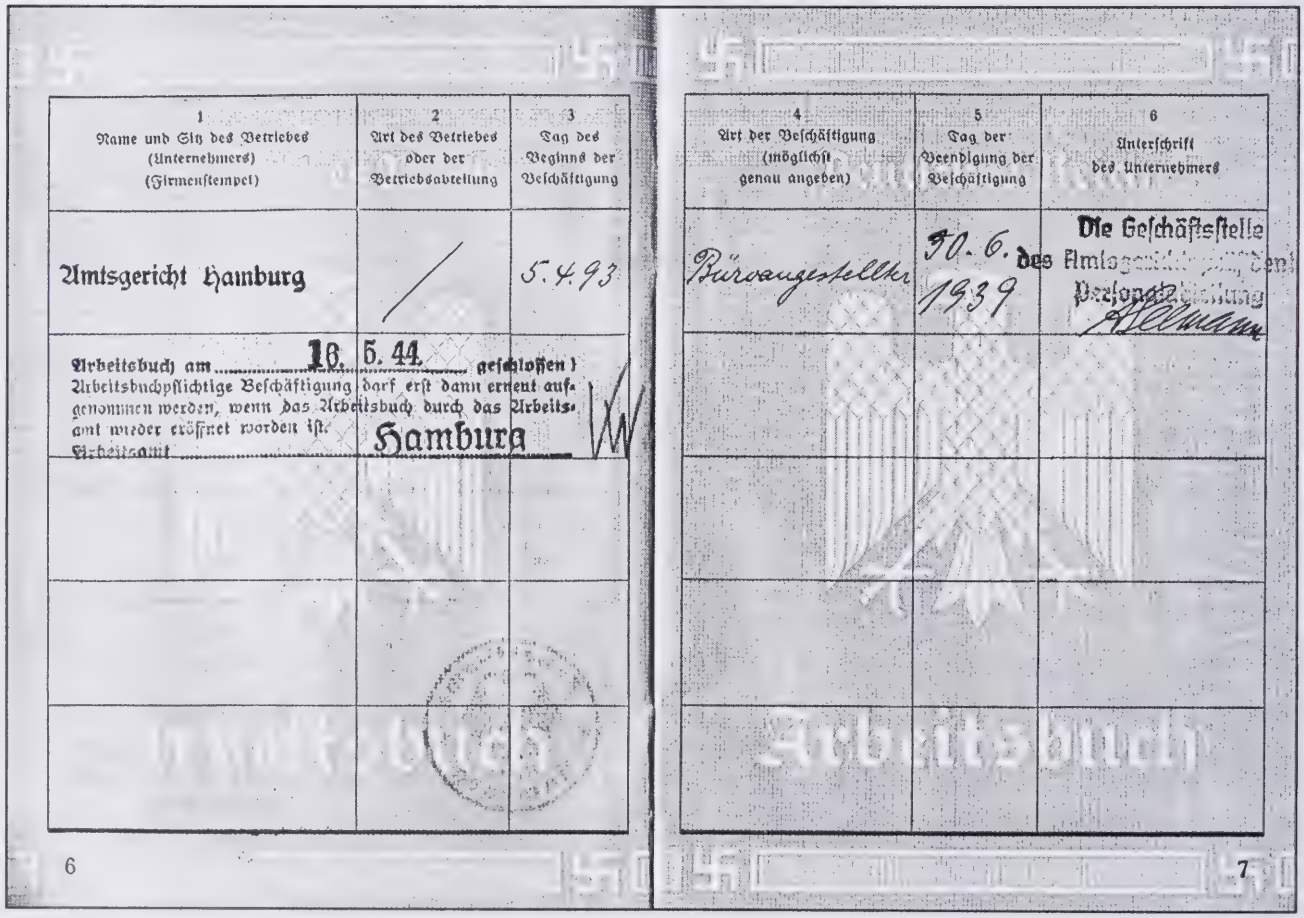
Karl's duplex was at the outskirts of Hamburg, near Ochsenzoll Station, the last station on the Hamburg line. Only one photograph remains of it, and it is blurry, but it can be seen that the house was painted white when Karl and Henny lived there. Later on, it was bricked.

By the time Martin had bought that house, Karl might already have become, in the words of his grandson Erich, "a convinced Nazi." It was Erich's belief that Karl's WWI service was a factor in Karl's avid support for Hitler and his thugs. All of Germany was frustrated and humiliated by the loss of WWI and the vindictive reparations required by the Allies, but the WWI veterans were most particularly frustrated. They felt ill-used and betrayed by their own people, feelings played upon by Hitler who himself was a veteran of WWI. Their dissatisfaction and shame at losing the war made them easily-persuaded targets who were looking for other people or countries to blame for their problems. As Karl's grandson, Erich Hofmann, explained

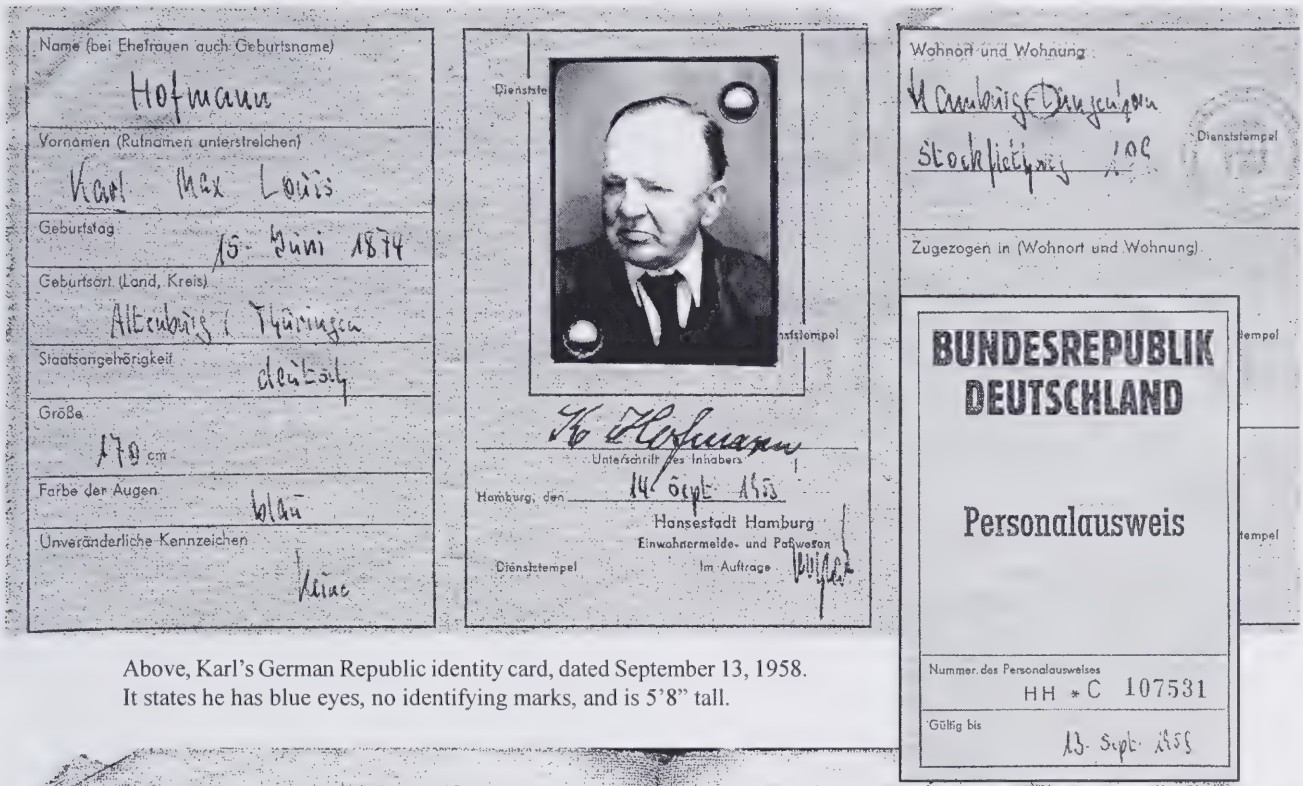
Poster 1: Help Hitler Build. Buy German products. 2. An alliance of German girls in the Hitler Youth. 3. Victory or Bolshevism

Karl Hofmann's Third Reich work book, dated May 16, 1944. It states that he is an office-worker in the Hamburg County Court and that began his employment there on April 4, 1893. See his wife Henny's biography for an image of their Third Reich identity pass.

In a letter requesting family records Karl wrote a pastor that he was a *politischer leiter* (political leader) in the Nazi party. I asked a Mormon German professor/translator about the actual meaning of those words. He replied, "For National Socialist Germany that was a very general term and means little. In the NS system every rank but the bottom was a kind of leader...This made every petty leader feel good about himself as the top brass. There were national, regional, state, county, city, and even block leaders in the NS party. If your man had been anything of real import, he would have called himself by his actual title. He may have used that tactic to elicit better or faster cooperation from the addressee. The title does indeed prove he was a NS party member but there is no way to know to what degree he shared the enthusiasm (fanaticism) of the movement. Some people were in the party just to polish apples with employers, city leaders, etc."



1 Name und Sitz des Betriebes (Unternehmers) (Firmenstempel)	2 Art des Betriebes oder der Betriebsabteilung	3 Tag des Beginns der Beschäftigung	4 Art der Beschäftigung (möglichst genau angeben)	5 Tag der Beendigung der Beschäftigung	6 Unterschrift des Unternehmers
Amtsgericht Hamburg	/	5.4.93	Bürovorsteher	30.6. 1939	Die Geschäftsstelle des Amtsgerichts Hamburg Personalabteilung Hellmann
Arbeitsbuch am 16. 5. 44 geschlossen. Arbeitsbuchpflichtige Beschäftigung darf erst dann erneut aufgenommen werden, wenn das Arbeitsbuch durch das Arbeitsamt wieder eröffnet worden ist. Arbeitsamt Hamburg					



Above, Karl's German Republic identity card, dated September 13, 1958. It states he has blue eyes, no identifying marks, and is 5'8" tall.

Karl's identity card, dated August 11, 1950. In addition to birth information, it says he is unemployed.

it, "I don't know whether you have ever heard about the socalled *Dolchstosslegende*; created after the first World War in Germany. This legend pretends that the Germany Army had been invincible, they only were defeated because of the revolution in Germany, and so to say they were stabbed from behind by their own people.Indeed there was sabotage by socialists against railway trains going to the front. Although this legend was declared nonsens later, the rightist parties in Germany (also Hitler) used this argument against the socialists, with the consequence that the organisations of war veterans became allies of Hitler."

Karl Ludecke, an early follower of Hitler summed up his appeal: "He was holding the masses, and me with them, under an hypnotic spell by the sheer force of his beliefs. His words were like a whip. When he spoke of the disgrace of Germany, I felt ready to attack any enemy. ..Of course, I was ripe for this experience. I was a man of 32, weary with disgust and disillusionment, a wanderer seeing a cause, a patriot seeking an outlet for his patriotism."

Karl Hofmann probably felt much the same as Karl Ludecke. So loyal to Hitler was Karl that he even signed his letters to the parish minister in 1936 with a firmly written *Heil Hitler*! FDR once said, "Democracy was disappearing in several great nations– not because the people of those nations hate democracy, but because they have grown tired of unemployment and insecurity, of seeing their children hungry while they sat helpless in the face of government confusion and government weakness. Finally, in desperation, they chose to sacrifice liberty in the hopes of getting something to eat." That certainly applies to Germany and to Karl.

Karl's grandson Erich recalls that his grandfather was very involved in the progress of WWII. "When my mother and I went to see them...there was a map of Eastern Europe fixed at the wall where he marked the frontline with coloured pins."

Hitler certainly solved the inflation problem, but what he brought on his people was far worse than inflation. And it is surprising that Karl's loyalty to the Nazi cause never wavered, even after the war. If the years after WWI were difficult, the years after WWII had to have been even worse. Much of Hamburg was destroyed in the four days of bombing in July of 1943 and the ensuing firestorm. Shortages of fuel, of food, of clothing, of any necessity, much less luxuries, were problems those living in Hamburg and other parts of Germany and Europe had to cope with for many years after the war was over. Eight million German soldiers died; 2 million German civilians died; nearly all of Hamburg's Jews died. It took ten years for all the German POW's to be repatriated. His own son Henry was held by the Russians for five years, returning home with tuberculosis. You would have thought Karl would have reconsidered.

From top to bottom:
1. Kay and Karl Hofmann in front of his barn with unidentified girl, 1937.
2. Karl Hofmann with grandson Erich Hofmann and grand nephew Jurgen Gehrt in (standing) in 1937.
3. A photograph dated August 18, 1935. Back row: Henry Hofmann, his wife Erna, Karl Hofmann, Robert Richter. Front row: Henny Hofmann, Karla Richter Gehrt with baby Jurgen Gehrt, Grandma Gehrt, Hermine Richter, Bothilda Rathmann. Text on back says that Jurgen was two weeks old and that he had been baptized that day.
4. Photograph taken during Kurt Hofmann's visit home in 1937. Back row: Kurt and Henry Hofmann. Front row: Bothilde Rathmann, Henny Hofmann, Karl Hofmann, Ernst Gehrt, Jurgen Gehrt, Karla Gehrt, Kay Hofmann, Erna Hofmann

Mein Lebenslauf.

Ich wurde am 15.Juni 1874 als Sohn des Schneidermeisters Hermann Hofmann zu Altenburg in Sachsen-Altenburg geboren. Von meinem 7. bis 15.Lebensjahre besuchte ich die Volksschule in Hamburg. Dann trat ich im Jahre 1889 als Schreiber bei den Rechtsanwälten Dres. Donnenberg, Jaques, Ahrens & Strack ein und verblieb hier 4 Jahre. Im Jahre 1893, am 5.April, trat ich als Hilfsschreiber bei dem Amtsgericht in Hamburg ein und wurde im Jahre 1911 an die Kasse des Land- und Amtsgerichts versetzt. Diese wurde später eine selbständige Behörde und erhielt den Namen: Justizkasse in Hamburg. Ich befinde mich noch heute bei dieser Behörde in Stellung.

In der Zeit vom 27.Juli 1915 bis 10.Juni 1916 bin ich als Landsturmpflichtiger bei dem Rekruten-Depot I E.L.Inf.Reg. 84 ausgebildet und habe vom 11.Juni 1916 bis 28.Oktober 1918 bei dem Landsturm-Infanterie-Regiment 9 und vom 31.Oktober 1918 bis 8.Januar 1919 bei dem Landwehr-Infanterie-Regiment 327 den Feldzug in Rußland mitgemacht. Am 9.Januar 1919 wurde ich zum Bezirkskommando Hamburg III entlassen.

Hamburg, den 25.Januar 1936.

My Resume: I was born on 15 June 1874 in Altenburg in Saxony-Altenburg, the son of the master tailor, Hermann Hofmann. From age 7 until 15, I attended the people's school in Hamburg. Then I became in the year 1889 a clerk in the law offices of Donnenburg, Jaques, Ahrens, and Strack and remained there four years. In the year 1893, on the fifth of April, I became an auxiliary clerk at the Hamburg district court and was transferred in the year 1911 to the treasurer's office of the country and district court. Later this body became known as the Justice Treasury in Hamburg. I am still today at this place. From 27 June 1915 until 10 June 1916, I was a *Landsturmflichtiger* in the recruit-depot I E.L. infantry regiment 84. I was instructed and served from 11 June 1916 through 18 October 1918 in the *Landsturmsmann* infantry regiment 9 and from 31 October 1918 til 8 January 1919 in the *Landwehr* infantry regiment 327 during the expedition in Russia. On 9 January 1919 I was released to the Hamburg III district command. Dated Hamburg, the 25th of January 1936.

G 1

Sterbeurkunde

(Standesamt Hamburg- Fuhlsbüttel Nr. 55/55)

Der Justizangestellte Karl Max Louis H o f m a n n, evangelisch-lutherisch,

wohnhaft in Hamburg, Stockflethweg 109

am 8. Januar 1955 um 18 Uhr 15 Minuten

in Hamburg im Allgemeinen Krankenhaus Ochsenzoll verstorben.

Der Verstorbene war geboren am 15. Juni 1874

in Altenburg in Sachsen.

(Standesamt Nr.)

Vater: Hermann Hofmann,

Mutter: Katharine Hofmann, geborene Ehlerding,

beide zuletzt wohnhaft in Hamburg.

Der Verstorbene war ~~nichtxxxxxxxxxx~~ Witwer der

Justine Catharina Johanna Hofmann, geborene

Hartung,

zuletzt wohnhaft in Hamburg.

Hamburg, den 12. Januar 19 55

Da.

Der Standesbeamte

(Siegel) (John)

Karl's death certificate. Civil Registry: Hamburg-Fuhlsbuttel, Number 55/55. Justice employee Karl Max Louis Hofmann, Evangelical Lutheran Church, resident of Hamburg, Stockflethweg 109 died 8 January 1955 at 6:15 P.M. in the General Hospital in Hamburg, Ochsenzoll. He was born 15 June 1874 in Altenburg in Sachsen. His father was Hermann Hofmann. His mother was Katharine Hofmann, nee Ehlerding, both residents of Hamburg. Widower of Justine Catharina Johanna Hofmann, nee Hartung, resident of Hamburg. Dated 12 January 1955.

Mv. 1,5 Kröll
Stempelgebühr vereinnahmt.

Die Polizeibehörde Hamburg.

Abteilung I (Allgemeine Polizei.)

Nr. A 1672

Hamburg, den 15 Nov. 1923 192

Dem Karl Max ~~Louis~~ Hofmann,

geboren am 15. Juni 1874 in Altenburg,

der sich hier gemeldet hat seit 29-4-92 - Arzt,

wird auf Ansuchen bezeugt, daß Nachteiliges über ihn hier nicht zu bescheinigen ist.

POLIZEIBEHÖRDE HAMBURG

Vordr. 1742a. I. B.48.

Etwa im Gnadenwege gelöschte, der beschränkten Auskunftserteilung unterliegende und nicht registerpflichtige Bestrafungen werden in den polizeilichen Führungszeugnissen nicht aufgeführt.

A document produced by the Hamburg police which attests to Karl's good conduct, dated February 15, 1923. We have another like it dated February 28, 1930, which states that Karl was an office employee registered at Bornweg No. 109 since February 2, 1924. (That street has since been renamed *Stockflethweg*.) It also attests to his good conduct.

Karl's relationship with his family was adversely affected by his steadfast Nazism. His political stance was not shared by his sons or daughter-in-law, which caused a break in the family. Even before the WWII had begun, there had been family dissension. After the war there was even more, though maybe more for financial rather than political reasons. During the time that Henry was a Russian POW, his wife Erna had no income with which to support herself and their son Erich. For a time she did not even know if her husband were alive or dead or even where he was if he were alive! The welfare department of Hamburg ordered Karl to pay a portion of his state pension to his daughter-in-law for the support of Erich. Karl was not happy about that and sometimes, perhaps often, failed to comply. It is difficult to understand why you would have to be ordered to provide for your grandson.

Even after Henry had returned to Germany, relations between him and Karl did not improve. Once Karl became a widower, relations also declined between Karl and his older son, Kurt, who had moved to America twenty odd years earlier. As a letter written by Kurt's wife attests, she and Kurt broke off contact with Karl in 1947 because of Karl's "lifestyle."

Their biggest objection to his "lifestyle," involved a woman named Irma Jeske. There was a housing shortage in Hamburg during and after WWII, due to the destruction of much of the city in the firestorm bombings. People who had intact or semi-intact homes were forced to give or rent space to those whose homes had been destroyed. Living with Karl were two families: the Pfeiffers and the Jeskes. Apparently, Karl and Mrs. Jeske became rather good friends. Somehow Mrs. Jeske became the recipient of things such as the wedding ring of Karl's wife, Henny Hofmann, and family heirlooms. Irma also took over some of the things that Kurt had sent Karl and Henny from America before Henny died. Quite naturally, this upset Kurt and Henry. Their mother was but recently dead and her personal things were being given to another woman.

I guess things never improved between Karl and his sons. In a final slap at them, he made a will that left everything to Irma Jeske– which she produced shortly after Karl's death in Hamburg on January 8, 1955. Armed with his brother's proxy, Henry took Irma to court on behalf of both himself and his brother. Surprisingly, he prevailed, arguing that the house was purchased with his mother's relatives' money, and the meager proceeds of the sale of the house and its furnishings were divided between Henry and Kurt.

Karl's is one of the sadder stories in our family history. His son Henry termed him a *drunkard*; his grandson Erich remembers him as *stingy* and *lazier than his grandfather Lehmann*, mostly involved in doing cross-word puzzles. Neither description is the legacy that anyone would want to leave for his descendants. The fact is that Karl gave up the people who should have been important to him for a philosophy which was destructive and evil. His selfishness drove his children away and kept his grandson from him. Finally, he ended his life with a final hateful gesture against his sons and grandsons.

EMAIL: from Jurgen Gehrt to Albert Hofmann, August 28, 2005

I think he did not marry her (Irma). I never met her. She used to be his housekeeping lady at first and later she became more to him. Because she was younger than him Erna and Henry did not like that connection and because Uncle Karl made too much presents to her. But I think that was totally normal. An old man meets a lady that helps him and brings a lot of pleasant hours in his life.

EMAIL: Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, August 30, 2005

Dear Al,

The foto your father on the Ubahnstation Ochsenzoll (page 78) is really great. That's exactly the station I remember from my childhood. Ochsen means oxes, and zoll means toll, so it should have been the place where border duties on cattle had to be paid. Now the Irma saga. I think I have to bring it into a broader context. Maybe I already mentioned that the relation between your grandfather and my father and mather were rather bad already during the war, not so much the relations with your grandmother. Political reasons sure had great importance. I have a feeling (without pretending to be completely sure) that your father was the favorite son as well his mother and his father. Relations with my mother worsened after the end of the war. My mother had no income, and a Hamburg state entity for social matters asked your grandfather to pay monthly a certain amount to my mother in my favour. One cannot say that your grandfather was really rich, but sure he received a decent mothly pension payment as former state employee. But he did not fulfill this obligation regularly, so my mother wrote him a letter asking him to comply with his obligation. (After his death this letter was found by my father among the papers kept by grandfather). I cannot remember that grandfather came to see us in Wandsbek after the War, even not after my father had come back end 49. My father went to Ochsenzoll to see his father, and my mother asked me to accompany him, thinking my presence could have a moderating effect. It could have been in 1950 or 51, taking in account that after coming back from Russia my father had to stay for some period in sanatorium, having TBC. In Ochsenzoll we met grandfather and we got acquainted with the couple Jeske, i.e. Irma and her husband. I remember very well, because of a very peculiar detail: Mr. Jeske demonstrated that he could touch with bare fingers a 220 volt electricity cable. At the time grandfather had given rooms to two couples, Jeske and Pfeiffer. The relations between the Jeskes and especially Irma and my grandfather seemed to be very friendly. Probably the Jeskes had second thoughts, because when grandfather died in 1955 Irma presented a Last Will-Testament of our grandfather giving the house to her. My father did not accept that. He obtained a general proxy of your father (now in my files) so he could procede in the name of the two brothers, and he took legal steps. He argued that the money to buy the house came from the side of his mother (the Martin donation). I don't know who is succeeded to convince the jury, all I found is a small item "taxi for witness Danielsen" in the list containing the charges he incurred in connection with the heritage and I vaguely remember Danielsen was an old friend of the Hofmann family. The house was sold for only DM 10,000, and after adding some minor amounts (f.i. proceeds of furniture) and deducting incurred cost in net proceeds was DM 10.313.94. One half (after deduction of Kurts part in the tombstone) was transferred to your father, i.e. DM 3.388.03, in two installments, according to a statement made by my father (copy of which in my possession), and this paper was surely sent to your father. My father was rather decepted that your father showed no gratitude for what my father had done, but the USDollar countervalue was probably peanuts for your father (Who really had been done much more for us.) I think I should better send all the stuff to you by snailmail. With regard to your mother, I remember the my parents said something like *Onkel Kurt sie nach USA kommen*= Uncle Kurt made her come to the States, which lets me think that they only married in the States. We are really glad that Katrina did not cause too much damage in your surroundings. We saw terribled pictures of New Orleans. Good bye Bonnie, Good Bye Al, All the best for you, Marina und Erich

FINAL ESTATE SETTLEMENT:
Henry Hofmann
Hamburg-Wandsbek
Ossietzkystr. 26

Hamburg, the 9th of April 1956

Abrechnung Uber den Nachlass

Beleg	Nr.	Vorgang	Soll	DM	Haben
	1955				
4	2.7	proceeds from sale of house	10.000		
2	25.7	proceeds from sale of furniture	197		
3		etc.	20.25		
0	25.7	Rent from Pfeiffer May/June	30.		
0	25.7	Rent from Jeske May/June	40.80		
4	5.2	Cash on hand	25.99		
5	2.7	Remaining on mortgage			1,198.73
6abc	2.7	Statement of the house sale			842.40
7	26.4	Administrator's fee			810.47
2	25.7	Transportation of Mosel etc			47.50
8	5.1	Cost of Lawyer's action for possession			682.25
	1956				
9	5.1	IOU complaint			224.64
10	20.1	Judgment on IOU complaint			167.85
	1955				
gift	3.7	Cost of conveyance of plot of land (house)			22.50
		Cost of taxi for witness Danielsen			3.30
11	1956	my claim for expenses			138.14
			---		---
			10,313.94		4,137,88
		½ share Kurt Hofmann			3,088.03
		½ share Henry Hofmann			3,088.03

Accounts Kurt Hofmann

Vorgang	Soll	DM	Haben
½ estate			3,088.03
Transfer to bank	2,500.		
Payment for gravestone	262		
Transfer to bank	626.03		
Reimbursement for gravestone costs			300
	---		---
	3,388.03		3,388.03

Comment: by Erich Hofmann, September 12, 2005

My father's statement of accounts for the heritage. I am sure that he sent the original to your father. Then handwritten notice down on the left "22 Belege" made by my father means that there should be 22 pieces attached to give evidence. I suppose that he sent them all to your father, since I did not find anything in his files. Down that sheet you find "account Kurt Hofmann, which shows that my father made the transfer to your father in two instalments, after deduction of your fathers part in the cot of the tombstone (DM262).

ERBSCHEIN (certificate of inheritance):

Filed in the District Court of Hamburg, Department 75. 75 VI 268/1955. Dates March 5, 1955
Karl Max Louis Hofmann died 8 January 1955. He was born 15 June 1874 in Altenburg/Sachsen. He died at his home in Hamburg.
Heirs: his sons
1. Kurt Albert Johannes Hofmann, born 9 May 1901 in Hamburg
2. Henry Eduard August Hofmann, born 24 February 1905 in Hamburg
Ever to that half of the remission (?) The court clerk, Schwarz, on the premises in triplicate
The inheritance with this gives. Hamburg 7 March 1955. Justice employee (name illegible), as an official of this office.

EXPENSES: of the lawsuit. Account made by Henry Hofmann, Hamburg-Wandsbek, Ossietzkystr(asse) 26. Dated April 9, 1956 in Hamburg.

This is a listing of the expenses Henry incurred during the lawsuit. They totaled 138.14 DM and included the following: 3 death certificates (2 DM), appraisal of the house (5 DM), photocopies (1.8 DM), copies of court documents send to the United States (.65 DM), birth certificate of Kurt for the lawsuit (1 DM), notary service (18.42), cost of return trip to Ochsenzoll (35 DM), expenses of administrator (30.25 DM), information from registrar (.50 DM), information from Konig (5 DM), taxi for Erna after the court proceeding (14 DM), information from registration office (.50 DM), information from hospital (5 DM), various fares to Ochsenzoll for appointments

(incomplete) (12 DM), various postage and phone charges (incomplete) (7.02 DM).

GENERAL PROXY: signed by Kurt Hofmann to give his brother Henry his rights to bring suit against Irma Jeske. Dated Gary, Indiana, September 13, 1955.

Abschrift in der Grundakte Hamburg, den 13. SEP. 1955 Lungenkarm 2267/35

Amtsgericht Hamburg
Abteilung 75

Hamburg, den 5. März 1955

Aktenzeichen:
75 VI 268 / 1955

Erbschein.

Am 8. Januar 1955

ist Karl Max Louis Hofmann,
geboren am 15. Juni 1874 in Altenburg/Sachsen,

in Hamburg, seinem letzten Wohnsitz, gestorben.

Als Erben sind ausgewiesen :
seine Söhne

1) Kurt Albert Johannes Hofmann,
geboren am 9. Mai 1901 in Hamburg,

2) Henry Eduard August Hofmann,
geboren am 24. Februar 1905 in Hamburg,

je zur Hälfte des Nachlasses.

Das Amtsgericht, Abteilung 75
Schwarz
Amtsgerichtsrat

Vorstehende - erste - Ausfertigung
wird
= den Erben =
hiermit erteilt.
Hamburg, den 7. März 1955

Justizangestellter
als Urkundsbeamter der Geschäftsstelle.

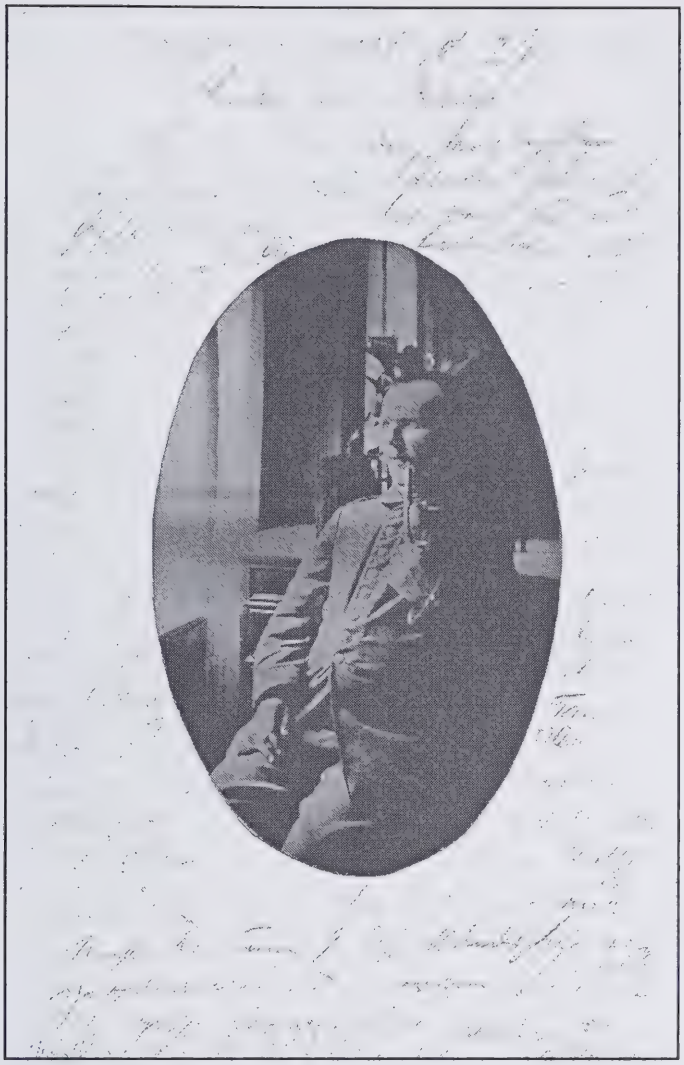
POSTCARD: Karl is pictured on the postcard below, third from the right, third row down from the top, wearing his *pikelhaube* (see below). He sent the following message to his relatives:

Schleswig, 5 September 1915
Dear Tilli, Hermine and little Karla
I have received your dear letter, as well as the card dated 3 September 1915. I was so pleased to hear from you again. I received a nice package from Marie and wrote to her again right away. And a package for a waiter in the same business. Both of them sent this picture showing our dear Karla as healthy and as if ready to march off to war. I thought that Karla might want to keep this card as a souvenir of me. Please do not be angry with me if I don't send each of you one. I only have one more and I wanted to send it to Aunt Ehlerding. She wrote to me yesterday. We arrived in Schleswig again just yesterday at 8 o' clock and were received with music and fanfare at the railroad station. Then I immediately received a package from you with honey, cake and cigars.
I send my best wishes to you dear Tilli, Hermine, and little Karla.
Your brother and Uncle Karl
I hope Karla likes this card.

NOTE: From www.worldwarI.com/sfgph.htm
The shell of the *pikelhaube* (spiked helmet) was made by pressing a piece of steamed leather through a large mold. The helmet was then covered in many layers of black lacquer until it could be polished to a bright finish. It had two brass reinforcing trim pieces– at the front visor and a brass spine at the rear of the helmet. The front of the helmet was covered with a large gilded brass helmet plate in the case of line regiments or silver in the case of guard regiments, and each locality had a different plate. Soldiers in the Franco-Prussian war 1895 found that the shiny plates made excellent targets for snipers and often covered them with pitch or removed them, but covers were issued to later soldiers. Those for 1914 were mustard yellow but other colors such as gray, ocher, and tan have been found. When WWI started and leather from Argentina could not get through the blockade, steel *pikelhaubes* were made before they were phased out in favor of the design seen in Karl's later photographs. The latter were introduced when army medical corps protested the number of head wounds that were being incurred due to the design of the *pikelhaube*. Other parts of a soldier's uniform included high riding boots for cavalrymen or shorter jack boots worn by infantry. Field artillery units used the Krupp 77mm gun and a three-section leather ammo ouch on their belts containing ten rounds per section. The infantryman's ammo pouch held 15 rounds per section. Reserve units often carried the obsolete Gewehr 88 with an 1870's bayonet.

POSTCARD: sent by Karl Hofmann to his niece Karla Richter. The back of this postcard says that it is a *Feldpostkarte*. It is postmarked July 3, 1918, German Feldposte.

Brest-Litowsk
2 July 1918
My dear Karla,
I am sending you my best greetings for your birthday. I do hope that you are well. I send you hugs and kisses. All in all I am doing fairly well. Give my best to Aunt Tilli. On 4 June we were in position near Kiev again. Aunt (unintelligible) a wonderful old lady (unintelligible). Greetings, to Karl(unintellgible). It looks like we will spend the night here. We got here at 9 p.m. Tomorrow morning at 8:30 we will move



on again. Give my best to (unintelligible) Marie as well as to (unintelligible).

on the opposite side, the return address: National Guardsman, K. Hofmann, Reserve Infantry Regiment, No. 9, IV company

NOTE: After the war the Chancellor or Germany remarked that "on the 18th (of July 1918) even the most optimistic among us knew that all was lost. The history of the world was played out in three days."

NOTE: from http://www.lib.byu.edu/~rdh/wwi/memoir/ration.html
German soldier's daily ration, 1914 (ounce equivalents)
26 ½ oz. bread or 17 ½ oz. field biscuit or 14 oz. egg biscuit
13 oz fresh or frozen meat or 7 oz. preserved meat
53 oz. Potatoes or 4 ½ - 9 oz vegetables or 2 oz. Dried vegetables or 21 oz mixed potatoes and dried vegetables
9/10 oz coffee or 1/10 oz tea
7/10 oz sugar; 9/10 oz. salt
2 cigars and 2 cigarettes or 1 oz pipe tobacco or 9/10 oz. plug tobacco or 1/5 oz snuff
at discretion of commanding officer: 0.17 pint spirits or 0.44 point wine or 0.88 pint beer

The meat ration was reduced progressively during the war and one meatless day per week was ordained from June 1916. By the end of 1916 it was 8 3/4 oz fresh meat or 5 1/4 preserved or 7 oz fresh meat for support and train personnel. The sugar ration was reduced to 6/10 oz.
Iron Ration (carried into the field): 8.8 oz biscuit; 7 oz preserved meat or 6 oz of bacon; 5.3 oz preserved vegetables; 9/10 oz coffee; 9/10 oz salt.

At left: Front side of the postcard Karl mailed from Brest-Litowsk.

NOTE: from http://17thdivision.tripod.com/rationsoftheageofempire/id2.html

As Prussia grew in military strength, facing threats from France, their military planners saw the need for a standard emergency food in case troop supply trains were unable to reach their soldiers. They set up an Army research group to find the ideal food and found *Erbswurst* (pea sausage). Erbswurst is a foil or wax-paper lined sausage-shaped roll which contains six tablets of compressed split pea soup made of ground peas, bacon, spices, and salt plus a pasty meat that looks something like dog food. Each of the tablets was to be mixed with 8 ounces of water and cooked for a short time to produce a nourishing soup. Along with these, Prussian troops were also issued round biscuits (*Hartkeks*) which could be chewed–with difficulty– without being soaked. In 1888 it was decided to review the soldier's rations. What was come up with was the following: two 4.58 ounce issues of Erbswurst, two 4.4 ounce packs of hartkeks, 5.2 ounces of bacon, either .88 ounces of coffee or .10 ounces of tea, .88 ounces sugar, .88 ounces salt. This remained the standard issue ration throughout the end of the 19th century and into the early 20th century. Apparently, as can be judged by the list above, the German Confederation encouraged their Prussian leaders to give the troops more food.

EMAIL: Erich Hofmann to his cousin, Albert Hofmann, April 29, 2004

I'm sorry I cannot tell you anything about your grandgrandmother. I know much more about the family of my grandfather Carl Lehmann from my mothers's side, because he and his wife lived with us in our house in the eastern outskirts of Hamburg (same street where Jurgen lived) since 1943, when the appartement he lived was destroyed by bombs. It was the second time that he lost an appartement due to bombing. Grandfather Karl Hofmann had an house in the north of Hamburg, and we did not see him so often, maybe because of the distance, maybe for another reason: he was convinced Nazi, and my father and the Lehmann clan were not.

In 1944 when I was eight years old my Lehmann grandfather took me to the Schwarzwald fore summer holidays. I remember that in the nights in the ancient farmhouse of his family I was terribly afraid when allied planes flew over the Schwarzwald and people would not hurry out of bed to look for shelter. It cost me some disagreeable nights to learn that those small villages were not bombed.

EMAIL: Erich Hofmann to his cousin, Albert Hofmann

I don't remember any details about grandfathers activities in World War I, but in any case I have good reasons to suppose that the fact that he was a soldier has something to do with his becoming a NAZI. After World War I German soldiers were very frustrated. I don't know whether you have ever heard about the socalled *Dolchstosslegende*; created after the first World War in Germany. This legend pretends that the Germany Army had been invincible, they only were defeated because of the revolution in Germany, and so to say they were stabbed from behind by their own people. Indeed there was sabotage by socialists against railway trains going to the front. Although this legend was declared nonsens later, the rightist parties in Germany (also Hitler) used this argument against the socialists, with the consequence that the organisations of war veterans became allies of Hitler. German people felt very humiliated in general, primarily because of the Treaty of Versaille which obliged Germany to pay high reparation payments. (Thanks to the US there was no such treaty after World Ware II). Hitler was very clever in his first steps which gave at first look the impression of being very successful, restoring the pride of the people. For instance: when Germany faltered to pay some instalments foreseen in the Versaille treaty, France occupied Rhenania to get direct hold of the coal mines. They clashed with German mineworkers, killing some of them. When some years later Hitler sent German troops in that region (declared demilitarized zone by the Allies) it was greated by the German population with great enthousiasm. Please understand that I don't try to seek an excuse for what Germany did (personally I need no excuse, but without Germany loosing the war I sure also had become a Nazi), only many historical developments are more complicated than one might think.

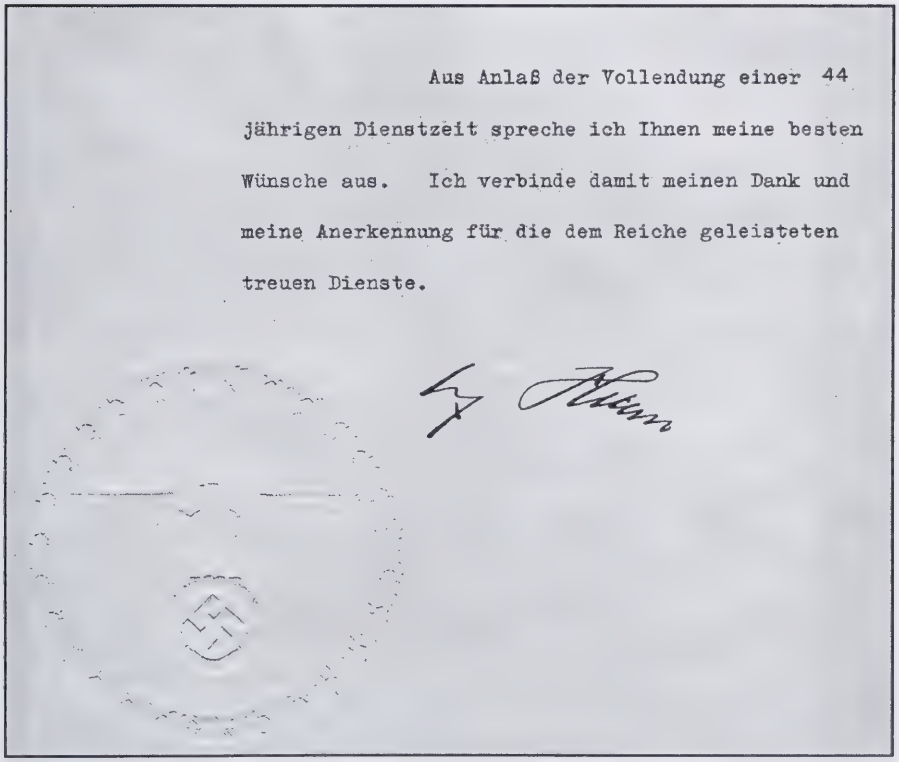
EMAIL: Erich Hofmann to his cousin, Albert Hofmann

Our grandfather Karl Hofmann worked in the civil service (cashiers department in the town of Hamburg), and so he was obliged by the Hitler regime to prove that he is not of jewish origin. In earlier centuries civil administration did not register the personal data of the population, only the institutions of the church did. In fact, in the Hitler period it was compulsory for the church to give assistance when civil servants had to trace their "roots". Grandfather only had to write to the local church communities of and maybe the priest himself looked into the old registers and sent handwritten copies (mostly difficult to decipher). My father took possession of all that correspondence after the death of grandfather.

This is a gold-toned medal in the shape of a cross. A ring of laurel leaves crosses the arms of it. Inside the square is inscribed "Fur Treue Dienste"-- "for faithful service." The ribbon is a deep blue, and the box is lined with red velvet. On the reverse side is a swastika in the center of the cross.

The text of the presentation certificate says, "In the Name of the German People I give as acknowledgement of forty years of faithful service this golden decoration. Berlin 20 August 1938
by Hitler

Jm Namen
des
Deutschen Volkes
verleihe ich
dem Justizangestellten
Karl Hofmann
in Hamburg
als Anerkennung für 40jährige treue Dienste
das
goldene
Treudienst-Ehrenzeichen.
Berlin, den 20.August 1938
Der Führer und Reichskanzler



Aus Anlaß der Vollendung einer 44 jährigen Dienstzeit spreche ich Ihnen meine besten Wünsche aus. Ich verbinde damit meinen Dank und meine Anerkennung für die dem Reiche geleisteten treuen Dienste.

To acknowledge the completion of 44 years of faithful service. signed by Hitler
Headed: The Fuhrer and Reichs Chancellor, dated 5 April 1937. At the bottom of the page it says Office Worker Karl Hofmann, District Court, Hamburg
The reverse side of the medal is impressed with a picture of the Hamburg rathaus.

#17 JOHANNA JUSTINE CATHARINA HARTUNG (HOFMANN) (1876-1947)

Johanna Justine Catharina Hartung, called *Henny* by the family, was born September 19, 1876, in Hamburg, just five years after there even was a nation called *Germany*. The history of that country is divided into three *reichs* (empires, realms). The First Reich was the Holy Roman Empire which began when the Charlemagne's empire was divided up. This period saw a rise in the significance of the empire with the help of the Catholic Church, the Hanseatic League, and the Northern Crusades, but internecine division and the Thirty Years War left the area unable to combat Napoleon who overran the First Reich and dissolved it in 1806.

Between 1815 and 1871, the area that we know refer to as *Germany* consisted of dozens of independent "states." On January 18, 1871, following wars with the Danes (1864) and the Austrians (1866) and the defeat of the French in the Franco-Prussian War, the Second Reich was declared. This was mainly due to the efforts of the great German statesman, Otto von Bismarck, who unified the thirty-nine northern states under Prussian dominance into the German Confederation or *Deutscher Bund*. He pretty much ran it himself, though ostensibly with the consent of Prussian Kaiser Frederick II. Bismarck essentially took a loose confederation of conflicting kingdoms and principalities and joined them to form an empire that dominated Europe by the end of the 19th century.

But that *reich* was destroyed by the incompetence of and then mental breakdown of Frederick's son, Kaiser Wilhelm II; his unwillingness to allow the rise of democracy; WWI; and the problems which came with the war. In 1918 when Henny was 42 and her husband probably still in uniform, the German people rose in revolt in the face of terrible food shortages and the sure knowledge that they could not win the war. Further problems after the war resulted in the creation of the Third Reich by Adolf Hitler and his cronies– a totalitarian state that died in calumny of gigantic proportions.

Henny's family, then, when she was born, would have just recently begun to think of themselves as Germans–if indeed they ever did– rather than Hamburgers. I am sure their loyalties belonged primarily to that bustling port city situated between the Elbe, Alster, and Binnenalster Rivers. Apparently, many Hamburgers felt that way. Hamburg was, after all, the last of the cities to sign the confederation agreement and viewed her international relationships as more important that her relationships with the other members of the German Confederation. The people of Hamburg were largely liberal and Republican, and they despised the Prussians who were ruling the Confederation. They even refused to join the customs union of the Confederation until 1888 and were accused of "egotism and particularism" along with another former Hanseatic state, Bremen. So Henny's family may have felt aloof from the Confederation. Henny would have grown up and reached maturity when Hamburgers had reason to feel proud of themselves, as the latter half of the 19th century was a time of rapid growth and increasing influence for Hamburg. The city's population finally outgrew its medieval limits as the population increased from half a million in 1860 to a million by the end of the century. Its designation as a *free port* in 1888 made Hamburg one of the world's largest warehouse locations for coffee, cocoa, spices, and, of all things, carpets– when Iranians fled to Hamburg following the Islamic Revolution at about that time. The construction of the Kiel Canal made Hamburg an even more important port as the canal gave direct access to the Baltic Sea.

Hamburg was also the port from which immigrants heading for the Americas left from Germany, Silesia, Poland, and other Eastern European countries. During her lifetime Henny would have seen the sailing ships of the 19th century that took her sisters to South America and the United States totally replaced by steamships, one of which took her own son to America. She must have waved good-bye at the Hamburg docks more times than she would have wished to.

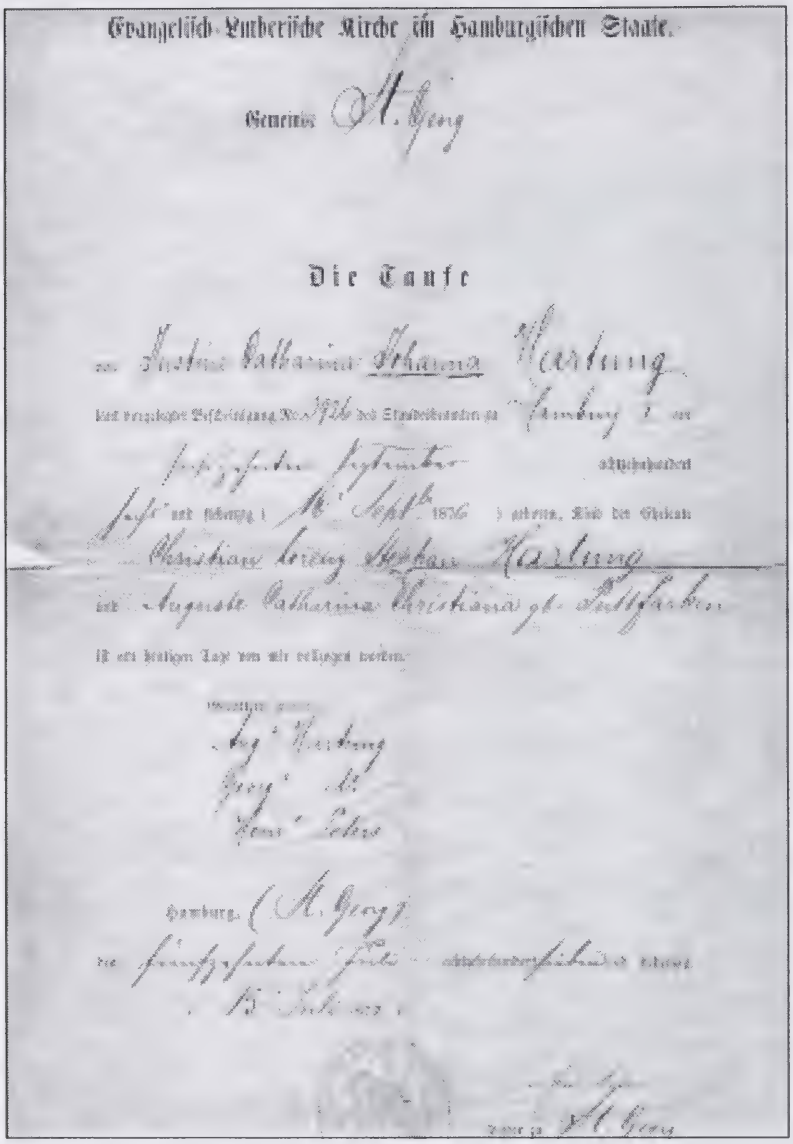
This ready access to Hamburg by refugees and travelers of all nations may have ultimately led to the cholera epidemic which terrified the citizens of Hamburg in September of 1892 when Henny was just sixteen-- probably right around the time the picture at right was taken. In those days cholera was referred to as the "wandering Jew," as the source of it was supposedly Russian Jews entering the country. In fact, it was brought into the city by a vessel whose crew was stricken with the disease and concealed it.

Public sanitation did not exist then in Hamburg. An individual would have to pay for "sanitary" water, purchased from private companies. Once cholera entered the water supply it spread rapidly. There had been 13 comparatively mild epidemics previously and no changes had been made. This time it was a different story. Because the authorities at first refused to acknowledge that cholera was in the city, it took firm hold over it. Before the epidemic was over, it had killed 13.4% of the population of Hamburg--over 17,000 people. An account of the epidemic can be found on the next page, written by a British woman who helped nurse the victims.

The Cholera in Hamburg, by Miss Annesley Kenealy; The Congress of Women: Held in the Woman's Building, World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, USA 1893. Monarch Book company, 1894, pp. 354-358

....impure water and bad sanitation. These conditions combined in September, 1892, in Hamburg and adjoining cities were startled to find the disease so close upon them. As we drove through the streets of the city after a hurried journey from England to the seat of war, if one may so express it, we caught glimpses of the so-called "cholera streets" where the disease arose. The architecture in its antiquity and picturesqueness filled us with admiration; the canals of Stygian blackness, flowing on a level with the lower floors of the houses, reminded us of bits of old Venice, and wanted only the gondoliers to complete the illusion. But while one's artistic senses were satisfied, one's sanitary knowledge rose in revolt against the neglect of all the laws of health as typified in these charming "slums." It would appear that in the towns of Europe it is almost impossible for Art and Hygiene to walk hand in hand....The condemnation of the "cholera streets" is a gain to sanitation, but a terrible sacrifice of art on the altars of the public weal...The city and its streets looked as if under the shadow of a great destiny. Funerals and funeral wreaths, mourners and signs of mourning met us at every corner. The absence of women and children was very conspicuous...we learned that forty thousand of its residents had fled on the first mention of cholera, a large proportion of these being women and children. A picturesque procession, known as the Volunteer Company of Health of Hohenfelde, met us on our route. It consisted of some two dozen men and boys with pails and carboys of chemicals, whose self imposed duty was to go to the places where the disease had been, and thoroughly disinfect and cleanse the rooms and houses...When the fact that cholera had taken possession of the city could no longer be concealed, military cordons were drawn around the infected quarters, ingress and egress being limited to physicians and attendants. But as the proportions of the disease increased, it was found necessary to clear the hospitals of their ordinary patients to make room for the cholera-stricken. In the wards there was only the grim realism of suffering and death. In addition to the large wards and partitions, further accommodation was furnished by hospital tents similar to those used in the Franco-Prussian War. An admirable system of police notification of fresh cases was established, prompt removal being effected by a service of two horsed cabs, which were kept busy day and night. Each vehicle was accompanied by an official, whose duty it was to take the name and address of the stricken patients and furnish this to the hospital, thus affording a ready means of identification in case of death. In the early days of the epidemic, patients were picked up in the streets, unconscious, dying and dead, and were carried to the various hospitals, without any means of tracing their families...The appearance of a cholera patient is typical and unlike that of one suffering from any other disease. He is collapsed, with a dusky blackness of skin, giving the suggestion that his body has been thickly powdered with coal dust. The rapid emaciation of all the body through the draining of the tissue fluids is characteristic only of cholera and is noticeable in all severe cases. It gives an aged, withered look to the patient, and even the dimpled, rounded limbs of the young child will lose contour, and become wrinkled and shrunk in the space of a few hours...This thirst is constant and unrelievable...Almost before we had time to know the faces of our patients they were removed to the mortuary and others were ready to take the vacant beds. Treatment consisted chiefly of venous injections of warm salt and water, combined with hot, stimulating baths and packs, but the general consensus of medical opinion at Hamburg was that no remedy could be in any sense relied on. Prevention is the only cure...From her commercial position and harbor accommodations Hamburg is peculiarly open to the importation of foreign diseases, and it is only by keeping her hearths well garnished and the city household in health that she can afford to admit suspicious visitors. It is a matter of menace and regret that she did not enforce compulsory cremation during the cholera epidemic as a silent but eloquent monument to the prejudices of people. In certain conditions of the soil a cholera body is more dangerous to the community when below than when above the ground, and it is much to be feared that a heavy day of reckoning must come when it is remembered that countless thousands of cholera corpses are giving their noxious emanations to the atmosphere of Hamburg.

Cholera is an infectious, epidemically and endemically arising, usually heavy, acute intestinal illness. The body is drained of fluids to the point of collapse, and that leads to kidney failure. Fortunately, Henny did not acquire it.



Evangelisch-Lutherische Kirche im Hamburgischen Staate.

Die Taufe

Above, the baptism record of Henny Hartung. She was baptized in St. Georg, a part of Hamburg, in the Evangelical Lutheran Church. The document is signed by Auguste and George Hartung and a Henry Peters.

Opposite, the front page of the civil registration of the marriage of Henny Hartung and Karl Hofmann. The complete document says, "Marriage certificate no. 558, Hamburg, 7 July 1900. The following persons appeared today for the purpose of being married: office worker Karl Max Louis Hofmann, who identified himself by means of a birth certificate; of the Lutheran faith, born on 15 June of the year 1874, a resident of Hamburg at Reimerswiese 29; son of tailor Hermann Hofmann, a late resident of Hamburg, and of his wife Katharine nee Ehlerding, a resident of Hamburg. Justine Catharina Johanna Hartung, a tailor's employee, who identified herself by means of a birth certificate; of the Lutheran faith, born on 16 September 1876 in Hamburg, a resident of Hamburg, daughter of deceased tailor Christian Lorenz Stephan Hartung, a late resident of Hamburg, and his wife Auguste Catharina Christiana nee Puttfarken, a resident of Hamburg. The following served as witnesses on this occasion: innkeeper Rudolf Holst, who identified himself by means of his residential registration, age 32 years, a resident of Hamburg at Johannsbollwerk 25/26, and cigar manufacturer Eduard Peter, who identified himself by means of a citizenship certificate, age 53 years, a resident of Hamburg at Bei Den Muhren 60.

The civil registrar asked each party the following question: Is it your desire to be married? The betrothed responded in the affirmative, whereupon the civil registrar stated that they were legally and lawfully wed. Signed by Karl Hofmann, Johanna Hofmann nee Hartung, Rudolf Horst, Ed. Peter. This certifies that the above text is a complete and correct extract of the original record kept in the main registry no. 1 in Hamburg. Hamburg 27 July 1900. The civil registrar J.V. Schafer.

Heirathsurkunde.

Nr. [illegible]

Hamburg am [illegible] Juli tausend neunhundert [illegible]

Vor dem unterzeichneten Standesbeamten erschienen heute zum Zwecke der Eheschließung:

1. der [illegible] Karl [illegible] Hofmann der Persönlichkeit nach [illegible] kannt, [illegible] Religion, geboren am [illegible] des Jahres tausend acht hundert [illegible] zu [illegible], wohnhaft in [illegible]

Sohn [illegible] Hofmann [illegible] wohnhaft in [illegible];

2. die [illegible] Catharina Johanna [illegible] der Persönlichkeit nach [illegible] kannt, [illegible] Religion, geboren am [illegible] des Jahres tausend acht hundert [illegible] zu [illegible], wohnhaft in [illegible]

Tochter des [illegible] wohnhaft in [illegible]

At right is a letter written to Henry Hofmann dated December 12, 1952, in response to his request for information about the cause of his mother, Henny Hartung Hofmann's, death. The doctor stated that Henny had died in the General Hospital Langenhorn on May 1, 1947, as a result of extensive abscesses on her right leg complicated by a sepsis.

Hansestadt Hamburg
Gesundheitsbehörde
Allgemeines Krankenhaus Langenhorn
Chir.Abtlg.

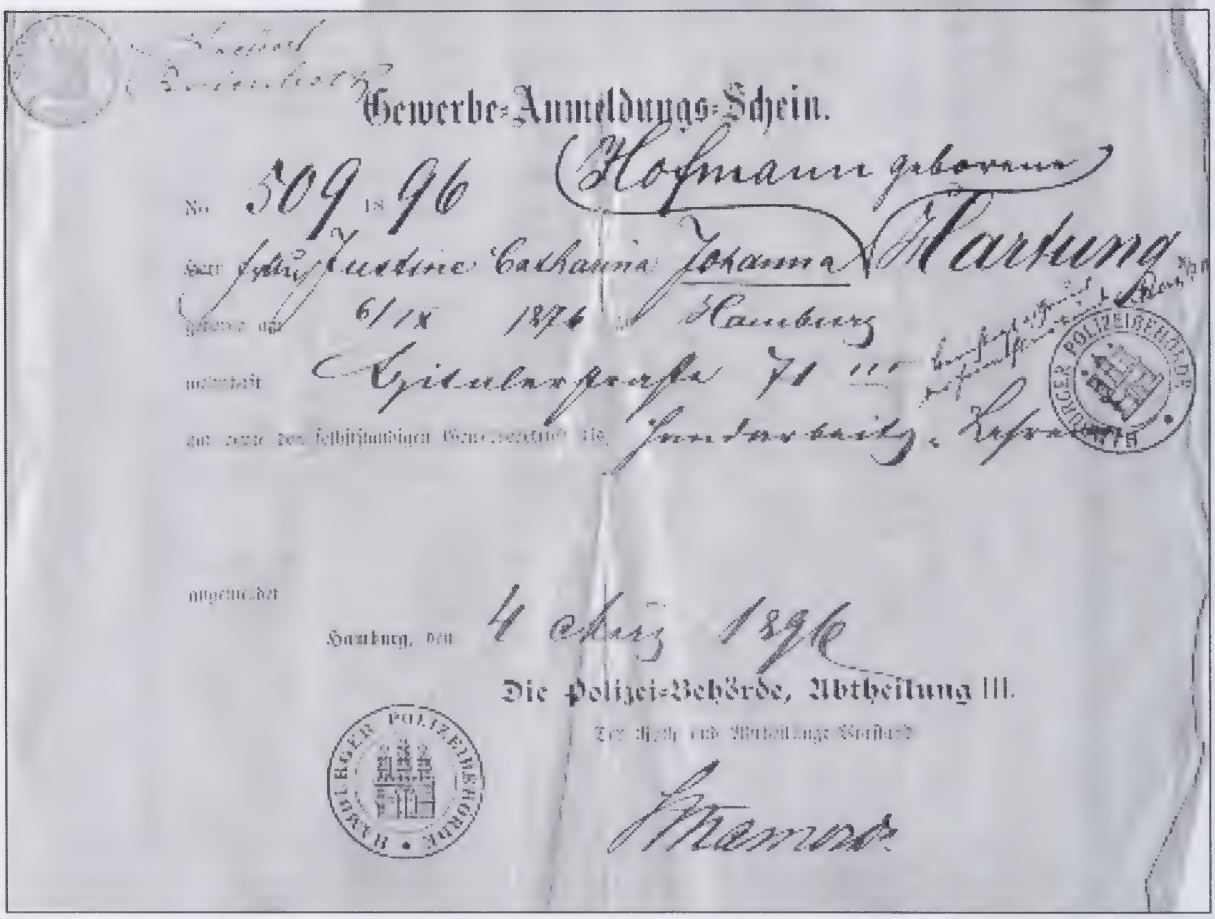
Hamburg-L., den 7.12.51
Dr.He./H.

Nr. .....

Herrn
Henry Hofmann,
Hamburg-Wandsbek 1
Ossietzkystr. 26

Sehr geehrter Herr Hofmann!

In Beantwortung Ihrer Anfrage vom 24.11. dieses Jahres teile ich Ihnen mit, daß es sich bei Ihrer am 2.5.47 im hiesigen Krankenhaus verstorbenen Frau Mutter um eine ausgedehnte Abszeßbildung im Bereich des re. Unterschenkels gehandelt hat, die durch eine allgemeine Blutvergiftung kompliziert wurde.



Gewerbe-Anmeldungs-Schein.

No. 509 1896 (Hofmann geborene)

Herr Frau Justine Catharina Johanna Hartung

geboren am 6/IX 1876 in Hamburg

wohnhaft Gitalerstraße 71 III

zur Ausübung des selbstständigen Gewerbeverkehrs als Handarbeitg. Lehrerin

angemeldet

Hamburg, den 4 Aug 1896

Die Polizei-Behörde, Abtheilung III.

Der Rath und Abtheilungs-Vorstand

Hamburger Polizeibehörde

License granted by the Hamburg police dated November 15, 1923. Henny was authorized to give lessons in handwork.

Presumably, her later teen years were less dramatic than her 16th year. Henny married Karl Hofmann on July 7, 1900. He had moved to Hamburg with his family and had met her there. He was a young clerk, probably making decent money for his day. Together they had two sons before Karl was called to serve in WWI. I do not know for certain how long Karl was away from home. We have only the dates of some postcards that he sent to various relatives to go by which span the period of 1915 til 1918, and his resume. His service, as I see it, pretty much ran for nearly the full length of the war.

That would have necessitated Henny's keeping the family together on her own and meeting the challenges of the home front. Chief among those was the shortage of the simple necessities of life. It was intended by their enemies that the people of Germany would be defeated by hunger within six months of the beginning of the war. That was not to be the case, despite rumors that the elephants in the Berlin zoo had been slaughtered for meat. Instead the German scientists and researchers set themselves to finding substitutes for various foodstuffs. When stretching the food supply became necessary, the German pure-food laws were tossed out the window.

The first product was *kriegsbrot* (war bread). It was a concoction of rye, wheat, and potato flours, sugar and shortening. When rye and wheat flours were not available, oats, Indian corn, barley, beans, peas, and buckwheat meal were used instead. A popular cake sold in the cafes was made of ground clover and horse-chestnut flour, a little rice, sugar or honey, chopped raisins or prunes. Coffee was stretched with chicory; then, when the coffee supplies totally ran out, a substitute was made of roasted barley and oats. The flavor was enhanced with chemicals derived from coal-tar. When it was necessary to put the barley and oats to better use, roasted acorns and beechnuts, which had previously been fed to pigs, were used. Before long a substitute for the substitutes was made of carrots and turnips. Hard to picture a coffee made from carrots and turnips, but it was done. A cocoa substitute was made of coal-tar chemicals, roasted peas and oats, and a substitute for tea was made of linden flowers, beech buds, and pine tips.

Meatless, fatless, and wheatless days were ordained by the government. Henny may have had to resort to the *rice lambchop*, a lump of rice with a stick stuck in it to resemble a bone, fried in mutton tallow so that at least the smell of the thing would be real. Or the vegetable beefsteak made of cornmeal, spinach, potatoes, and ground nuts bound with egg. It is said that the pale green interior of the "steak," took some getting used to. Eventually, the raising of animals at all was reduced to the lowest possible levels, as they consumed the grain needed to feed the German people.

Henny would have had to have used substitutes for things other than food. When cloth became scarce, people took to making it from the nettle, which had been previously looked upon as a noxious weed fit only for goose food. Spun like flax, it was sold under the rather glorified name of *natural silk*. Because the army was wearing out uniforms at a rapid rate and new ones had to be made from good quality wool, the only wool readily available to the public was reclaimed wool fibers (termed *shoddy*) achieved by combing your old wool suits for loose fibers, combining those fibers with some new cotton or wool, and then re-dying it. *Shoddy* had to be sterilized before use to prevent disease.

Then came paper-cloth, made of strips of newsprint woven with a tougher fiber such as cotton, flax, or silk as the weft. This paper-cloth was suitable only for items of clothing like hats which did not see heavy use. Substitutes for leather were not as easily found. Wooden soles were eventually used for shoes and boots. Because wood would not bend as needed for city walking, the soles were at first hinged, then later, joined with bits of flexible steel plate.

These problems stemmed not only from the needs of the soldiers outweighing the needs of the civilians, but also because the lack of fertilizers and the absence of a considerable part of the country workforce led to a significant drop in the nation's agricultural production. With insufficient food, as well as other vital consumer goods, Henny and her contemporaries were forced to live in a coupon economy in which they were distributed ration coupons or deal with black marketeers, for which there were heavy penalities. They were also called upon to replace men in the workforce, turn flower gardens into food gardens, and raise rabbits for meat.

When the war was over, when all the problems of the aftermath of WWI were solved, when the Depression was over, Henny's life got worse. Her husband and thousands of other Germans became enamored with the Nazi cause. What ensued was more shortages, conflict with her children because they did not support her

husband's political stance, the destruction of her city, more shortages, more suffering. Actually, Henny's life was one long downhill slide

According to her grandson Erich Hofmann, life was not so easy for her even at home. Erich was told by his father that Karl "was a drunkard, of the type they called in that times *Quartalssaufer*. State employees were paid quarterly (every three months), which meant they got a relatively high amount, from which they immediately spent a great part for drinking, so they brought rather little money home." So Henny, "in order to nourish the family, had to work, cleaning apartments, etc. Later she contacted the Salvation Army." A document dated March 4, 1896, survives that authorizes Henny to open an independent business as a *handarbeits–lehrerin,* that is, a teacher of crafts such as sewing and knitting.

She also gardened and kept animals such as a goat and chickens in a barn that used to be on their property before an annex was built. Erich says that even as a young child he got the "impression that Karl was very lazy in comparism with the other grandfather (Lehmann)." Small surprise that her grandson Erich remembered her as *stingy*. She probably had to be.

Henny did not survive the Second World War by much. She died May 1, 1947, in Hamburg. As there is a reference to Henny coming out of a hospital dead in one of her daughter-in-law's letters, I supposed that she died of disease. Erich Hofmann says his father investigated the death records in 1951 and learned that she had died of sepsis caused by abscesses in her right leg. *Sepsis*, of course, is a severe infection caused by toxin-producing bacteria in the bloodstream.

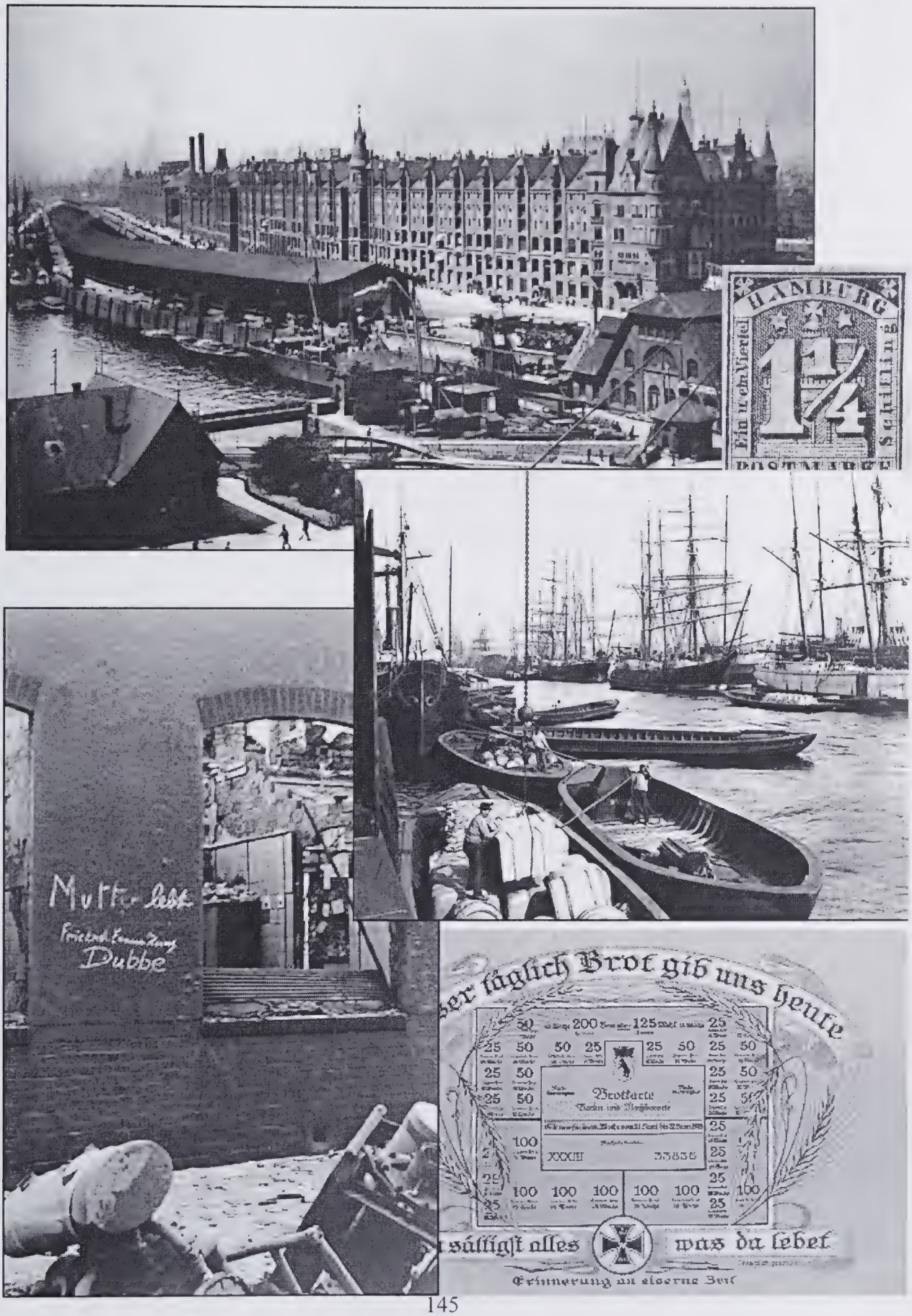
I think the worst part of her death was that she did not get to see either one of her sons before she passed. One was in America; she hadn't seen him for ten years. The other was in a prison camp somewhere in Russia. She didn't even get to say good-bye to those she loved best.

Top and bottom: Henry and Kurt Hofmann, Kurt the elder. Bottom, right: Karl, Henny, Kurt, and Henry Hofmann

Top: Erna, Erich, and Henry Hofmann in 1938.
Top, right: photographs of Henny and Karl's house in Ochsenzoll in their day and present day
Bottom: Bothilde Rathmann, Karl Hofmann, Hermine Richter, Henny Hofmann, Karla Richter. Karla is holding a walking stick with *stocknagel* decorating it. *Stocknagel* are curved metal plates that are sold as souvenirs and are nailed to a walking stick.

E-mail from Albert Hofmann to Roberta Hofmann, dated August 2, 2005,regarding the house pictured above. "During WWII and for years after that it was painted white and now it has a brick veneer. That was the house that Dad left from in 1923.

Photographs of things that were significant to Henny at different periods of life. Included are several views of Hamburg made in 1899 and one made after the Hamburg bombing. Also shown is a WWII bread (*brot*) ration revenue stamp, WWII cheese (*kase*) ration stamps, a Hamburg postage stamp, *thalers* and a WWI bread ration card.

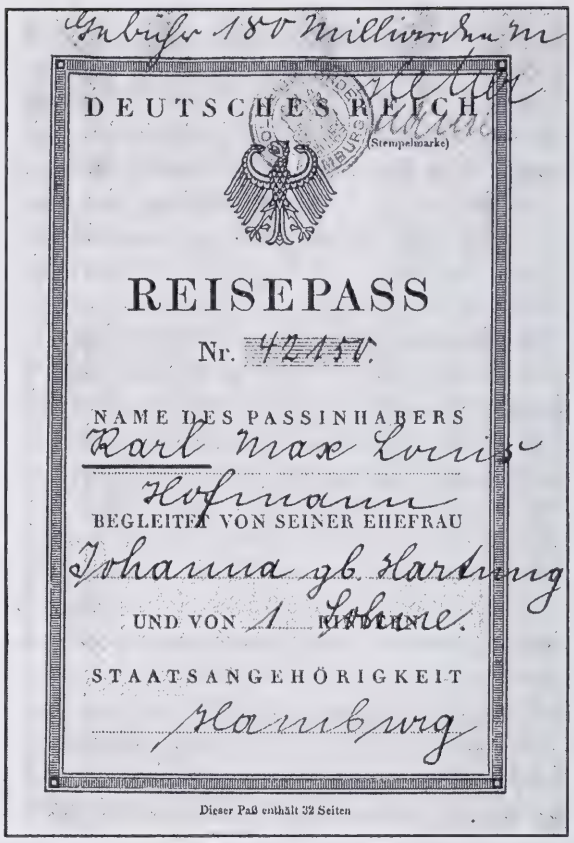

HAMBURG
Ein u. ein Viertel
1¼
Schilling
Mutter lebt
Dubbe
er täglich Brot gib uns heute
Brotkarte
XXXIII
33836
sättigst alles
was da lebet
Erinnerung an eiserne Zeit

Passport of Karl Max Louis Hofmann, accompanied by his wife Johanna gb. Hartung and his son. Citizenship Hamburg.

Signatures of K. Hofmann and his wife J. Hofmann
It is certified that these are the people stated in this passport and that these are their signatures. Hamburg 15 Nov. 1923. The police authority.

Occupation: clerical worker
birthplace: Altenburg, Hamburg
birthdate: 15.6.74 16.9.76
place of residence: Hamburg
height: average, average
shape of face: oval, oval
eye color: blue, green
hair color: dark, dark
Child: Henry, 18 1/2 years.
Sex male

It seems less than coincidental that they should get a passport just two months after their son Kurt emigrated to the United States. One assumes they intended to visit him there. Whether they did or not, I do not know.



Henny's identity card, 1950

Kennort:	Hamburg
Kennnummer:	B 434 335
Gültig bis	11. Aug. 1950 19
Name	Hofmann, geb. Hartung
Vornamen	Justine Catharina Johanna
Geburtstag	16. September 1876
Geburtsort	Hamburg
Beruf	ohne
Unveränderliche Kennzeichen	keine
Veränderliche Kennzeichen	keine
Bemerkungen:	keine

Dienststempel

Rechter Zeigefinger

Linker Zeigefinger

Dienststempel

Johanna Hofmann
(Unterschrift des Kennkarteninhabers)

Hamburg, den 11. Aug. 1945 19

Polizei
Abt. II.
(Ausstellende Behörde)

J. A.

(Unterschrift des ausfertigenden Beamten)

Polizeiverinspektor

CHILDREN OF HENNY HARTUNG AND KARL HOFMANN:

1. **Kurt Albert Johannes** (more earlier)

2. Henry Eduard August

Born: February 24, 1905

Occupation: merchant's clerk

Military Service: WWII, prisoner of war in Russia for five years after the war

Married: Erna Lehmann, October 26, 1929, Hamburg. She committed suicide September 1, 1958, Hamburg. Two subsequent marriages, one very short-lived. He last married a woman named Erika.

Child: Erich Andreas Christian, b. January 16, 1936, Hamburg; m. Marina Van Mudlers, September 14, 1979, Dilbeck, Belgium. No children; occupation-worked for the state bank at Frankfurt

Died: December 5, 1985, Hamburg

Henry, the only sibling of Kurt Hofmann, was born in Hamburg on February 24, 1905, and lived there all his life other than when he was in the military and when he was an internee in Russian prison camps. He married Erna Lehmann on October 26, 1929, fathered one son, Erich, and worked as a bookkeeper for a fruit importer until the Second World War. His military history is discussed in correspondence that follows. Suffice it to say that he became part of a Hamburg police unit that was

Henry with first wife Erna (above) and with his aunt's grandson, Pablo Naumann, Henry's third wife and her granddaughter Alexandra in July 1981 (bottom)

transferred into one of the most notorious regiments of the War and would have witnessed and may have participated in more than his share of brutality. In 1945 he was captured by the Russians and sent to prison camps in Finland and the Ukraine. He returned to his family in December of 1949, afflicted with tuberculosis. By some accounts his life experience embittered him and he became estranged at times from various family members. But his aunt's grandson, Pablo Naumann, who met him in Germany in 1986, said that Henry had welcomed him, treated him with great kindness, and had asked his wife to make Pablo a good meal.

When questioned about what job Henry held after the war, his son Erich wrote that "he was a real job-hopper in the negative sens. He had seven employers from 1950 to 1968, and with one enterprise he stayed twelve years. He did bookkeeping and connected work in the import-export business."

When he was about 75 years old, Henry underwent surgery to implant a pacemaker. During his last year of life, according to Erich, he "suffered of almost everything, but the crucial point for his death was the non-functioning of the kidneys." Henry died in Hamburg on December 5, 1985, two months shy of his 81st birthday.

CORRESPONDENCE AND NOTES PRIMARILY CONCERNING THE LIFE OF HENRY HOFMANN AND HIS WIFE

E-MAIL: Erich Hofmann to his cousin, Albert Hofmann

When I read the information you received from your father about my dad having been menber of the SS, I must smile, thinking that this was giving too much honour to my dad, because a man of his age measuring only about 1,64 had no single solitary chance of being accepted by the SS. Anyhow, I became curious and investigated in the internet (German language). So I found out that the Division Dirlewanger was indeed a division of the Waffen– SS. I only read the titles and learned that also poachers were in that division. So it is evident that my father as many other men became member of the SS not on an individual basis, but by being transferred to the SS with his whole unit. Having been in that division caused no problem when he came back to Germany. Even better: in the process of "de-nazification" =*Entnazifizierung* (introduced by the Allies) the authorities confirmed in a document which is still in my possession that he was politically without fault (the same as my mother). He was still registered with the Hamburg Police, and they offered to reemploy him, but he did not want to wear an uniform any longer.

Note: from Jewish Virtual Library, Reserve Police Battalion 101 (www.jewishvirtuallibrary.or/jsource/Holocaust/battalion101.html)

"Raised in Hamburg, Battalion 101 was one of thirteen police formations that were put at the disposal of the German army during its invasion of Poland in September 1939...On December 13, the police battalion returned to Hamburg where many of its recruits were transferred to other units and replaced by middle-aged reservists. In May 1940 the battalion was again dispatched to Poland where it was engaged throughout the Wartegau (the districts in western Poland formally annexed by the Third Reich) in the expulsion and resettlement of Poles, Gypsies, and Jews."

WWII Era Hamburg police buckle

(Henry was not in the 101st battalion. This is noted for its reference to other Hamburg police battalions.)

Note: from www.ku.edu/carrie/archives/wwi-1/2002/02/msg00270.html. This information was written by Vincent H. Bartning, a member of the 101st battalion of the Hamburg Police battalions.

... "This is best shown with the Hamburg Police battalions. After Hitler's raise to power, many western front survivors entered into the police force, and in the case of Hamburg, the police force was larger than the local military forces. So Hitler merged the military and the police, and split the Hamburg Police force (which consisted at one point of around 150,000 men) into battalions. These groups were more ruthless then the SS, and were the people who did all the dirty work. They guarded the death camps, hunted down hiding Jews, and in the early days of the 'extermination' went from countryside to countryside shooting Jews. Battalion 101 was among the worset."

Note: The following appears in the closing argument of Dr. Jur. Horst Pelckmann, defense counsel for the SS, at the International Military Tribunal trial of major war criminals at Nuremberg (August 30, 1946). At the Nuremberg trials, the prosecution asked the judges to declare the entire SS a criminal organization. But the defense stated that various members of the SS should be held blameless. This explains why Henry as found "without fault" after the war.

...Affidavits 82 and 85 deal with the SS Police regiments in the same way as the documents quoted previously. They prove that these SS police regiments were purely regiments of regular police without connection with the SS. Also the police divisions, to be distinguished from the police regiments, were not at all under the SS up to April, 1942. Often after that were they forcibly ordered into the Waffen SS.

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, May 31, 2004
Before World War II, my father Henry was bookkeeper with a Hamburg importer of mediterranean fruit, in a good position, having full of confidence of the owner.

1940: Like many people of his age, who worked in branches which practically disappeared in the war, he was drawn, not to the army, but to the police. He wore police uniform all the time. Units of Hamburg Police were transferred to occupied territories, and my father was sent to Poznan (Poland). In winter 40/41 my mother and I lived also in Poznan. While my father continued to live in the barracks (constructed in the Prussion period of this part of Poland), my mother and me lived in one room of a large flat, sharing bathroom and kitchen with polish people (no problems, details in supplement). I remember my father standing on a square regulating the traffic, and most cars belonged to the army (going towards the

1,5 Mill
Stempelgebühr vereinnahmt.

Die Polizeibehörde Hamburg.
Abteilung I (Allgemeine Polizei.)
Nr. A 1543

POLIZEIBEHÖRDE HAMBURG

Hamburg, den 15 Nov. 1923 192

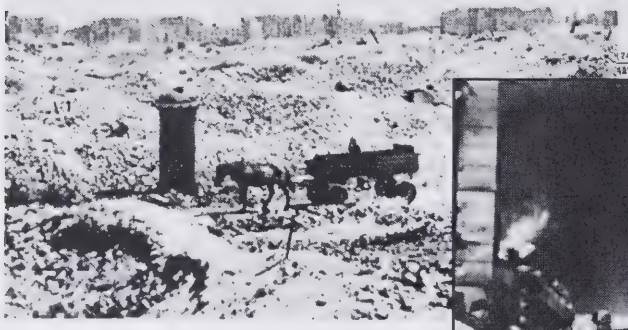
Der Justine Katharina Johanna Hofmann geb. Hartung,

geboren am 16. September 1876 in

wird auf Ansuchen bezeugt, daß Nachteiliges über sie hier nicht zu bescheinigen ist.

J.A.

Etwa im Gnadenwege gelöschte, der beschränkten Auskunftserteilung unterliegende und nicht registerpflichtige Bestrafungen werden in den polizeilichen Führungszeugnissen nicht aufgeführt.



Top: The country commissioner of the Hanseatic League City of Hamburg for the denazification categorization. This document states that Henry Hofmann, born 24 February 1905 in Hamburg, resident of Hamburg-Wandbek, Ossietzkystrass 26, was not to a Nazi and was not to be held responsible for the acts the National Socialist Party committed. Henry's wife Erna was given an identical document.

russion border preparing the invasion of the Sowjet Union?)
1942: In Konigsbruck north of Dresden (Germany) my father, who was very good in mathematics, got instructions to be artillerist. Historians say that Hitler, afraid to be overthrown by a coup of the army, splitted the forces: army, SS and armed police. So the Hamburg Police created artillery battalions. Armed police units fought the partisans in Russia behind the frontlines.
1943: My father was in middle Russia, for instance in Mogilev, not far from Minsk (Belorussia), where Jurgens's father directed a meat processing factory (both men never met in the war). The battalion of light artillery in which my father served became part of an infantery division with very bad reputation: Division Dirlewanger (an Austrian). I don't know whether this division was part of the SS, but like in the SS the bloodgroup was tattooed in the arms of the men. (This was very risky when becoming prisoner of the Sowjets, but furtunately the tattooing of my father was not longer legible.) The infanterists of the division came from a great diversity of units and had to serve here for punishment. The artillery battalion was composed of Hamburg Police and Ukranian volontairs, who steered the horse-drawen vehicles of this non-motorized division. (My father learned to ride a horse.) Since Germans had not much confidence in the Ukranians, also policemen not being officer were entitled to have a handweapon, so my father came for holidays to Hamburg I think it was in summer 1943 (his last holidays) with a pistol. My father told that they fought the partisans in the swamps of the river Pripjet, and in the winter the artillery destroyed the ice so that the fleeing partisans would drown. Later Division Dirlewanger was in Warszawa to throw down a rebellion. There were two rebellions in Warszawa: In the first half of 1943 the rebellion of the polish nationalist, which started when the russion armee under Marshal Rokossowski had approached Warszawa. But Rokossowski did not advance further, and historians say that his intention was to let the Germans extinguish the nationalists (who were not communists). Division Dirlewanger must have been in Warszawa to counterfight the second unheavel, because in Summer 1943 they were still in Middle Russia. My father said that in the streetfights of Warszawa the artillery was of little value. After Warszawa my father was in Slowakia and at the end of the war he was in the southeast of Berlin, where he was made prisoner of war by the Russions in March or April 1945. Being prisoner he was first sent to Pitkeranta at the Lake of Onega in Karelia, which formerly belonged to Finland. He worked in a wood mill, where he broke an arm. Then he was in Ukrainia to work in a quarry. He came back around christmas 1949 suffering from Tb, and he was able to work (one allowed to work because of the state of health) one year later.

Note: http://www.feldgrau.com/36ss.html

The Dirlewanger Regiment was first formed in 1940 as a unit that consisted of criminals who were released on the condition that they perform as soldiers. It was a particularly vicious group which included convicted felons, maniacs, and psychopaths. Added to the group were people who wanted to be released from concentration camps, foreigners, and then the Hamburg police unit. Dirlewanger himself had been convicted of molesting an underage girl for which he served two years in prison. When he came out, he was again charged with molestation. Through his friendship with a crony of Himmler's, Dirlewanger became a soldier in Spain and then got his own unit. The unit was initially supposed to be composed of convicted poachers only, who would have skills in woodcraft and riflery that would make them successful in hunting partisans. But there were not enough poachers to fill the unit, so other criminals, worse criminals, were allowed into the unit. Soldiers who committed crimes while on duty in other units were punished by being sent to be part of the Dirlewanger unit as well. By 1943 the unit had become large enough to be designated as a regiment.

During the time when Henry was a member of it, this regiment was involved in a number of firefights with partisans. Beginning on November 14, 1943, the regiment was forced into frontline combat on an emergency basis, however. As they were not really equipped or trained for this, the regiment suffered high casualties. Replacements were exclusively military convicts, volunteers from concentration camps and political prisoners. It was a motley group that Henry found himself with.

Unfortunately, for the Poles, the regiment then retreated into Poland in 1944 and were part of the vicious massacres in the city of Warsaw. In early September, the Poles crushed, the Dirlewanger moved on again. Next they fought against the Slovak uprising in October of 1944. In the beginning of 1945, the regiment returned to front line combat along the Oder River in Silesia. When the Soviet offensive began, the Dirlewanger retreated to the northwest and ended up at the Elbe River where they made a stand. Henry was captured in Berlin. I do not know how he got there. Many men were deserting, as they saw the end was near. I do not know if he were one of them. As for Dirlewanger himself, he was caught by the Poles and tortured over several days until he died.

Note: www.shtetlinks.jewishgen.org/Lida-District/opherm.htm

Anti-partisan operations in Belorussia included two of the cruelest of WWII: Cottobus and Hermann. During these operations in middle Russia (Minsk), a large area around Minsk was depopulated by murder or deportation into slave labor camps. Units were brought in to surround an area, and then anyone caught up in the net was to be forced to work for the Nazis or murdered. A given area was to be completely emptied of scrap material or anything that could be used as well as people. Anything that could not be moved, was to be destroyed. Even the forests were burned. According to their orders, the German soldiers were to view any human caught in the area to be considered "fair game." The German equivalent to those words is a term used strictly for hunting. So the soldiers were to view humans literally as animals to be hunted. So horrendous were the actions or the Dirlewanger Regiment, that if any proven connection could be made between a captured soldier and them, he was instantly executed if he were so unfortunate as to fall into Russian hands. This is why Erich felt it was lucky that Henry's tattooed blood type was illegible on his arm by the time he was captured. The book Jack and Rochelle, by Jack and Rochelle Sutin, is an account of what it was like to be a partisan during Operation Hermann.

Middle, opposite page: what was left of Warsaw
Bottom, opposite page: Warsaw citizens are rounded up in 1943.

Note: http://www.warsawuprising.com/

The Warsaw Uprising was a 63-day struggle between the Polish Underground and the German army. The Underground was attempting to liberate Warsaw from the occupation of the German Army at the very moment that the Soviets were approaching from the east. At the end of it, 15,200 Polish fighters had been killed or were missing; 5,000 had been wounded; 15,000 had been sent to POW camps. Another 5,660 Polish soldiers were killed, wounded or missing. As far as the city's civilians go, 200,000 were dead and another 700,000 expelled from the city. 55,000 civilians were sent to concentration camps– 13,000 of those to Auschwitz. 10,455 buildings were destroyed. Almost a million inhabitants lost all of their possessions. Eyewitness accounts of this uprising and the terrors it held can be found at the website noted above.

Note: *The Pripyat River flows through Belorussia and the Ukraine and is now contaminated with radioactive waste from Chernobyl.*

E-MAIL: Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, September 4, 2005
Remembrances of Warl War II
Part 1: Winter 40/41 in Poland (pictured below: the main square of Poznan and the concentration camp)
In 1939 they obliged my father to serve in the Hamburg police, which later built up even an artillery unit, which my father joined. In fall 1940 we was ordered to Poznan, Poland, and – knowing that he would stay there some time– my mother and I joined him in winter 1940/41. While my father continued to live in the barracks (constructed in the Prussian period of this part of Poland), my mother and me lived in one room of a large flat, sharing bathroom and kitchen with polish people, an elderly man and a couple having a nice little daughter five years old (I was four years old then). The elderly man might have been member of the polish intelligentsia. I remember his room was full of many books. He was detained by SS one night. My mother was told that he was brought to Zakopane, a winter resort where in those times polish nationalists (among others) were kept by the Germans. Imagine: my mother, wife of a Hamburg policeman, cooperated with the polish neighbors in looking for friends ore family of this gentleman (I think he really was) to take care of his belongings. The little girl and I soon became friends, speaking a mixture of Polish and German. After the world war my mother tried to reestablish contact with them via the red

cross: in vain. Maybe their family name was too common? Nowak. It may also be that they lived under another name, because he risked to be convicted (and possibly killed by fanatic nationalists and communists) for collaboration with Nazis. His profession was technical designer (I hope the explanation is understandable), but he had lost his job. Without being fully sure, I suppose that under the Nazi regime what they called *slawische Untermenschen* (slavic underhumans) had little chance to work in qualified jobs. So to earn his life and knowing the german language quite well he worked as a waiter in a restaurant for german military officers (=collaboration).

Note: www.redeemermclean.org/manitius.html

Poznan was the capital of Poznan province and was a port on the Warta River as well as a major railroad junction and industrial center. One of Hitler's aims was to colonize Germans into areas other than Germany. Poznan was part of the Warthegau, a former Prussian province. That area was selected as a test case to see how German settlement policies might unfold in future-conquered eastern territories. Poznan city is ringed with Prussian fortifications. Of these, Fort VII, became a concentration camp within the old Prussian barracks

Note: www.polandsholocaust.org

The Nazis decided that the fiercely patriotic Poles, who had a distressing tendency to resist occupation and fight it through underground methods, could not be Germanized and thus must be destroyed. On August 22, 1939, Hitler authorized murdering "without pity or misery all men, women, and children of Polish descent or language." One Nazi slogan said that they should die "a dog's death." Poles were massacred; Poles were hauled off to Siberia in four massive deportations totaling about a million; Poles were sent to concentration camps. By the end of the war, two-third of the Poles had died. The Polish intelligentsia was considered dangerous, as Hitler thought they might lead the Poles into underground activity against the Germans. A university had been founded in Poznan in 1918. Many professors and students were arrested, sent to concentration camps, tortured, and executed. The same thing happened at other Polish universities.

Note: The kindness of Erna, Erich's mother, was risky to say the least. On October 4, 1943, speaking in Poznan, Himmler addressed the topic of kindness to non-Germans.

"....it is a crime against our own blood to worry about them..."

Note: Wars: Commentaries and Reminiscences by Helena Znaniecka Lopata, Professor Emerita, Loyola University; Network News, Sociologists for Women in Society; Spring 2002 Volume XIX, No. 1. She is writing about living in Poznan in 1939-40.

..."Glimpses of Nazis in the city: Poles could not ride in front sections of streetcars and soon families forbade girls from riding in them at all, with stories of some being pulled off by the German soldiers. Poles had to get off the sidewalk when soldiers walked on them. We young ones in our suburb had to dig trenches to hide in during air attacks...Uncle Bronek brought gas masks, and we practiced living in them in his basement for hours at a time. No one knew what was to happen day by day. Poznan, halfway between Berlin and Warsaw, was invaded first. ...Rumor had it that during the fall of 1939 that the Nazis had built a concentration camp outside of Poznan and that buses were traveling during the night, when Poles had to be indoors with the curfew, picking up families and taking them there...after a few more stops we got to the camp. It was filled with long one- and two-story buildings. We were assigned a place on the straw on the floor, with a long table and chairs in front and a bright light shining above all night. It was scary. In the morning each day two men with pails went to the kitchen and got watery soup and bread for all ten to twenty of us at our table."

This continues with a very interesting and dramatic story of how her mother got them out of Poland to America via Italy which can be read at http://newmedia.colorado.edu/~socwomen/newsletter/myturn8.html.

Note: from Polonia Today Online. "Radzia (Niewiarowski), American Prisoner in Nazi-Occupied Poland," 1990 http://www.poloniatoday.com/radzia24.htm. The following is a description of Poznan prison in 1942:

..."Down a long, musty corridor we went, the damp concrete reeking. We passed along bolted steel doors with small peep holes. Behind them on the floor lay moaning skeletons of humanity. The groans of the suffering captives filled us with fear. We followed the guard, wondering what was going to happen to us. Were we to be beaten, whipped into unconsciousness, and subdued to the state of the wretches here?"

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, September 6, 2005

Remembrances of WWII

Part II: Political environment

Being a child the political environment did not concern me so much. I would have been asked to join the youth organisation at the age of ten, but the war ended when I was nine. It was only in Poland when I was 4 years old when I learned about the existence of Jews. There were no Jews in our Hamburg neighborhood. In Poznan we went to a theater to see an entertainment program for German soldiers and their families. In one sketch a what we call *Schnellzeichner*– a person who knows to draw a picture very rapidly– drew the silhouette of a Jew, only making three times the cypher 6, one being forehead and eye, the other one the nose, and the last one the chin. Many people, including my parents, did not seem to be extremely amused, and I did not even understand it. When we went to primary school (Jurgen and I attended the same primary schools and high school) on our arrival in the morning we had to assemble on the yard in orderly rows and we were greeted by the teachers with the *Nazigruss* (Heil Hitler and right hand up), and we had to answer in the same manner. (In TV I saw the morning ceremony in a Isreal primary school, which in comparison showed much more indoctrination). Pupils older than I were summoned to collect Colorado beatles in the near potato fields, and they told us that the beatles had originally been dropped by allied planes. If political indoctrination in primary school existed it must have been very subtle. I did not feel it. However, religion was not mentioned at all. Schoolbooks transmitted a rather

oldfashioned, conservative picture of civilisatory values: mother in the kitchen, father leaving the house to earn money. But that is even nowadays the philosophy of leading members of the Christian Democratic Union. My mother listened to the speeches of Hitler in the radio. Later she told me that she had to do so for security reasons. People who did not were considered an unreliable German. And somebody you did not know could begin a conversation with you about the speech, and you was never sure to be confronted with a plaincloth member of the secret police (Gestapo). There as little confidence among German people. I remember when I was nine yers old, just before the end of the war, we heard the British artillery shooting somewere east of Hamburg. (They had crossed the Elbe east of Hamburg where the river is smaller). I had a rather mixed feeling between anxiousness, curiosity and hope, thinking that now the war will come to an end, no more nights interrupted by air raids, and maybe father will come back soon. My mother and our neighbors (since 1938) with whom we shared many nights in the shelter (*Luftschutzbunker)*, talked about it at the fence separating our gardens. I wondered why the grown up people where so hesitant to give an opinion, and much later I realized that even among those old neighbors there was lack of confidence. The Lehmann clan knew about what was happening in the concentration camps. My grandfather would not have believed what was said in the german language broadcasting of BBC, bearing in mind the absurde propaganda of both sides during World War I, but one of his sons, my uncle and godfather Willy (missing three fingers, working in an enterprise of some strategic value, thus not becoming a soldier) had been member of the communist party and still had contacts with former party friends now working with the railways, who told about the transports, etc. So this was considered reliable information. Everytime my uncle came to see us, I was sent to bed early (for security reasons; my so far very good relations with my uncle where jeopardized), and they talked with low voice. After the war my mother explained everything to me.

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, September 6, 2005
Remembrances of Warl War II
Part 3:-Bombing
In the course of the war bombing became more and more heavy, the intervals between attacks shorter, and when Germany had lost the control over the air space bombings occurred also during the day. In the evening a report on the air space situation was given in the radio. (f.i. Allied airplanes are approaching over the North Sea direction south east, their final destination cannot be ascertained yet). The speaker had a comforting voice, so he got the nickname Onkel Baldrian (Uncle Valerian, the plant of which a calming medicament is made). We went to bed anyhow. In more and more nights a sirene gave an alarm signal, and I was made awake by my mother, I was still half asleep, and I went or was torn to the barracks you have seen, where they had shelters in the cellar rooms. The barracks served (truly) as military hospital and on the roofs there was the red cross. (which seems to have been respected). In many nights we did not even have the time to go there, so we joined our neighbor in his cellar rooms which were somewhat deeper than ours and had a second exit leading directly to the garden. Many people became victims under the ruins of buildings. People told– the press did not report– that some 400 clients of an department store, who flead into the cellar rooms of the building when an air raid happened by daylight, died there. We were relatively lucky, because our part of the town was no special target. When bombs were dropped there, it must have been by accident, f.i. when an allied plane was hit by german guns and dropped ist bombs. So once when we sat in the shelter of our neighbor we heard the sound of falling bombs and then the soil trembled, and the day after we saw three craters in the field of a nearby farmer (then their were still many farms in the vicinity). We feared that the installation of a anti-aircraft guns quite near would attract bombing. The guns must have been rather active. Many splinters of the shells fell down to the earth, and we collected them in the morning on our way to school. They caused some damage to the roofs. Also we collected the tin-foil stripes the allied bombers dropped to irritate german radar. In principal you should no be in the open air during an air. But I remember that once we left the shelter of our neighbor when Billstedt, lying south of Wandsbek, was attacked. We saw in the sky the so-called Christmas tress, grape-like read lights hanging down on parachutes, mostly four forming a rectangular, in which the following bombers had to drop the bombs. The bombing of Hamburg in summer 43 was terrific. Our surroundings were not hit, but the following day the sun did not appear, and we thought it was not because of the normal clouds, but because of smoke. Peaces of paper partially burned were falling on our garden. In downtown Hamburg and other parts many people died, not only being burnt or killed under the ruins. Some people tried to flee the fire by jumping into the canals in the center of the town, but when they died because of lack of oxygene, which had been absorbed by the fire. Also the hot air was killing people. Once an incendiary bomb hit our house. It perforated all ceilings, then a thin layer of concrete which formed the roof of the cellar, and there it penetrated dry sand and burned out without causing any damage. Jurgen told you already that a heavy bomb which had fallen some days before exploded at the corner of the street near our houses at about noon, when furtunately all children normally playing on that corner were at home for lunch. At that moment my mother and I were sitting at th table, and my chair went up, but came safely down with me. The roof tiles of our houses had gone with the wind another time.

Note: http://www.firstthings.com/ftissues/ft0305/reviews/linker.html

Twenty minutes after the bombing commenced, the city was engulfed by flames rising a mile into the air. As Sebald writes in On the Natural History of Destruction, the inferno consumed so much oxygen so quickly that it stirred up hurricane-force winds that 'lifted gables and roofs from buildings, flung rafters and entire advertising billboards through the air, tore trees from the ground, and drove human beings before it like living torches.' A few hours later, as smoke continued to pour from the smoldering ruins, survivors surveyed a scene of stunning desolation.

Note: *Uncle Valerian was a resident of Nuremberg who would come on the radio before bombing raids and indicate where the allied planes were coming from and where they were going. He was a native of Wesfalen named Arthur Schoddert.*

Note: Tin-foil strips (chaff), code-named window, were dropped for the first time June 17, 1943. The strips confused German radar so that Allied bombers could strike without being shot down. In his memoir, *The End: Hamburg 1943*, Hans Erich Nossack makes reference to the strips:

"And yet this terrible noise (strafing) was so permeable that every other sound could be heard as well: not just the reports of the antiaircraft guns, the bursting of grenades, the howling roar of bombs, the singing of shrapnel, no, even a very soft rustling, no louder than that of a withered leaf dropping from branch to branch, and for which there was no explanation in the darkness."

"Strewn across the heath lay thin strips of tin foil that were blackened on one side. It was these that had caused the rustling sound during the night, but no one knew what they were for. People warned against touching them, since they could have been poisonous. Only later did we learn that the strips had been dropped in order to prevent the defense from using radar to locate the planes."

Note: from The Dresden Bombing: An Eyewitness Account, by Edda West, who lived in Dresden as a child in 1945. This account appears at www.stormfront.org/forum/archive/index.php/t-184534.html

... *"My grandmother would always begin the story of Dresden by describing the clusters of red candle flares dropped by the first bombers, which like hundreds of Christmas trees, lit up the night sky– a sure sign it would be a big air raid..."*

Note: from An Air-raid on Hamburg, by Charlotte Brozzo, an account of an air-raid which took place on June 20, 1944, found at www.seniorenet-hamburg.de/zeitzeugen/vergessen/english/brozzo1.htm

... *"And while some hundreds of bombers flew their death-delivering loads towards the east, accompanied by pathfinder aircraft which marked the target area by jettisoning so-called "Christmas tree"-flares, the normal life in the target area of Hamburg of a day in the 5th year of the war was beginning.*

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, September 6, 2005
Remembrances of World War II-
Part 4: Aftermath of Bombing

Black humor: Hein und Fietje, two Hamburg personalities, who I suppose never existed in reality, but only in in typical Hamburg jokes, met by chance after an air raid of 43 just in face of the central station, and both were so glad that also the other one was still at life. Fietje asked Hein, where he lived now. Hein said: Justin face, they gave me a furnished room in the house Steindamm 2. Fietje answered: Then you are my direct neighbor now, I'm living in number 520. (Meaning that all houses lying between had been destroyed. Almost all the buildings between the center of Wandsbek (Wandsbeker Markt) and Central Station, I guess 6 miles, had been destroyed, mostly burned. The great majority had been appartment houses around 5 floors high with bricks (as in other parts of town), and the ceilings were probably held by wooden trunks, so most ceilings had burned and come down, but many facades and other walls were still standing several floors high. The empty window holes looked like eyeholes in a human skull. Pipes (gas, water) were stretching out from the walls into the open air. People climbed up to get them. Non ferrous metals were especially appreciated. Many suffered heavy accidents. The rubbles covered great part of the streets. The authorities, with the aid of many volunteers, cleared up a lane in the center of the main roads so they could make the tram run again. Where the sidewalk was supposed to be, there were still lots of rubble, broken bricks etc, and as people went over it, with the time going by small pathes appeared. This was the common view of almost all densely populated parts of Hamburg. I saw it when we were going to see my uncles in Eimsbuttel, western part of the town. I saw lorries running on the tram rails to bring the rubble away, and grandfather told that in downtown also barges were used. When now I see old movies showing such damages, Hamburg, other German towns or foreign towns, I am not at all impressed, all I miss in the smell: dust, smoke and putrefaction. The first shabby houses were built by recovered (re-used) bricks. People who cleaned the bricks (f.i. separating bricks still clinging together) were paid by quantity, but very little. When the Deutsche Bank sent me to Brussels to polish up my French in 1956, Hamburg was far from being completely cleaned up, not to say reconstructed. Brussels was for me a revelation: A neat town showing no signs of war.

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, September 10, 2005
Remembrances of Warl War II
Part 5: The Housing Problem

More and more people lost their individual houses or the appartment in the course of bombing. *Ausgebombt*– bombed out (of your house) was a very current expression. Grandfather Lehmann was among the many people being *ausgebombt* two times. Before the war he lived in downtown Hamburg in a apartment with a nice view over the harbour, which when I was a little boy impressed me very much. It burned down in one of the first airraids, when probably the harbour was the target. I am not sure whether the state intervention in the housing marked existed already, but anyhow they got an apartment in the vicinity of their two sons in Eimsbuttel, a quarter opposite of Wandsbek. That was not so far from the Kleingarten-cooperative, where he and his two sons (my uncles Willy and Kally, nickname for Karl) had their gardens. Later on a great part of Eimsbuttel was destroyed., and he was *ausgebombt* again. The state intervention system in the housing market now did exist, and those who still had kept their houses (or apartments) were obliged to give room to tenants, whoever the tenant might be. My mother, talking with the local boss of the Nazi party, succeeded to adjourn the matter, to make sure whether somebody of her family was in need. We could not contact them (we had no telephone, and the phone network did not operate), but Willy (he and his brother Karl were *ausgebombt* later) came by bike to inform us. He had to make a large trip around Hamburg, because the center could not be passed yet. So we gave room to grandfather Karl Lehmann and grandmother Auguste. Some later we took over a baby. The wife of Uncle Willy died when their son Rolf was born. Some years later Uncle Willy married the sister of his first wife, and they took Rolf. In the meantime we were obliged to give room to other people, and when father came back in 1949, there were father, mother and I, my grandparent and an elderly woman with her grown up daughter, in a house of four rooms plus kitchen and bathroom. (In the neighborhood it was similar.) Around end 45 there were rumours that the British army, which had taken over the near barracks, would confiscate for their officers those private houses which had a fully equipped bathroom (corresponding to the standards of those times). In our bathroom was a bathing tube and a cole operated oven to make warm water. So grandfather demantled the oven. We reinstalled it later, and much later a fully fledged central heating and warm water system operating with oil was installed. State intervention in the housing market was something unique, and I think still it is, because as far as I know no other country ever introduced such system. However it might be that

no other country had to suffer comparable conditions. In the territory of the former Federal Republic of Germany (i.e. in the borders before reunification of the two remainders of what was Germany) the population before the war was around 45 millions, after the war it became 60 millions (because of the refugees), and I don't know how many apartments had been destroyed in the war, but sure much more than 50%. The compulsory system was introduced in Hitler times, but kept in force after the war (by officials mostly having been Nazi) for a very long time. I remember that my father succeeded to get rid of the to ladies in the 50th with the argument that he came back from Russia with tbc (in the meantime capsuled in the lungs) so that it was not recommendable that so many people live in so little room. My uncles after loosing their apartments lived in their gardens. They enlarged the already existing huts. It seemed to me so primitive: In the beginning no electricity, only handoperated waterpumps and no sewage system. In the meantime the huts have been demolished and a new quarter of the town had been created.
(Pictured: a German coal stove.)

Note: http://www.papascott.de/archives/2003/07/24/summer-of-43/
One million people were left homeless after the bombing of Hamburg. The bombing took place in July 29, 1943; it was October before all the fires were out.

Note: http://www.hamburgmuseum.de/e/htm_e/textversion/20jhd-2-02.html
The British confiscated living space in the west and north of the Outer Alster of Hamburg for their soldiers, displacing 40,000 tenants in an area already deeply troubled by lack of sufficient housing.

Note: http://langlab.uta.edu/german/lana.rings/Americans.And.Germans/4.html (biographical story of American Mary Schmidt, a military wife living in postwar Germany. She stated that most Germans took a bath about once a week because it was so much trouble to do it more often. She said she got a bath twice a week but that most Americans did not.
"Heating was done with coal. The coal man would come, and he would open the door from the street, and then he would dump the coal down the stairs. Then it was your responsibility. You had to pick it up, and then take it down the hall to your storage area. Then when you were all finished, you had to sweep it and mop it and make it real clean. It seems to me we got coal about every six or eight weeks. And then you'd order a little bit of kindling. We got to be fairly good fire builders in that little stove, but we never mastered the trick of building a fire in the water heater...They could build, in this bitty container, the most roaring fire. It was a big, tall copper water heater, with a little stove in the bottom of it. If you think of a normal water heater, about forty gallons, I would say it was probably about a ten-gallon tank. It was pretty amazing."

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, September 10, 2005
Remembrances of World War II
Part 6: The food problem
Preliminary remarks
During Warld War I they suffered hunger in Germany (according to general reports and what my grandmother said), but not so during World War II (hunger began after the war). Hitler had learned his lessons in WWI. So a sophisticated rationing system was introduced very early, and a great part of the harvest of the occupied countries was sent to the Reich. A black marked was not evident, due to the repressive Nazi system, but it emerged after the war. Also in other countries foodstuff was rationed. Occupied France had to delivery alimentary goods to Germany, and in not occupied southern France (Vichy Government under Marechal Petain) the situation was not brilliant either, I know. In fall 1956 after having worked 6 months in Belgium, I spent two weeks holidays in Cassis, situated at the Mediterranean coast east of Marseille. The lady who owned the small hotel said that in wartimes she was able to get everything she wanted, but only because she was widow then, so she could make love with the merchants of the village. If you find it shocking: I found it shocking too. Shortly before the war the existing import restrictions were liberalized, but importers were asked by the German authorities to pay the merchandise by using credit facilities of London Banks (Did Nazis build up stocks before the war? My father accused they did so, he worked in the import business. After the war the Federal Republic of Germany recognized the accumulated debt and paid it back.) And foreign trade continued even during the war. After the heavy bombings of Hamburg in 43 grown up people got a special ration of coffee, to improve the morals. Had these coffee beans been stocked since 1938? Hardly to imagine. After the war we learned that imports continued through Portugal, Spain, and occupied France, payment being made via Switzerland. (Also *Neue Zuricher Zeitung* reported that I think in the 80th.) In the first years after the war Swiss people pretended that Hitler did not dare attack the Alpen Forteress, later they had to accept the view that a non occupied Switzerland was of much better use for Nazi Germany. Switzerland also delivered Swiss Made goods to Germany, and part was paid with gold confiscated at the Netherlands Central Bank. Swiss authorities argued that to make sure to get payment from Germany, they could not allow to investigate where the payment instruments came from.
My experience
As I told before my mother and I stayed in winter 40/41 in Poznan. Polen being a country with a rich agriculture, I remember that there was enough foodstuff, and I do not remember any rationing. When we came back to Hamburg, rationing of many products had already

started and the rationing system became more and more severe, being extended to more and more consumer goods, not only foodstuff, and later on practically everything was rationed. It must have been similar in other countries, especially in England. I remember that once my mother made little marks with a knife into a bread, thus marking the 30 small slices she intended to cut in the following week. The small animals people kept in their gardens (poultry, rabbits) were counted for statistical reasons. Did the government consider them being part of the national alimentary base? The counting was done under the supervision of the local boss of the NSDAP, with the title of *Ortsgruppenleiter* (rather low grade in the Nazi hierarchy), who lived in our street and in my opinion was a very honorable man. We did some barter trade with a neighbor who had chicken. We gave them a rabbit and then we got a certain quantity of eggs distributed over some weeks. I cannot remember having suffered hunger during the war (maybe my mother did for me), but after the war. Our advantage was that we had a garden of about 500 squaremeters, and my grandfather Lehmann (He and his wife lived with us in Wandsbeck since 1943) had a *Kleingarten* (of the kind I have near our appartment), but in Eimsbuttel, in the opposit part of Hamburg. At that time it took about one our and a half to get there from Wandsbek by tram. I remember him coming back in the evening with a rucksack and two large baskets, full of alimentary stuff from his garden. Since the way to Eimsbuttel was so long, sometimes he stayed in his garden overnight, sleeping in his wooden hut. In the garden he had built a very primitive underground shelter World War I stile, and my grandmother feared that this shelter could become his own grave, should it be hit by a bomb. But something different happened which nobody could imagine before. His garden was near the zoological garden Hagenbecks Tierpark (pictured below). Bombs fell into the zoo, and wild animals came free very disturbed by the noise. An African buffalo (Watussi cattle) ran through the gardens and attacked my grandfather, who stretched out on the ground, face to the earth, protecting his had with his arms. The animal stood above him, and it put one foot into the back part of the knee of my grandfather. Fortunately, the earth was very soft, so the knee penetrated the earth and the damage was not too serious. The buffalo continued his run and was later shot by a policeman. The voucher sheet of the rationing system gave you the right to buy only small quantities at a given time, and you was not sure whether the product was at disposal with your grocer. So we had to quew up very often. It's marvellous how housewives succeeded to prepare meals under such circumstances. Refrigerators did not exist, and distribution of water, electricity, and gas were interrupted rather often. Luckily we had not only a kitchen heated by gas, but we had still kept an old coal oven. After the war the parcels sent by Onkel Kurt were a great relief. Chocolate (I must have known before the war) and other things seemed something new to me. Obviously, your father was not allowed to send any kind of product (for costums reasons): Boxes of cigarettes were hidden in boxes containing f.i. Quakers, which also were welcome. Grandfather Lehmann changed the cigarettes in the black market against I don't know what. Until the introduction of the DM (1948) cigarettes served as currency. After the war town people went in dangerously overcrowded trains to the countryside to ask farmers for foodstuff, and they offered all valuables they had for exchange. A joke said that peasants did not want persian rugs any longer, since there cows were already standing on it. Fortunately, we were not forced to do such efforts, thanks to Onkel Kurt, our gardens and the work of grandfather and more or less all of us.

Note: http://history1900s.about.com/library/holocaust/aa072397.htm

During WWII the Nazis stole gold, jewelry, and other valuables from the millions of Jews they murdered and needed a way to turn these items into usable cash for their war effort. The Swiss helped facilitate the exchange of these items into cash in addition to holding Nazi accounts. It has been speculated that some of the gold the Swiss accepted was the dental gold and wedding rings taken from the Jews at the concentration camps. Many Jews sought refuge in Switzerland in the early part of the war; some made it; others did not– particularly after the Swiss requested that the passports of Jews have a big letter J impressed upon them. Still others opened accounts in Swiss banks, trying to save their money from the Nazis. Many of those Jews died in the Holocaust and their accounts went dormant in the Swiss banks. After the war, their surviving relatives were turned away from the Swiss banks who said that they could not access the accounts of their relatives because they did not know the account numbers and could not produce paperwork relating to them or death certificates for their relatives who had perished in the camps. Over the years the Swiss admitted to finding a few million Swiss francs in Jewish accounts then in June of 2005 admitted to having five billion Swiss Francs in such dormant accounts. No one really knows how much Jewish money was in them. In 1997 the Swiss produced a list of dormant accounts and said anyone claiming one could go before an international panel that would decide whether or not the person had a legitimate claim to the money in the account.

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to Albert Hofmann, September 11, 2005
Remembrances of World War II
Part 7: How to keep the house warm
The kind of houses you have seen in Ossietzkystrasse did not offer much comfort in those times. The price of our house was Reichsmark 10.000 in 1938. By the way when my father sold grandfather's house in Ochsenzoll in 1955 he obtained DM 10.000. Warm water and heating systems operatin with

gasoil were nearly inexistent in those times, at least for individual houses. (I think it was only in the late fifieth when our house was modernized.) We had coal ovens in every room, and the coal or coke had to be carried upstairs from the cellar rooms. Sure coal was rationed, we did not have enough during the war, and the situation worsened considerably after the war. I cannot remember that sleeping rooms in the first years after the war ever were heated. In winter nights the temparature was below zero in the sleeping rooms (I know because the liquid in what we call pisspot was frozen.) But also in the other rooms on winter mornings are inner side of windows was covered with a layer of ice, showing lovely forms (we say *Eisblumen*– ice flowers). So the only room permanently warm at least during the day was the kitchen, which in winter also served as living room. After the war the town of Hamburg sacrificed part of the trees in the public parks. So also we got the authority to cut one. We also cut some trees in the garden. For the people in the apartment buildings on the main road it was even worse. In that buildings which had been constructed for families of soldiers or civilian staff a modern heating system already did exist. Since it could not be operated during the war, people put coal operated ovens in the bedroom and made an opening in the window, so they could lead the smokes outside through a pipe. To prepare warm meals they also made primitive grills outside on the lawn, using old bricks. The German coal production was low after the war, and the British occupation forces kept most of it, I think for their own needs. For German people it became a sport to rob coal by different means: In fantastic team work one person jumped upon the train and threw down coal while the others collected it, or they penetrated in merchant railway stations in the night. The robbers even had their special hymn, a text they song on a Glenn Miller melody: *Sentimental Journey*.

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, September 17, 2005
Remembrances of Warl War II
Part 8: Occupation
I cannot say so much about occupation, whot should be interpreted the positive way. As I wrote earlier, Hitler had ordered that Hamburg should be defended (The town was declared forteress), but the local representative of Hitler, Gauleiter Kaufmann, die not obey. He made the Hamburg leaders of army, SA and SS temporarily prisoners and handed Hamburg over to the British (I cannot exclude that there was some isolated resistance by fanatics, but I cannot remember having heard about it.) In any case that was a good point of departure for acceptable relations, for both occupiers and occupied. We were very lucky to be in the British zone. The day before the British entered the town (I think begin May 1945) we were ordered by radio to stay in our houses the next morning and not to stand at the windows. Further instructions would follow. Early I the morning we got awake by noise on the mainroad (which you crossed when we went to Jurgen's party), and we took a glimps through the curtain and saw British trucks driving to the center of the town. I think that the British were more afraid than we were. In the first weeks there was a curfew during the night, but it started rather early. There were patrols of British soldiers even in our street (two men with rifles), and once they came even shortly before curfew, so one neighbor (Missis Kofer, the mother of Renate you have met at the party) went out of their house holding a big alarm clock to show them the exact time. The patrol did not bother. Probably they wanted to make sure that in the vicinity of the barracks they had occupied everything was calm. Later I heard that in downtown there were mixed patrols of British soldiers and German police, and it did not take so much time till German police was allowed to wear arms. Once we saw a soccer game between British soldiers in the little Stadium of Wandsbek. I remember there were many British soldiers with automatic guns on the no so high tribunes. Then we became aquainted with 1 highlight of modern civilization: British soldiers gave to us chewing gum. I did not like it, and I did not many effort to get. As far as I can remember the behaviour of the British was good. Only one really unimportant incident I heard about. Once when a British unit was suddenly transferred to another place, they "forgot" to give back to a German a Radio which he had lent them so they could listen to BFN– British Forces Network. I suppose that that could not have happened with American troops, who sure had enough radios, private or army owned. It seems that generally American soldiers lived in better conditions than the British, their supplies being better. Cigarettes were very scarce among the German population. When a British threw away the rest of a cigarette, German people took it, to smoke it in a pipe or to make cigarettes with cigarette paper. Jurgen's father said he would never do so, he found it too humiliating. Cigarettes might also have played a role in relations with British and German Fraulein. When I worked in Belgium in 1956 (I was the first German to be trainee in a Belgium bank after the war) a Belgium bank employee who had been soldier in Germany (Belgium held a small part of the British Zone) told me (in the presence of many witnesses, also young ladies), that for one cigarette in Germany he could make love with both mother and daughter. To close this chapter with something less negative: My grandfather told me, that in a commuter train there were some young British soldiers (then without arms) who had seen the zoological garden and had to go back to their barracks in Luneburg. German passangers tried to teach them the correct pronounciation of that town. It must have been very funny.

Note: http://www.wargamer.com/ww2timeline/1945western.asp
German envoys met with General Montgomery at his headquarters on Luneburg Heath, south of Hamburg, to discuss peace. The envoys recommended unconditional surrender to the 21st Army Group. Northwestern Germany was in chaos as troops, civilians, and refugees poured west to avoid the Russian soldiers who were advancing. General Wolz surrendered Hamburg on May 3, 1945, to the British Second Army and declared Hamburg an open city. That army then occupied Hamburg.

Note: The following article was published in The Age on May 4, 1945.
It can be found at http://150.theage.com.au/view_bestofarticle.asp?straction=update&inttype=1&intid=529
MASS CAPTURE OF GERMANS
LONDON, May 3 (A.A.P.)
Almost every hour is bringing news of the fall of some new German stronghold or of the surrender of vast masses of enemy troops. Following the unconditional surrender of all German forces in Italy and Western Australia, and the capture of Berlin by the Russians, Hamburg Radio announced the occupation of Hamburg by the British and other vital ports, while also in the north of Germany, British forces linked up with the Russians. Shortly before the occupation of the great shipping centre of Hamburg the radio announced that it had been declared an open city. A message from Field-marshal Montgomery's head quarters in the next few hours, according to the

correspondent of Exchange Telegraph with the 21st Army Group. Entry of the British to Hamburg took place at noon yesterday. The British commander imposed the curfew from 1 p.m., and it was stated that its duration depended on the discipline of the population. All public traffic was ordered to stop at noon, and Hamburg police made responsible for the observance of order. The occupation authorities would help to enforce order in cases of disobedience. Reuter said it was evident that Hamburg Radio, formerly the Germans' principal station in the north, was now operating under Allied control. Orders to the populace were prefixed with the announcement that they had been issued by the British Commander in Chief. The Germans in the north are giving up the fight in tens of thousands at a time, and the prospect of a mass debacle surrender on Field-Marshal Montgomery's front is increasing...Two British divisions yesterday took prisoner 83,000, including five Generals.

Note: http://www.commondreams.org/views01/0904-02.htm

American soldiers could buy a carton of cigarettes at the PX for a dollar. That carton, sold on the black market would yield as much as 1,000 Reichsmarks at a time when a German's average pay for a week was about 80 Reichsmarks. It was not long before the value of everything was measured in cigaretttes.

Note: http://www.hamburgmuseum.de/e/htm_e/textversion/20jhd-2-02.html

Gauleiter Kaufmann and Hamburg's mayor Krogmann, as leading Nazis, were arrested a few days after the occupation themselves. Sixty per-cent of the upper ranks of policemen, 16 per-cent of teachers and 30 per-cent of university professors were dismissed. By 1947 327,157 individuals had been examined in the denazification process, but no one was actually incriminated.

The British confiscated living space in the west and north of the Outer Alster of Hamburg, displacing 40,000 tenants in an area already deeply troubled by lack of sufficient housing.

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, September 6, 2005
Remembrances of Warl War II
Part 9: Financial Situation

Thanks to becoming artillerist in some leading position my father was promoted *Zugwachtmeister*, a title taken over from police rankings. *Zug* is a part of a German unit called *Kompanie*. So he was very well paid in the larger part of the war. Only what to do with the money if everything was rationed? So my mother repaid completely a mortgage loan which had been contracted when buying the house. After war father's salary stopped completely. (He came only back in 49 and could not work for one year, when he was in a sanatorium because of TBC). The not so high pension my retired grandfather Lehmann received was some help. Grandfather Karl Hofmann was asked by a Hamburg Authority for Social Matters to pay a minor monthly amount in my favour, and mother had to remind him to fulfill his obligation. The monthly payment was received from the people we had to give room must have been very small. The accounts of the succession rights concerning the house of grandfather in Ochsenzoll show that in 1955 the Jeske couple paid only DM 20 a month. My mother gave piano lessons against payment, to Jurgen and to other children. I think it was after the monetary reform of 1948 (when the Deutsche Mark was introduced) that the Government put in force a system of burden sharing between those who had kept their wealth, especially houses, and those who were on the looser side, among which many refugees. So our house was charged with a compulsery mortgage which had to be paid long term with very low interest. Anticipated payments were allowed, and then a rebate was granted. If mother had not paid back the mortgage loan dating back to construction times, this compulsery mortgage would possible have been lower, but in such case our financial savings resulting from accumulated salaries of father would practically have been lost in the monetary reform. Later father made an anticipated repayment of the compulsery mortgage.These mortgages were handled by a new establishede public bank. (*Lastenausgleichsbank*), which prefinanced part of the future amortizations of the mortgages, so that immediately huge amounts could be paid out mostly to refugees. Some jokes show that there was many envy on the side of the western Germans. They told that the Lombardbrucke, the bridge crossing the lake Alster, had come down some centimeters when a refugee crossed the bridge with the compensatory payment in his pocket. It seems some refugees declared more landownership than they really had to get a high indemnification. So western Germans said that according to the declarations of the refugees East Prussia must have stretched out to Sibiria. In any case the people who got a compensation were almost the only ones who disposed of some quantity of money after the monetary reform to start some activities in whatsoever field of economy, and that gave some impetus. The first really important impetus for economic development in Germany was caused by the war in Korea.

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, September 6, 2005

My strong mother made suicide in 1958: melancholia cause by exogenous reasons, doctors said. Some of the reasons might been the long absence of father and the dementia of her mother, and the circumstances in general.

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, October of 2005

This was written in response to a question posed to him by Albert Hofmann: "Was he compelled to join the Nazi party or was everyone in those days?"

He was not member of the Nazi party and obviously he was not asked to enter. There was even a period when common soldiers should not be a member. Many people were never member of the party, and there are still discussions whether in some professions (state employees f.i.) people were compelled to be. Many persons entered the party because of opportunism, to have better chances for promotion when the boss was member. In many cases the bosses in public employment exercised some pressure. Maybe their prestige went up when they could say that all the staff had applied for membership.

CORRESPONDENCE PRIMARILY CONCERNING THE LIFE OF HENRY'S SON, ERICH.

LETTER: from Erich Hofmann to Roberta Hofmann. Erich's address at the time was Eleonore-Sterling-STR62, D-6 Frankfurt 50. The letter is dated Frankfurt, January 12, 1982.

Dear Roberta. At the begin of this month we spent some days in Hamburg, so we saw Inga and Jurgen, and they showed us your letter, in which you asked for some information regarding my marriage. We married in Belgium on September 14, 1979, in the Flemish community of Dilbeek, near Brussels. My wife is born on June 13, 1950. Her christian names are Marina Christina, her maiden name Van Mulders. It is important to write "Van" with capital letter, if not, "van" would signify aristocracy, to which her family unfortunately does not belong. The wedding ceremony was made in dutch language, which is the only official language in the Netherlands and one of the two official languages of Belgium, being used in the northern part of the country by more than half of the population. In 1956 I worked 6 months in Belgium to learn French, and other 3 months in 1972. However, I did not get acquainted with Marina in Belgium, but on the small Greek island of Kalymnos. We like Greece very much. In Belgium Marina was busy as a social worker with the court for juvenile matters in Antwerp. Here she does not practice any profession. Jurgen might have told you I am federal employee with the Deutsche Bundesbank, which is something like the Federal Reserve Board of the States. With the best wishes for all of you, hoping you will have a good 1982, we remain Erich & Marina

LETTER: from Erich Hofmann to Roberta Hofmann. Erich's address is the same as above. This one was dated Frankfurt, 2nd may 1982

Dear Roberta, thank you for your letter of January, 20. I'm sorry it's only today that I give you an answer. Enclosed please find a foto (See below) we made the day of our wedding in Dilbeek/Belgium, in September 1959. In the background you see the townhall of Dilbeek, a former castle built in the beginning of the 19th century, I suppose. Isn't it a funny building? I agree that it will be extremely difficult for you to get notice from your family living in communist Germany. Among communist satellites in eastern europe, communist Germany seems to be the most reliable allied of the Soviet Union, just like western Germany seems to be one of the best allied country of the US. I see no way how we could ever overcome the division of Germany. Sure, we could achieve unification if we all become communist, but that's something that the population of western Germany definitely not wants. Socialism has a strong base in our population, but we make a great difference between socialism and communism, taking in consideration that our socialism is rather "bourgois" compared with socialism in other countries. We fear that many American statesmen mix up socialism and communism. It's a pity that you hardly have any opportunity to practice your French, so you could polish it up. Here in Europe we are better off. You only travel some 100 miles, and already you are in another country having its own language. On the other hand the number of different nations with different languages is a hinderance for European unity. Mexico is a country where I should like to go, too. But I fear we ought to go there as soon as possible, before revolutionary movements existent in central America spill over to Mexico, where the living conditions of the lower classes are such that a revolutionary movement could arise at any moment (if it doesn't exist already). By the way we here in Europe have got the impression, that the US gives much assistance to rightist (not democratic) governments in Latin America against revolutionary movements (which are necessarily leftist), but the US do very little in order to convince the rightist leaders that time has come to do more for the lower classes. Not only I found out on my business trips to South America that the well educated and easy living members of the not so numerous middle and upper classes show very little interest (though they pretend to be Catholic) for the living conditions of the lower classes. All the upper class is interested in is the deufence of their privileges, not to speak about egoistic fight between the different groups of the ruling class. Nowadays the lower classes become aware of the situation, and they are no longer willing to accept the treatment they receive. I better stop here, we won't find a solution today. I hope you and your family will have fine holidays in Mexico and with the best wishes to all of you also from Marina, I remain sincerly Erich

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, dated April 29, 2004

Dear Bonnie, dear al,

...I try to give you some idea of our appartement in Belgium. It is a small housing project of a private promoter in a village next to Brussel (west side). It's situated in the very heart of the village, at the village square with ancient church (badly maintained). Imagine four groups of four to five low adjacent appartement buildings. Mot of it have only four appartments, two in the ground floor and two larger ones in the first floor, what we call maisonette stile, i.e. with individual staircase connecting with the mansarde. I hope you will understand this explanation. The architect did his best to be in harmony with the houses of the 19th or 20th century in the surrounding: he used bricks and traditional rooftiles. We did not buy exactly the square, but in a groupe behind at a slightly higher level, connected with the square by y private road (no issue). We bought on the ground floor (no stairs) and also we acquired a place to park our car just in front of the entrance. The appartement is rather small, only 80 squaremeters

(About 830 sq. ft). The living (some 30 squaremeters with kitchinette) is on the sunny side (southwest), and outside we have a terrace, leading to small backyard with lawn which we have not to maintain (common property of the community of owners). Fore sure there is bathroom and WC and to the opposite side of the living two sleeping rooms, one of them rather small. I hope that the sleeping rooms will be quiet, since I do not expect a lot of traffic on the private road. We shall give the appartement for rent, because we shall dwell there when being in Belgium to see the brothers of Marina ore to do some tourism. Although I lived one year in Brussels (1956 six months trainee in a bank, 1972 other six months in the services of European Commission mainly as coordinator between Commission services and German central bank in the first attempt to form a monetary union, which did not succeed in that period– which was not my fault!) There are still many places in Belgium which I do not know yet. For the time being we rent y small appartement in a mansarde in the same village (where also the brothers of Marina have their houses), third floor, no elevator. It fits our needs but no comfort. In these days a stay a lot of time in our yard – 360 square meters (About 430 sq. ft.) situated at 10 minutes by foot from our appartement. We grow a lot of fruit and vegetable. To give you an idea of the quantitities: from October 2003 till end of march 2004 we had potatoes of our own production. Next week we will have the first spinac of this year. Til further news, best wishes for all of you, Marina and Erich.

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, dated May 26, 2004
Thanks for your Mail of May 23. I had the feeling that we have been in contact after our last trip to Brussels, but probably I have this erroneous impression because of the many news I received from you without reacting myself. I'm so sorry. On our last trip to Belgium we found that the construction of the appartment is advancing with only a little delay and works are correctly done. We go again on May 27–tomorrow–, because they are finishing the kitchen and that's something of crucial importance to Marina. Twofold congratulation: The bridge you have made is really nice. Did you do all the construction work on your own? I would give the bridge some name, and was it only for fun. The flowers in your garden are nice too. Only I fear we are not capable to tell you the names, for the simple reason that we do not know them, and we suppose that they are of some subtropical kind. Are there some institutions to which you might address? For instance the Frankfurt administration of public gardens has an experimental garden where you show parts of a plant (a branch with leaves and flowers) to the professional gardeners, and the more exotic a plant is, the more eager the gardeners are. Something similar should exist over there with you. I asked myself whether I should add a third congratulation: The great success of Michael Moore at the Cannes Film Festival. I hesitate to congratulate, because of the topic of his film is a shame for the US. Sorry. The books of Micheal Moore ranked top on the bestseller list of Germany. We red in the german press that fifty percent of the outlays of US families for alimentary products concerns eating in restaurants, which seems to us very high. Do you have any comments? I attach texts about my father's contribution to World War II and save our neighbours in Poland in winter 40/41. You will see that my father served in the uniform of the Hamburg Police. In Hamburg the police did a very good job at the end of the war. When British troops approached Hamburg, Hitler gave order that Hamburg had to be defended. The town was declared fortress. The regional representative of Hitler, Gauleiter (regional leader) Kaufmann, NAZI himself, did not comply. He arranged for emergency meeting of all the heads of Army, SS and SA, and in this meeting those leaders were detained by Hamburg police, i.e. policemen of his confidence. Only when the British had occupied the town, he let the men free. And that is all for today. I hope the attachments are interesting, all the best for you both, Marina and Erich.

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, dated June 10, 2004
I found out that the little town of Altenburg where my father met Uncle Georg between 1920 and 1920 has a website. I do not think that the authorities will help to find descendants of Georg, (maybe they may not because of juridical protection of personal data) but sure they could recommend some popular regional newspaper which I could ask for help. I shall think it over, but in no case shall I mention that a family member in the US is interested, in order to avoid that millions of Hofmanns will present hoping to have a rich Uncle in the States (joke with realistic background). Anyhow, I think that the very common name of Hofmann will make it difficult. My typing and spelling: Imagine that I do not own a dictionary German-English. In case of rare necessity I have to use Marina's dictionary Netherlands-English, and thanks to the great similarity between Netherlands and German it works. With regard to the difficulty to see the pictures of your flowers, it's only because my software is rudimentary. When I want to see the picture on the whole monitor, there are not enough what we and I hope you too call pixels, that will say it is not good enough to go into the details. I got the personal thanks of Roberta for the information I sent. I was so touched by her kind behavior. In the next weeks we are very busy and often absent. Next Monday we will go for three days to the Black Forest to see some Austrian friends who stay there three weeks for holidays. I wonder why an Austrian needs the Black Forest to enjoy holidays. In my opinion Austria has more to offer, bute sure it's a matter of taste, one needs a change, and in any case we are glad to meet them there. The week after we have to go to Belgium again: The Appartment is finished, we shall take possession (and pay the last instalment!).

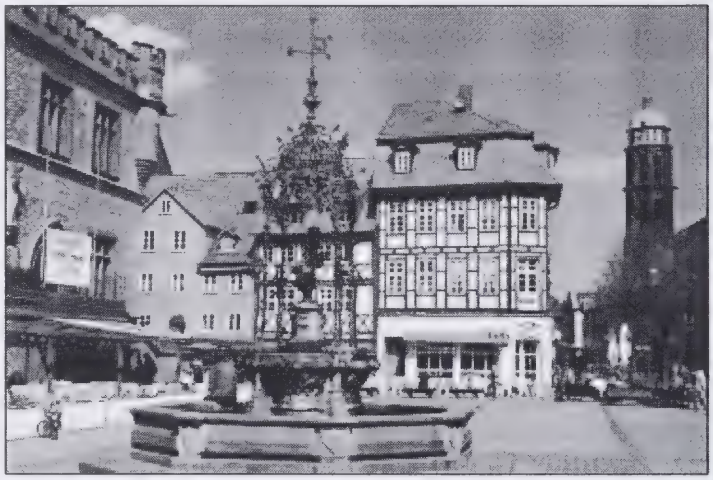
E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann to his cousin Albert Hofmann, dated May 22, 2005
thanks for your todays mail. All Marina and I can say is that also for us it was a real pleasure to enjoy your company, however for too short a time. We are glad to hear that you are almost Americanized again. We felt sorry that we made you walk too much and we hope that you recovered well. Marina misses your jokes and sens of humour. I made copies of the papers on which the genealogy of Karl Max Louis Hofmann is based, and I found out I should better make short descriptions of the contents of the documents, what I have just begun. I will talk it over with Anja whether it makes sens that she tries to scan the papers, but I fear the results will not be too good, because some documents have taken a yellow shade. Probably it's recommendable to do it both ways, sending you xerox copies by ordinary mail and as well as scanning. Marina will buy the D-symbol for cars, which we will send you by "snail mail." When you were in Frankfurt we were lucky that weather was not too bad, although too fresh for the time of the year. The garden is about three weeks behind schedule, and only last night the temperature did not fall too low. Next week we go to Belgium to look for the apartment and to see Marina's family. We will only be absent for five days, during which our garden will be looked after by our neighbor. We hope Bonnie and all your family feel good and wish you all the best. Marina and Erich

#34 CHRISTIAN LORENZ STEPHAN HARTUNG (1830-1891)

Christian was born in Gottingen, Germany, on January 13, 1830, and baptized 11 days later. Gottingen is in the southern part of Lower Saxony, halfway between Bonn and Berlin. Actually, it is almost dead center in the current country of Germany.

Gottingen is another of the Hanseatic Towns as well as another of the university towns--such as Hamburg, where Christian later lived. Since Gottingen was not bombed during WWII, it is possible to see buildings such as the Old Town Hall, various churches, and a number of houses that look as they did in Medieval Times, much less when Christian was born there.

Actually, when one compares the drawing at right, made in 1837, with the current photograph of Gottingen found right below it, it is astonishing how similar they are. The town hall, for instance, has had essentially the same appearance since 1443. So if we were to walk the streets of Gottingen, it would not be a stretch to say we could walk in Christian's footsteps.



Heinrich Heine wrote about Gottingen in his *Journey through the Harz 1824*, giving us a picture of the city where our Hartung ancestors lived–albeit a rather one-sided one. "The city of Gottingen, famed for its sausages and its University, is in the Kingdom of Hanover. It has nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine houses, sundry churches, a library, a maternity hospital, a university prison, an observatory, and a rathskeller where they sell excellent beer. The river Leine flows past the town, and in the summer it is used for bathing. It is cold, and in some places so broad that my dog Luder has to take quite a good run before jumping across it. It is a pretty town, and the best view of it is obtained by turning your back. Nobody can deny its antiquity, for when I matriculated there five years ago it presented the same gray, winking appearance that it does today, and was as plentifully provided with watchmen, beadles, theses, tea parties, drinking clubs, smoking clubs, laundresses, cramming books, decoration ribbons, pigeon pies, councilors, dons, professors, and other riff-raff....The Gottingens may be classified under the headings of students, professors, philistines, and beasts– but there is no well-defined distinction between the four classes, perhaps the beasts are the most important..."

Actually, the university was founded just seven years after Christian's birth, so it would have been part of his world from an early age and the culture it brought to the town, no doubt an influence on his outlook on life.

Heine also states that tradition had it that the women of Gottingen had unusually large feet. Christian perhaps could have done his own study of that, as he married twice and fathered five or six daughters. Christian first married a woman named Bertha Johanna Maria Schumacher. We know

that Christian had a daughter named Auguste, born in 1857, so that marriage may have taken place in the mid-1850's when he was in his early twenties. Bertha died at some time prior to December 4, 1864, when Christian married Auguste Puttfarken in Hamburg. At the time of this second marriage, he was living in St. Georg, a suburb of Hamburg.

The question arises as to why Christian would have left Gottingen. Very little is known about Christian other than the fact that he was a tailor. It seems possible that he moved to St. Georg in order to find more work. St. Georg had unsuccessfully tried to become a part of Hamburg for many years prior to the great fire that destroyed the old part of Hamburg in 1842. But after the fire, increasingly rich citizens came from Hamburg to St. Georg to live. Between 1840 and 1900, the population soared to 97,000. After 1860 the quiet suburb of St. Georg had turned into an extremely lively district of the city of Hamburg, a place of entertainment. Surely Christian must have found much work amongst the wealthy new residents. His family was certainly prosperous enough to dress well and have its picture taken by a professional photographer. Sadly, he would have ultimately been unable to work at all, as he went blind at some point before he died on August 15, 1891. As all his later children were born and married in Hamburg, it is possible that he died there in late middle age.

St. Georg, 1830

Bischöfliches Generalvikariat

Kirchenbucharchiv Hildesheim.

Auszug aus dem Taufbuch

der katholischen Pfarrkirche in Göttingen Jahrgang 1830

Täufling	Name: Hartung Vornamen: Christian Lorenz Stephan Geburtstag: 13.1.1830 Tauftag: 24.1.1830 Geburtsort: Göttingen
Eltern	Vater: Hartung Vornamen: Franz Christoph Beruf: Hornist Mutter: Weber (Geburtsname) Vornamen: Johanna Maria Wohnort: Göttingen
Sonstige Angaben	Daten: Stephan Sommer, Christian Kammerle Das Kind ist legitimiert durch die am 15.1.1832 in der kath. Kirche zu Göttingen erfolgte Trauung der Eltern Der Vater stammt aus Gieboldehausen

Bischöfliches Generalvikariat Kirchenbuch-Archiv Hildesheim

Ort und Datum: Hildesheim 16.5.1836.

Unterschrift: Ehbrecht

Certificate of Baptism, Christian Lorenz Stephan Hartung. Born 13.1.1830. Baptized 24.1.1830. Born Gottingen
Father Franz Christoph Hartung, occupation Hornist. Mother Johanna Maria Weber, resident of Gottingen
Other data: godfather Stephen Sommer Christian Kammerle states that the child was made legitimate by his parents marriage in the Catholic church of Gottingen 15.1.1832. His father is from Gieboldehausen. Dated Hildesheim, 16.5.1836.

#68 FRANZ CHRISTOPHER HARTUNG (1804-?)

Franz Christoph Hartung, born on November 16, 1804, in Gieboldehausen, Germany. A copy of his birth and baptismal information was acquired by descendants living in Argentina in 1936. (See opposite page.) It states that "Franciscus Christophus Hartung" – the Spanish version of his name– was baptized on November 17, 1804, in the Catholic Church in Gieboldehausen. That is in the same area of Lower Saxony as Gottingen and Altenburg where many of our other lines originated.

On January 15, 1832, Franz married Johanna Maria Gundine Weber, born April 18, 1808, in Gottingen to Georg Weber and Maria Ribsam. A transcription of her birth record was made in 1936 which states that Johanna was baptized in the Catholic church in Gottingen on May 8, 1808. Her godmothers are named as Anna Maria Gundina (Witzel) Conti and Johanna Elisabeth (Barnhard) Engelbrecht. They testified that the Maria Ribsam was from Offenbach. If so, she was from a very different part of the country from our other ancestors. Offenbach lies in Hesse, in the Rhineland-Palatinate, not in Lower Saxony. Offenbach (am Main) is situated 45 miles northwest of Frankfort on the Main River.

At this time we do not have a complete list of Franz and Johanna's children. The only one of our record is Christian Lorenz Stephen, born 1830, which is sort of unusual, as that date is two years after the marriage of his parents. One automatically asks if the parish pastor made a mistake in his transcription from the records or if Franz and Johanna jumped the gun in parenthood. Apparently, the latter is the case. Christian's godfather, Stephan Sommer Christian Kamemerle testifies on Christian's baptismal certificate that Christian Hartung was made legitimate when his parents married in the Catholic Church in 1832. The godfather also testifies that Franz came from Gieboldehausen, and indeed Franz was born there.

The only other thing known about Franz is that he was a *hornist*. That German word can either mean a *bugler* or a *horn player*. The horn started out as a hunting horn, used for communicating over long distances. The English favored a small, high-pitched bugle; the French used a large round horn. This *natural horn* had no valves and so the tunes that could be played on it were limited. It was introduced in French orchestras in the 18th century and gradually spread throughout Europe. It could be tuned to different keys by adding short lengths of tubing called *crooks*. This is the instrument for which Mozart wrote his concertos, and Bach, Strauss, Mahler, and Wagner all composed for the horn.(http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/h2g2/A595947)

At the time Franz would have been in that occupation, assuming he was not a bugler, he could have been playing what is referred to as a *natural horn* without valves or he could have been playing the newly invented (1814) valved natural horn. The latter was easier to play and became the mainstay of the orchestra because its more rounded tone blended well with other instruments. As with all changes, resistance occurred, and articles were written asking that the earlier horn not be abandoned. Apparently, adding valves gave the hornist more control over the tonal quality of the horn, but some people–possibly the more skilled– thought it unnecessary and even detrimental to the sound of the horn. For instance Louis-Francois Duprat, professor or horn at the Paris Conservatory from 1816 til 1842, argued against the use of valves on the ground that– "Some have wished that by means of holes and keys the considerable series of factitious sounds on the horn might be eliminated, while at the same time and in the same way those that are totally lacking in the low register would become possible. But this method, already applied to the (keyed) trumpet, has changed the timbre of the instrument to the point of giving it a quite peculiar character, creating an instrument which is neither a trumpet nor any other known instrument..."

Right: An 1845 engraving of a hornist.
Left: The parts of a natural horn
Opposite page: Gieboldehausen's rathaus (townhall)

The length of the tube in a natural horn is almost four miles, starting out at a width of 5mm and gradually widening until it flares out into the bell. The player blows into a funnel-shaped mouthpiece. The buzzing together of the player's lips in the mouthpiece makes the sound, as it causes the air in the tube to resonate at a number of pitches called *harmonics,* which the player alters by tightening or loosening his lips. The three valves, operated by the fingers of the left hand, divert air into extra lengths of tubing, making the tube longer and thus lowering the pitch. His right hand is inserted into the bell of the horn in order to alter the pitch and tone of the instrument as well. There is also a trigger which acts like a valve but is left in one position or the other to raise pitch.

At this point and without further documentation, it is impossible to say in what situation Franz worked as a hornist. The Prussian military used buglers, termed *batallions-tambour*. But Franz would have been too young during the Napoleonic Wars and I do not believe there was a war going on in Germany in 1830. He could have taught the horn. It is possible that he played with a civic band or symphony. For all we know, he could have played polkas with an oompah band and met Johanna when he was playing a gig in her hometown Whatever his situation, he is our only ancestor among hundreds to have earned his money musically.

Geburts- und Tauf-Bescheinigung.

(Band 1804 Seite — Nr. 57.)

Den 6. ten — sechsten — November 1804

wurde in Gieboldehausen geboren

den 7. ten November 1804

Gieboldehausen katholisch getauft

Franciscus Christophorus Hartung

er: Johann Hartung, Schuhmacher

ter: Elisabeth geb. Käufner,

Eheleute in Gieboldehausen

Auszugs aus dem Taufregister beurkundet

den 22. ten Mai 1936.

Kathol. Pfarramt:

Offenbach

Baptismal record of Johanna Maria Gundina Weber, wife of Franz Christoph Hartung

Bischöfliches Generalvikariat
Kirchenbucharchiv Hildesheim.

Auszug aus dem Taufbuch

der katholischen Pfarrkirche in Göttingen Jahrgang 1808.

Täufling	Name: Weber Vornamen: Johanna Maria Gundina Geburtstag: 18. 4. 1808 Tauftag: 8. 5. 1808 Geburtsort: Göttingen
Eltern	Vater: Weber Vornamen: Georg Friedrich Beruf: — Mutter: Kibram (Geburtsvorn.) Vornamen: Maria Catharina Wohnort: Göttingen
Sonstige Angaben	Patinnen: Anna Maria Gundina Conti geb. Witzel, Johanna Elisabeth Engelbrecht geb. Bernhard. Die Kindesmutter stammt aus Offenbach.

Bischöfliches Generalvikariat Kirchenbuch-Archiv Hildesheim

Ort und Datum: Hildesheim 16. 5. 1936.

Unterschrift: Ehbrecht

early 19th century women's shoe

1820

1812

#136 JOHANN HARTUNG (ca. 1780-?)

Johann Hartung was born about 1780, possibly in the Gieboldehausen area, which is where he was living with his wife, Elisabeth Kaufner, when their son Franz was born. The only record that we have of Johann is the birth/baptismal record of that son from a Catholic church in Gieboldehausen which states that Johann was a cobbler. Stories such as Grimm's *Elves and the Shoemaker* pass on the tradition of the poor cobbler in most cultures. And, indeed, along the social strata of tradesman, cobblers felt towards the lower economic side. As early as the 1830's tradesmen began to leave their guilds and their work for better-playing work in the factories. Certainly by the end of Johann's career, the cobbler, like the tailor, would have been one of the lowest paid of the tradesman as he was one of the most affected by the move to mass production of apparel in those factories.

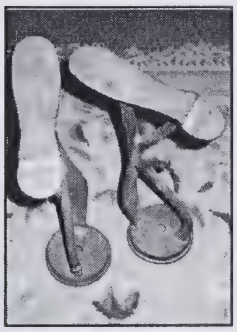
In Johann's day, every village had its cobbler. His workbench would have been cluttered with batches of leather, the tools of his trade, spools of thread, and bees' wax, which he would apply to his thread to make it pull through the leather more easily. In most cobblers' shops there would be supplies of horse, cow, pig, and even goat hides which had been locally tanned. (A farmer could make a bit of extra money by peeling bark from oak trees and hauling it to the tanneries in winter and early spring for use in tanning hides.) Generally the thick part of the hide was used to make soles and heels; the more pliable parts of the hide being reserved for the upper parts of the shoe. A cobbler who traded with the wealthy would also have supplies of beads, silks, embroideries, and brocades. A cobbler who made military or hunting boots would also keep hobnails on hand, which increased the life of the heel and the traction of the shoe or boot.

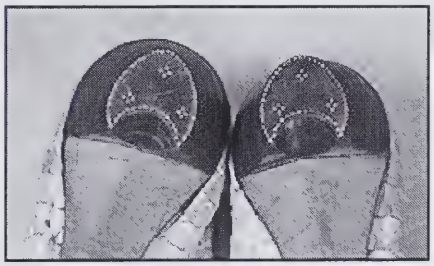
Up until 1850 cobblers used the same tools that the ancient Egyptians had used to make their sandals: the curved awl, the chisel-like knife, and the scrapper. In the 33 centuries between those two time periods, only a lapstone, pincers, the hammer, and a variety of rubbing sticks used for finishing heels and edges had been added to his toolbox.

If a person needed a pair of shoes, he would stand on a sheet of paper barefoot, and the cobbler would draw an outline of his feet. Then the cobbler would fit the foot outlines to his molds until he found the exact size the person needed-- he would have lasts and molds for every size of shoe. However, there were only two widths of shoes per size then: slim and fat. A pad of leather would be placed over the last to give additional room in the "fat" version. It was only in the mid-18th century that separate shoes were fashioned for the left and right foot, so for most of his career and maybe throughout his career, Johann would not have differentiated between his customer's feet and would have simply have made a customer two of the same shoe--to be worn interchangeably on either foot. They were made on what was called a *straight last*.

Before brass nails came into use about 1812, cobblers fastened the holes and heels to the shoes with wooden pegs. So when Johann first started making shoes, he would have purchased kegs of small, square-pointed wooden pegs about 3/4's of an inch long. After he would have applied a sole with them, the points of the pegs would have protruded through the inside of the shoe, and Johann would have had to remove the points by rubbing the inside of the shoe over an oval rasp. The rasp looked like a shoe last, but it was fastened to a large block of wood.

Johann would have handsewn the soles to the tops of the shoes. He would have punched holes through the leather with his awl, holding the shoe on a lapstone so that he would not punch holes in himself at the same time. Then he would have sewn the shoe sole to the upper part of the shoe with a double stitch of waxed linen thread. When he did not have a needle, he could attach a hog bristle to the waxed end of the thread and use that instead.





In terms of what type of shoes Johann would have made, it is likely that he would have made the soft, flat-heeled, square-toed slipper that was de riguer for women from the late 1790's until the middle of the 19th century. He may also have made lace-up shoes, pumps, and court shoes for the ladies. For the gentlemen he would have worked most often with black leather which would have been made into boots and shoes with eyelets across the front. He may have made silk as well as leather shoes and clogs for bad weather. It is obviously impossible to know who his regular clientele included. He would also have repaired shoes. Many cobblers made horse collars and harnesses as well as shoes. Both of those items had to be hand-stitched, just as the shoes were. Wooden clamps and vises would have been part of Johann's tool collection if he had made collars and harness.

The best use of Johann's boots would have been as *Nikolaus Stiefel*. Many German children put their boots outside their front doors on the night of December 5th. If the children had been good, small gifts and goodies would fill their boots in the morning; if they had been bad, charcoal would fill them instead. Martin Luther had encouraged a celebration of Christmas Eve instead of the welcoming of St. Nicholas--a Catholic saint-- during the Reformation. But the Hartungs were Catholic and may well have stuck to the old customs themselves.

At top are pictured shoes lasts and heels with pegs. Pictured at left: the common tools of a cobbler, including a lapstone; and an engraving of a cobbler's shop.

#35 AUGUSTE CATHARINA CHRISTINA PUTTFARKEN (1841-1909)

Auguste was born in Hamburg, Germany, on July 13, 1841, and died there on May 2, 1909. Her marriage certificate says that she was born on Billwerder Neuer Deich, which is a street in Hamburg, and that she was living at Billwerder Tusschlag 72 Elbe when she married Christian Lorenz Stephen Hartung on December 4, 1864. That marriage took place in Moorfleth, an area in Hamburg which fronts the River Elbe. It appears that she was married in a Lutheran church, rather than a Catholic one in which her husband's parents married.

Auguste became step-mother to at least one child: a daughter, Auguste. It is possible that she was step-mother to one or two other of Christian's children, but as the birth dates of those children are unknown, that is uncertain. What is also uncertain is the number of her own children, for the same reason. It is certain that she was birth mother to Louisa and to Johanna and another daughter at the very least. She is pictured below with her daughter Henny and (at right) a daughter thought to be named Martha.

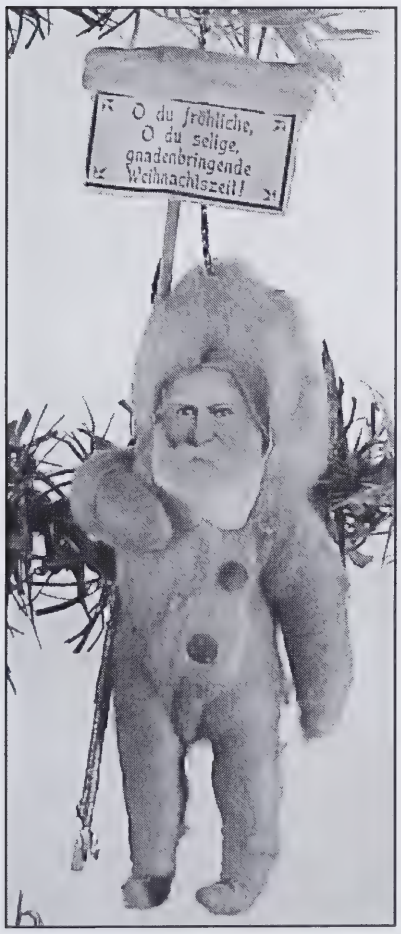
In the light of the fact that so little is known about her, it is interesting to hypothesize what at least some aspects of her life might have been like. For instance, how would her family have celebrated Christmas? They surely would have had Advent calendars, which are referred to in German literature as soon as 1851. Auguste's advent calendar would not have been like the glittery ones with little windows hiding pictures of toys that we see printed for our use. Hers would have been a single sheet of paper, with Biblical quotations written on it in the shape of grape leaves. Printed paper nativities glued onto cardboard and three-dimensional pop-up nativities were also popular during the second half of the 19th century when Auguste would have been young enough to receive one for herself from her parents and then old enough to give one to her children or even her grandchildren. There are sources which concern themselves with Christmas customs of her day– many of which were "borrowed" by our own country such as Christmas trees and Christmas gift-giving. Others remain in Germany such as the decorative use of wooden pyramids with tiers of rotating figures, driven by the rising heat of candles. (www.forces.org/writers/james/files/christm.htm)

In my research I found an article written in 1859 when Auguste would have been just 18. The description given of Hamburg during the Christmas season gives us a glimpse into her world. It describes things she would surely have seen and experienced during the Christmas season, discusses the character of the German people in her day, and even describes the climate in which she lived.

MAGAZINE ARTICLE: *Harper's Monthly*, Volume 18, Issue 105, February 1859 (American Memories website)
A Christmas in Hamburg

Hamburg possesses very few of the attractions necessary to induce a foreigner to select it as a place of winter sojournment.

The whole city – with the exception of a small part which was destroyed by the great conflagration of 1842– is built in the planless, uncomfortable style of nearly all the ancient German towns; with dark, narrow crooked streets; scanty, filthy sidewalks, wretchedly paved with cobble-stones, so that it would be difficult for the inhabitants to keep them clean, even were they so disposed: which latter supposition is by no means warrantable. As to the climate, during the winter season, it is difficult to imagine one more



disagreeable. During a large portion of the time we are enveloped in a fog so dense that it is impossible to see across the street; and, when this is not the case, the sky usually lowers until it appears to rest on the chimney-tops, and a mist, or rather heavy dew, continues to distill during the whole day. The condition of the dirty, badly-paved streets in such weather may easily be imagined, as also how agreeable must be our promenades. The Hamburgers, however, seem as much accustomed to it as do their native ducks, and may always be seen, even during smart showers, loitering unconcernedly along, without umbrellas, and the women even without a headcovering. The weather is seldom cold, but always chilly, and that oppressive, drowsy influence, which, to an American, seems always to pervade the atmosphere of Europe during winter, operates here with double force. The air seems, really, at times, to be impregnated with a soporific gas. The canals, which intersect the town in every direction and withdraw nearly all noise from the streets, cause such a continual silence to prevail, that, when strolling along the dusky alleys, I often feel as if "treading the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow."

It would be natural to suppose that the inhabitants of a town which affords so few facilities for outdoor amusements during this long season of the year would seek a compensation through diversions within. This is, in one respect, the case; for the people are among the most inveterate of even German smokers and dancers; but the desire and opportunities for intellectual recreation and improvement may be seen in the fact that the whole city, of nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, has but two so-called literary associations, of which wine, cigars, and games of chance form the principal features. In short, I have never before lived in an atmosphere, both mental and material, so well adapted to breed blues as that of Hamburg.

During the last ten days Hamburg has entirely changed its usual aspect, and appeared like one of its own servant-girls who has doffed her smutty gown of russet and appears in her parti-colored, fantastical, holiday attire. Its wonted dullness and stillness, too, have been superseded by extraordinary bustle and preparation; and all this for the celebration of *Christmas*. For Christmas, to the great mass of Germans, is, literally, the day for which all other days were made. Not only have all the streets and walks been blocked up almost to impassableness by temporary booths, displaying every imaginable and unimaginable variety of gimcracks and gewgaws, and the brightly illuminated shop windows filled with dolls and puppets of every possible and impossible description; but every little nook and niche is occupied by a Lilliputian shop-tender with his or her miniature store of miniature toys, and the passer-by is every moment greeted by a piping voice, offering and even imploring a purchase, while the sallow faces of the dirty little beggar-merchants assume a look even more pitiful and distorted than that of the dolls they hold forth in their tiny fingers. So prevalent is the custom of Christmas present-making here, and to such an extent do the presents consist of trifles of this class, that, during the week preceding Christmas, a regular bazar is established– a Crystal Palace– with a universal exhibition of trinkets from all parts of the globe. In all these displays the prominent features are the ludicrous, the fantastical, the bizarre.

All the squares, market-places, street-corners and steps of public buildings, are covered with little forests of *Christmas-trees*– those all-important, indispensable *Weihnachtsbaume*– on which hang, literally, the Christmas joys and toys of German childhood.

In the literary sphere the change has been no less absolute and all-pervading. Christmas tales, Christmas plays, Christmas legends, Christmas songs, Christmas comedies, Christmas carols, que sais-je? Unceasing streams of Christmas advertisements fill all the newspapers and run over in the form of a foaming flood of extras. Room can scarcely be spared for even the telegraphic dispatches from the Paris and London Bourses. ...

Another kind of present-giving here, is in the donations made by employers to their employees. This is not only universal but also real, and seems to have been conventionally regulated according to the wages of the workers. Servant-girls, whose wages range from twenty-five cents to a dollar a week, get from one to five dollars. Ladies' chambermaids, and those of equal grade, from two to ten dollars; while clerks and journeymen, whose salaries range from three hundred to one thousand dollars, receive from ten to twenty-five dollars. This present is regarded by both giver and receiver as a reward of diligence and fidelity during the past year, and encouragement to practice the same virtues during the year to come. It always consists of money, and in a community where people seldom hope to rise above the sphere in which they were born, its effect appears to be favorable in cherishing a sympathy between master and servant...

Pictured: German Victorian Christmas ornaments

As the day wore on signs of the approaching fest grew and multiplied on every hand. At one o'clock workmen ceased their labor; the shops were shut; through the windows opposite my room I had sundry glimpses of servant-maids flitting about in their gayest short-gowns of parti-colored plaid, small caps, covered with glittering spangles, and white chemise sleeves contrasting with their red brawny arms; scampering hither and thither in the last hurry and excitement of preparation for a glorious night's dance and Bier-schmaus. At two o'clock, in this latitude, night begins to shadow forth her coming, and already the theatres and other numerous places of public amusement were blazing forth an extra glare. Populous as Hamburg is its greatest diameter scarcely exceeds a mile.

...as I passed along the sounds of song and boisterous revelry, coming from cellars and grog shops, the gusts of stormy music bursting from ballrooms windows, past which whirled couple after couple in the giddy waltz, all proclaimed that the bacchanals were fast approaching their wonted climax of gayety and uproariousness. And that the menials of all grades and classes were in the full enjoyment of their gratuities.

As I stepped out of the "droschkey" a watchman presented himself, touched his hat, and respectfully addressed me with, "Drink your health, Sir?" This respectable method of begging is industriously practiced on Christmas-eve by the watchmen, and so productive do they make it, that most of them are dead drunk before midnight.

...Soon after an irregular and vociferous thumping in the adjoining hall made me start in surprise...A simultaneous rush was made to the source of the racket, and there stood the bald-headed, gray-mustached, pursy old patriarch, with a little drum attached to his neck and resting upon his enormous abdomen. In his puffy hands were a pair of short drumsticks, with which he was battering the little drum-head...This is a traditional custom by which the good German ancestors used to frighten away all the vagabond witches which might happen at the time to have appropriated to themselves lodging in the house, in order not to be pestered with them in the succeeding year. We formed a processional march and followed the drummer...In this manner we marched all through the house, up stairs and down stairs, into bedrooms and through lumber rooms, not omitting even the garret or the cellar...we came suddenly to a halt before the door of the only yet unvisited room. ..swung open the door and my eyes meet a novel and interesting sight. In the centre of the room stood a fire-tree, about ten feet in height, illuminated by something like one hundred and fifty little wax-tapers fastened to the branches, which latter were also literally loaded down with toys, grapes, golden apples, dolls, and gewgaws of every possible and impossible description. The effect was brilliant, even splendid, and would have been very beautiful had not the harmony of the whole been marred, in true accordance with German taste, by a huge, hideous double mask, or rather Janus-head, placed in the centre of the bush, and so lighted by candles within it that flames and smoke issued from its mouth, nose, eyes, and ears...This was precisely the feature most admired by all except the Baroness...

CHILDREN OF CHRISTIAN HARTUNG AND HIS WIVES:

It is not possible to know the birth order of these children or the name of the mother of some of them, as only three of their birth dates are known.

1. Auguste, b. March 28, 1857; married Johan Beu in Hamburg, Germany; died March 21, 1890, in Buenos Aires City.

According to her grand nephew, Pablo Naumann, Auguste married Johan Beu (maybe pronounced *Bell*) and emigrated to Buenos Aires City with him in order to open a cheese factory. They, her sister Anna Hartung, and other Germans settled in an area of downtown Buenos Aires. Unfortunately, Auguste died in 1890, and Johan was so grief stricken that he returned to Germany. Nothing further was ever heard about him by the family. Auguste is buried in the German Cemetery of the Chacarita neighborhood in Buenos Aires City. The German Cemetery, the *Cementerio Aleman*, serves the church Iglesia Evangelica Alemana de Buenos Aires. Auguste left no children.

Pictured at left is the German cemetery in Buenos Aires. The tall stone in the center is Auguste's. Her stone reads, "Here rests my dear wife Auguste Beu nee Hartung. born 28 March 1857 in Hamburg. died 21 March 1890 in Buenos Aires."

2. Karl (birth date unknown; mother's name unknown)
3. Louisa Frederica, b. December 14, 1865, Hamburg, Germany ; married Carl/Charles Martin, 1899, Germany; emigrated with him to the United States in 1892; daughter Emily married George Seymour and had three daughters; died January 25, 1938, Gary, Indiana. Buried Ridgelawn Cemetery, Gary, Indiana; maybe have been moved to a cemetery in Manistee, Michigan. I shall refer to her husband as Charles, as that is the name he went by after emigrating here.

Louisa is pictured below. Left to right are her husband Charles Martin, Louisa, her sister Henny Hofmann, Wilma Petersen (fiancee of Kurt Hofmann), and Kurt Hofmann. The photograph was taken in Berlin, Germany, July 30, 1923. They were probably in Berlin to get their nephew Kurt's passport in order prior to his emigration with them to the United States. The date was written on the photograph which had been made into a postcard. Also written on it was the fact that the monument behind them was erected as a thank you for the victory of 1870-1871. Louisa and Charles are also pictured on page 64 of this book.

NOTES: concerning Louisa and her family: from various sources

A Louise Martin, born 1864-1865, originating in Hamburg, sailed for New York aboard the *Auguste Victoria* in 1892 with her daughter Emilie, born 1890/91. There was no male Martin passenger on board that ship that day. However, a Carl Martin, born 1862-1863, and also originating in Hamburg sailed for Philadelphia also in 1892. Louisa's granddaughter, Jane Kilian, told me that she thought that her grandparents had sailed from Hamburg to Philadelphia. I think it is possible that Louise and Emily emigrated on a ship other than the one Charles sailed on and that these three people in the Hamburg Passenger Lists are our Louisa, Emily, and Charles.

Jane said that she believed that they had come to America to be with Louisa's sister who had emigrated and lived at one point in Wisconsin. "We saw them on the way to Minneapolis." As Jane did not know the sister's name, I have been unable to trace her.

I wonder if Charles had scouted out the United States even before he married Louisa. A Carl Martin arrived in New York in September of 1884 aboard the *Wieland*, stating that he was a baker from Prussia (Hamburg was then part of Prussia.)

At any rate, Charles and Louisa Martin sailed with their nephews Kurt Hofmann and Gustav Martin to America aboard the Hamburg-Amerika *Resolute* which arrived in New York on September 28, 1923. Listed on the American Citizens manifest, Charles and Louisa stated that they had been

naturalized in Hammond, Indiana, on October 17, 1911. They carried United States Passport number 309569, dated June 14, 1923.

Louisa, Charles, and their daughter Emily are found in North (Whiting), Lake County, Indiana, 1900 census records. This census states that Charles was born in November 1862, Louisa in December 1864, and Emily in May 1890. It also says they emigrated in 1892. They appear in Gary, Lake County, Indiana, living on 527 East Fifth Avenue in 1910. This census indicates that Charles became a naturalized citizen in 1902, although that is not correct. According to United States Naturalization Record, the passenger record of the *Resolute* was correct in saying he and Louisa were naturalized in 1911. I do not know how to explain what the census says about 1902. But in terms of Louisa's naturalization, actually, at that time, if the husband achieved citizenship, it was automatically granted to the wife.

When the 1910 census was taken, each member of the family was working in a bakery, and, in addition, two servants lived with them who also worked in the bakery: Katherine Ryan, who worked as a clerk, and Annabel Wilson, who worked as a waitress there. The 1920 census shows the Martins living at 227 Madison Street in Gary with their son-in-law George Seymour, their daughter Emily, and granddaughters Louisa (5, born in Illinois), Helen (4 ½, born in Illinois), and Jane (2½, born in Illinois). In 1930 Charles and Louisa were living alone again at 711 Madison Street, still in Gary. Louisa says she was married at age 24, and Charles, at 26. Emily and her family had moved to Monroe, Michigan.

Louisa and Charles Martin's bake shop was located in Gary, Indiana. An e-mail written by Al Hofmann, son of Louisa's nephew, Kurt Hofmann, says, "The bakery shop was in Gary out in the resort area called Miller Beach. Dad showed me the building and in fact he spent one summer out there above the old bakery and I visited him for a weekend while the deal was closing on his house in the Glen Park area of Gary. Dad was sponsored by Karl Martin and brought over here to work in and learn the Bakery trade. However, Dad did not like the middle of the night labors of a baker and got out of that as quickly as possible."

Louisa's granddaughter Jane Kilian said, "Their bakery was very successful. "People would come by train to buy their bread and rolls." She described Louisa as a "a good cook and a wonderful grandmother. We lived on one side of a park (in Gary, Indiana), and they lived on the other. We could run across."

Louisa's great- granddaughter, Elizabeth Rollert of Traverse City, Michigan, remembers hearing that Louisa brought some large (around 18 inch) china dolls with her to the United States. Some were brought in pieces. Her granddaughters eventually got them, but at this time, she believes the dolls are no longer locate-able. She also remembered that Emily Martin Seymour had run a bakeshop out of her home for some years and that George Seymour also worked as a baker and then for the gas company. She adds that Emily and George moved to Minnesota during the Depression.

Louisa died on January 25, 1938, in Gary. Her husband Charles outlived her by six years. Although his name is on a tombstone in Ridgelawn Cemetery in Gary, he is actually buried in Manistee, Michigan. The stone says he was born in 1863 and died in 1944.

One of the bakeries that Charles and Louisa Hartung Martin owned in Gary, Indiana

Descendant Patti Kilian says that he died in 1945 in St. Petersburg, Florida, and that he is buried in Manistee. However, the Florida death index says a Charles H. Martin, born in 1863, died in Miami, Dade County, Florida in 1944, a date that agrees with the tombstone. Jane Kilian, said that Louisa had "passed away suddenly and Charles moved in with the Seymours for a time before moving to Florida where he died."

OBITUARY: Louisa's obituary appears in the January 26, 1938, *Gary Post Tribune* with her picture.
FUNERAL TOMORROW FOR MRS. MARTIN, 72, PIONEER GARY BAKER. Rev. Cook to officiate; Long in ill health. Funeral services for Mrs. Louise Martin, 72, of 1137 West 25th, one of Gary's pioneer bakery owners, will be held in the Williams and Burns chapel at 2:30 Thursday afternoon. Rev. Arnold Cook of Trinity Lutheran Church will officiate. Burial will be in Ridge Lawn cemetery. Mrs. Martin, who died in Mercy Hospital early Tuesday following a long illness, came to Gary with her husband Charles, from Indiana Harbor in 1908. Upon their arrival here, Mr. And Mrs. Martin opened a bakery at 532 Broadway. Later they moved their bakery to the south side of West 5th avenue between Washington and Adams streets. They then opened a bakery at 756 Broadway. About eight years ago Mr. and Mrs. Martin closed their downtown bakery, and conducted a small shop in their home, with Mr. Martin delivering bread, cakes and pies to regular customers, many of whom had bought bakery goods from the Martins since they opened their first shop. A daughter, Mrs. George Seymour of Traverse City, Michigan, also survives.

OBITUARY: Emily Minna Frieda (Martin) Seymour was born on May 23, 1890, and died in Saline, Monroe County, Michigan, in October 7, 1979. Her obituary appeared in the (Monroe, Michigan) *Morning News*, October 8, 1979. It reads as follows:
Mrs. Emily M. Seymour, 89, of 424 Cole Rd, died at 9:25 a.m. Sunday in Saline Community Hospital, Saline, where she had been a day. She had been ill six months and seriously ill since July. The body will be cremated and burial will be in Oak Grove Cemetery Manistee. The Allore Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements. There will be no visitation. A eucharist service will be at 11 a.m. Wednesday in Trinity Episcopal Church, with the Rev. W. Douglas Lowery, former pastor of the church, officiating. The daughter of Charles H. and Louise (Hartung) Martin, she was born May 23, 1890, in Hamburg, Germany. She was married January 15, 1913, to George W. Seymour in Detroit and came to Monroe in 1929. Mrs. Seymour was a member of Trinity Episcopal church, its altar guild, the Episcopal Church Women's Guild and Floral city Garden Club. She was a past member of the Monroe Golf and Country Club. Surviving are 3 daughters, Mrs. Louise Miles of Monroe, Mrs. D.E. (Helen) Crandall of Traverse City; and Mrs. Robert (Jane) Kilian, of Carlsbad, California; 7 grandchildren, and 13 great grandchildren. She was preceeded in death by her husband George, who died in 1960. Memorials may be made to the Trinity Episcopal Church, memorial fund.

CONVERSATION: with Jane Kilian, November 18, 2005. Jane is the surviving daughter of Emily Martin and George Seymour. (pictured at left)
During the Depression my father worked for my grandfather, Charles Martin, but they did not get on well. My father decided to work elsewhere. At first he got a big delivery truck and would park it back of the house, but that didn't work out. Then he called his brother and asked if there were a job he could do for the gas company. His brother was the president of a gas company in Michigan. At first he worked for the company in Minneapolis, digging ditches. That was a learning experience. Then we moved to Monroe, Michigan, where Father was in charge of a plant where they developed gas, and then we moved to Traverse, Michigan, where he was a manager of the company and could tell the superintendent of the plant what to do. I respect what he did. It took character to dig ditches. It did not take long for him to become a manager--about three years. We "lost track" of our grandparents when we moved to Michigan.

OBITUARY: The obituary of Emily's oldest daughter, Louise Ann (Seymour) Miles, appeared in the *Monroe Evening News*, July 18, 1995.
LONGTIME LOCAL CIVIC LEADER DIES– A memorial service has been set for Louise A. (Seymour) Miles, 81, of Monroe who was active in civic and community affairs for many years. She died at 3:30 a.m. Sunday in her home after being in poor health for three years and seriously for the last six months. The service will be held at 11 a.m. in Trinity Episcopal Church. The Rev. H. Holly Knight of Trinity Episcopal Church will officiate. Earle Little Funeral Home Bacarella Chapel is in charge of arrangements. Born May 17, 1914, in Evanston, Ill., she was the daughter of George and Emily (Martin) Seymour. She came to Monroe as a child and was a teacher and school social worker for the Monroe Public Schools. She also taught at River Rouge Schools, retiring April 27, 1976. She served Marine Corps during World War II from Sept. 3, 1943, until her discharge from active duty as a second lieutenant Feb. 13, 1946. She served in the Marine Corps Reserves until

her discharge Feb. 15, 1951, and worked at the Gaylord Tuberculosis Sanitarium. A 1931 graduate of Monroe High School, she received a master's degree in psychology from the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. Along with various degrees in education, she received her teaching degree from Albion College, Albion, and attended Wayne State University, Detroit. She was a member of Trinity Episcopal Church; one of the founders of the Child and Family Service of Monroe County and Monroe Head Start; a past president of Monroe Chapter of the American Association of University Women, and a past president and former program chairman of the Republican Women's Club of Monroe County. She was honored by the Michigan Federation of Republican Women, and was a former chairman of the GOP's Lincoln Dinner.She was a member of the Monroe County Republican Executive Committee; was the historian for the Michigan Republican Women's Federation, and was a volunteer for the Monroe Women's Center. She was the former president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and was a former member of the Monroe County Community Mental health board. She was an award recipient from the Disabled American Veterans. She also provided leadership to start the YMCA Nursing School, Monroe County Home Care Program and the Concerned Citizens for Orchard East. She is survived by a son, Martin W. Miles of College Station, Texas; two sisters, Mrs. Helen Crandall of Traverse City and Mrs. Jane Kilian of Riverside, Calif., and a granddaughter. She was preceded in death by her parents. Memorials may be made to the Alzheimer's Association.

OBITUARY: Emily's daughter, Helen (Seymour) Crandall died in Williamsburg, Michigan. Her obituary appears on line at www.record-eagle.com/2003/jan/01obits.htm..
Helen S. Crandall, 87, of Williamsburg and formerly of Traverse City, died Tuesday, December 31, 2002, at Munson Medical Center. Helen was born Dec. 30, 1915, in Chicago, the daughter of George W. And Emily (Martin) Seymour. The family lived in Chicago, Gary, Ind., Minneapolis, South Haven, Monroe, Manistee, and then in Traverse City. Helen lived in Traverse City for over 65 years. On Sept. 6, 1939, Helen became the bride of Deronda "Curley" Crandall at the Episcopal Church in Manistee. She worked as the bookkeeper for Curley's businesses, Crandall Service Station and Crandall Distribution. Helen was a member of Grace Episcopal Church and its altar guild. Over the years she was a Brownie Scout Leader, was active in the PTA at her daughters' schools and enjoyed craft work and shopping. She was also a lifetime member of the Daisy Chain. Her abilities to be a "good listener" and her love to socialize, especially with her friends at Hope Village, made her a friend to many. Helen is survived by her daughters, Nancy Crandall and Elizabeth (Dave) Rollert, both of Traverse City, Jim Edwards of Northport, Tom Edwards of Detroit, Joyce Edwards of Pompano Beach, Fla. And Joan Edwards of Oakland, Calif.; a sister, Jane Kilian of Carlsbad, Calif.; a sister-in-law, Joan Zupin; a brother-in-law and sister-in-law Max and Shirley Crandall, all of Traverse City; and several nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by her parents and her sister, Louise Miles; and her husband, Curley on August 10, 1995. Visitation will take place Thursday, Jan. 2 from 2 to 4 p.m. and 6 to 8 p.m. at the Reynolds-Jonkhoff Funeral Home. Services for family members will be held at the funeral home with burial in Oakwood Cemetery. Friends are invited to attend a memorial service which will be held at a later date at Hope Village. In lieu of flowers, the family asks that memorial contributions in Helen's name be directed to the Cherryland Humane Society or to a charity of your choice.

INFORMATION: regarding Emily's only surviving daughter, Jane Elizabeth (Mrs. Robert) Kilian

Emily's daughter Jane Elizabeth Kilian, born July 25, 1917, in Evanston, Illinois, is still alive at the time of this writing (2005) and living in Carlsbad, California. She married Robert Kilian on July 13, 1943, in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and has three sons as well as a daughter, Patricia Jane.

1.) Michael, born March 22, 1944, Lansing, Michigan. He has been married three times. The first time he married a woman named Carol and had two daughters named Jennifer and Angela. Then he married a woman named Elizabeth and had a son Christopher and three other sons as well. His last marriage was to a woman named Samantha by whom he has no children.

2.) John Edward Kilian, born on October 6, 1945, Riverside, California. He married a woman from Holland named Rene and has three children by her: Vincent, Mitchell, and Chantal.

3.) Gerald (Mitchell) Seymour, born February 15, 1947, Riverside, California.

4.) Patricia Jane, born May 15, 1949, in Corona, California. She never married.

E-MAIL: Family information from Elizabeth Crandall Rollert regarding her marriages and children.

First marriage Kevin Frederick Plamondon born 12-22-60. Marriage ended in divorce. Second marriage Step-children Thomas Eric Edwards 9-7-48, Joan Bea Edwards 2-28-52, married to Joel Drucker (who you will find on Amazon.com as a writer of a book and for tennis magazine) Adopted children Joyce Hoatson Edwards 5-17-60 and James Hoatson Edwards 12-5-64. Marriage ended in death of Thomas Hoatson Edwards. Third marriage step children Ann Mead Rollert 1-15-72, John Edward Rollert 8-15-73 and Emily Mead Rollert 6-2-75. Still married to E. David Rollert. My sister Nancy has never been married. That is our line. Mother Helen died on Dec 31, 2002, Husband Deronda Edgar Crandall died on 8-10, 1995

Top: Fifth Avenue East in 1907, the street Louisa lived on in 1910.
Bottom: Homes at 545 Madison Street in 1917, three blocks from where Louisa was living in 1920.

4. Anna Christine, b. November 6, 1867, Hamburg, Germany; married August Paul Naumann in Buenos Aires, February 6, 1891; children Emilia, Pablo, Maria, Ernestina, Ida; died August 27, 1927, Buenos Aires, Argentina. The port of Buenos Aires as it appeared in 1890 is pictured below.

NOTES: regarding Anna (Hartung) Naumann and her family from various sources. In order to facilitate comprehension of the following notes, Anna and August's son Pablo Naumann will be referred to as *Paul* in order to differentiate him from his own son *Pablo*.

Anna's grandson, Pablo Naumann, says that Anna accompanied her sister and her brother-in-law to Buenos Aires and was left there alone when her brother-in-law returned to Germany. Anna met August Paul Naumann in Buenos Aires. He was born on December 28, 1863, in Halle, Germany, and had emigrated to Buenos Aires after his parents died and he had completed his two years' compulsory military service in Germany. August was alone in Buenos Aires as Anna was, which probably encouraged their relationship.

August was a carpenter (*tischlermeister)*, skilled enough and gifted enough to do inlay work. Pablo owns a table that August made, though it is still in Argentina. Sadly, August became somewhat unbalanced during the latter part of his life, possibly due to his alcoholism. He took to sleeping with a knife under his pillow and even threatened Anna with it at one point. His downward spiral ended when he hanged himself in Buenos Aires on July 12, 1922.

Anna then supported herself by renting rooms to people. She also opened a store which may have been in the Constitucion or San Telmo neighborhood of Buenos Aires City, *Clinica de las Munecas* (the dolls' hospital). I would imagine that she repaired and cleaned dolls, restrung them, perhaps replaced their wigs and clothing. Anna's granddaughter, Gisela Naumann Wagner, says that her mother Ida Alina met her father Federico Wagner in her Anna's store. Apparently, there was another doll's hospital on Salta Street which was competition for Anna.

Pablo also says that just before her death, Anna made a round trip to and from Germany with her daughter Alina and was very ill on the trip back.

MARRIAGE DOCUMENTATION:
translation: Statement out of the index of the registry office. Number 2162--Augusto Pablo Naumann and Ana Cristina Hartung. Number 21532-- in the capital of the republic Argentina, on the 6 February 1891, appeared before me, Santiago B. Tagliack, leader of the registry office: Augusto Pablo Naumann, age 27 years old, German, born in Nietleben, occupation: carpenter, resident of United States Street

The Naumanns and an unidentified man: Emilia (Ana), August holding Ernestina, Pablo (Paul), Anna, Maria (Marta), unknown man. Taken in Buenos Aires in 1905.

number 1852, legitimate son of Augusto Naumann and Maria Meinhardt, both German nationals, deceased and Ana Cristina Hartung, 23 years old, German, born in Hamburg, occupation: cook, resident in Maza Street number 915, legitimate daughter of Christian Lorenz Stephen Hartung, by profession tailor and Auguste Puttfarken resident of Hamburg. Witnesses to the marriage: Hermann Knappe, 39 years old, married, by profession a carpenter, resident of number 1867 United States Street, and Carlos Martinez, 43 years old, married, by profession a carpenter, resident of number 492 Uruguay Street, who attested to the identity of the prospective married couple and their ability to be married. After no objection resulted and after full approval of the *eheschliessenden* I have, after reading paragraphs 50, 51, 43, executed the marriage of Augusto Pablo Naumann and Ana Cristina Hartung, in the name of the law. (This document is dated December 4, 1987.)

EMIGRATION DOCUMENTATION: Ministerio Del Interior Direccion Nacional De Migraciones. Certificate 0144801.
translation: By this certificate is proscribed Paul Naumann of German citizenship, age 21 years, entered the country October 14, 1885, as an immigrant.

DEATH DOCUMENTATION: Number 357
In the capital of the Republic of Argentina on the 13th of July 1922 and before the twelfth section judge, Enrique Todeschini, 22 years old, resident of 1717 Colonel Diaz, I declare that yesterday at eight o'clock died August Pablo Naumann of asphyxiation by suspension (hanging), according to the certificate of Doctor Julio Alonso Usballes. (Naumann) was of the male sex, age 60 years, a German merchant, at his residence. Son of August Naumann and Maria Meinhardt, deceased Germans, who married Ana Cristina Hartung. Witnesses Roberto Tenconi, 34 years old, living at 32__ Saenz Peria, who has dressed the cadaver.

Top, Pablo, Maria (Marta), and Emilia (Ana). Bottom, Maria (Marta), August, Anna, Emilia (Ana), ca. 1906, Buenos Aires

CERTIFICACION DE CASAMIENTO

Certificamos que el día 7 de Febrero de 1891 se celebró en la Iglesia de la CONGREGACION EVANGELICA ALEMANA en BUENOS AIRES (Casamiento Civil el día 6/2/1891 Sección Nº 6), la bendición nupcial por el pastor Büttner de:

Don AUGUSTO PABLO (August Paul) NAUMANN,

nacido el 28 de Diciembre de 1863 en NIETLEBEN/HALLE en Alemania, hijo de Don JOHANN AUGUST NAUMANN (fallecido el 4 de Marzo de 1874) y de Doña MARIE MEINHARDT de NAUMANN (fallecida en el año 1871);

con la Señorita ANA CRISTINA (Anna Christine) HARTUNG,

nacida el 6 de Noviembre de 1867 en HAMBURGO Alemania, hija de Don CHRISTIAN LORENZ STEPHAN HARTUNG y de Doña AUGUSTE CATHARINE PUTTFARKEN de HARTUNG.-

Registrado en el libro de BENDICIONES NUPCIALES, en el año 1891 bajo el Nº 4 de esta Congregación.- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Buenos Aires, 28 de Agosto de 1980.

Esmeralda 162.

E. Stephan

Everardo Stephan

Pastor

CERTIFICAMOS que la firma que antecede pertenece al pastor Everardo Stephan, el cual es pastor titular de la Congregación Evangélica Alemana en Buenos Aires, distrito centro.

IGLESIA EVANGELICA

Pedro Lienenkaemper

Opposite page: We certify that on the day February 7, 1891, at the Evangelical German Church in Buenos Aires (civil wedding June 2, 1891), by the pastor Suttner, the wedding ceremony of August Pablo (August Paul) Naumann, born December 28, 1863, in Nietleben/Halle, Germany, son of Mr. Johann August Naumann (died March 4, 1874) and Marie Meinhardt Naumann (died in 1871); with Senorita Ana Cristina (Anna Christine) Hartung, born November 6, 1867, in Hamburg, Germany, daughter of Mr. Christian Lorenz Stephen Hartung and Mrs. Auguste Catharine Puttfarken Hartung. The ceremony was registered in the year 1891 under the Not. 4 of this congregation. Buenos Aires, August 28, 1980. Esmeralda 162. Signed by the pastor Everardo Stephen, the regular pastor of the German Evangelical Congregation in Buenos Aires, central district.

At left, Anna Naumann and unknown child

front: Friedrich Wagner, Ida Naumann Wagner, Maria Gonsalez, Ida's daughter, Maria Naumann Girardo, Maria's son. Back: Jorge Girardo, Maria Gonsalez Naumann, Nicanor Gonsalez, Pablo (Paul) Naumann. 1937

Anna and August Naumann had five children. All were born, married, and died in Buenos Aires:

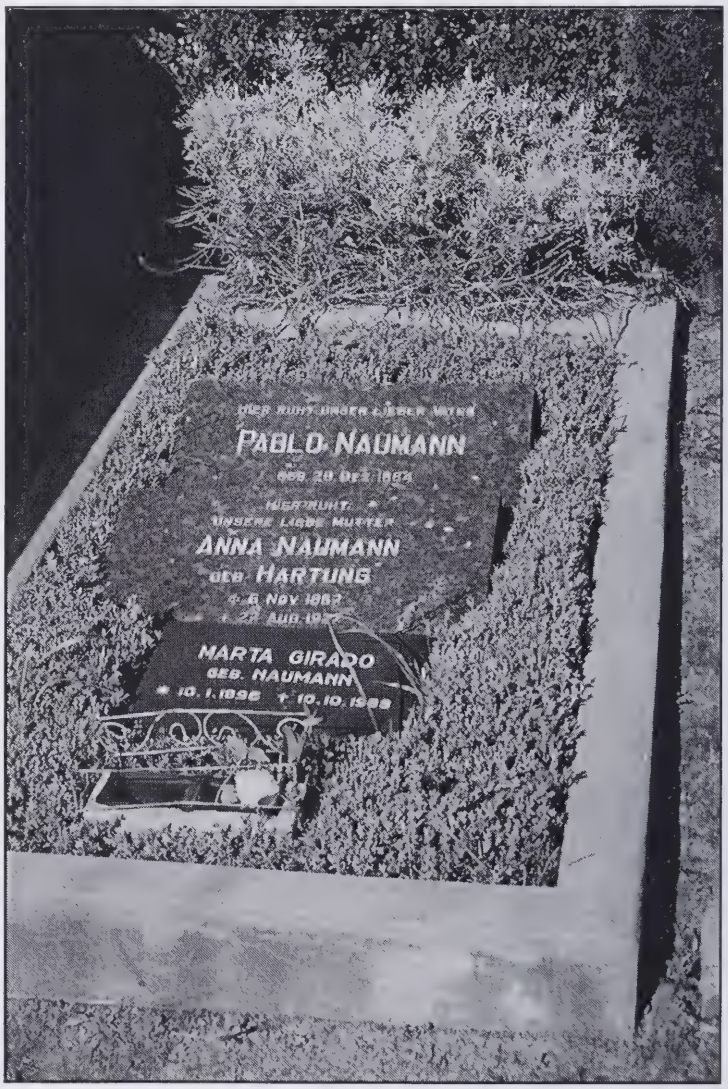
1. Emilia *Ana* Augusta was born September 24, 1892, married Federico Guillermo Timm, and died on February 15, 1952. They had three daughters: a.) Ana, who married Leonel Nogueira, and had two sons, Federico and Adolfo, and two daughters, Marta and Ana. b.) Ida Federica Elsa, who was born May 15, 1914; married Vicente Gualco on November 18, 1933; had sons Jorge Horacio and Carlos Federico, daughter Elsa Susana; and died August 15, 1960. c.) Margarita, who married Pedro Sala, and had two daughters, Norma Casani and Esther Aquirre.

2. Pablo (*Paul*) Guillermo was born December 28, 1893; married Maria Gonsalez on February 27, 1937; and died on December 23, 1956. They had one son, Pablo Angel, who was born on December 22, 1949; married Ana Matilde Gaillat on December 30, 1983, and has one daughter, Erika Ines Naumann, born October 3, 1996, in Springfield, Massachusetts. (Pablo Anjel, Ana, and Erika are pictured on the next page.)

Anna and August's son Paul, father of Pablo Anjel, was considered somewhat of a dandy in his day. According to Pablo, his father was a very handsome man, a ladies' man, tall, and probably quite charming. Paul took to visiting the young girls who rented rooms from his mother, Anna. Some welcomed him; some complained. Anna thought it best to send him packing. She must have been a forthright woman, as she communicated this belief to Paul by putting his suitcases outside of the house where he found them when he came home.

Somehow he got a job on a ship, worked his way across the ocean, and lived in Germany 1922-1923. There he continued to appeal to women, one of which, named Mia, sent him postcards after he returned to Argentina. Pablo thinks Paul may have had a child or even children in Germany and perhaps another illegitimate child in Buenos Aires. At any rate, Paul's appeal for the fair sex paid off. Food was scarce in Germany, but his son Pablo says that although there was little food to be had, Paul had a girlfriend to feed him lunch and a girlfriend to feed him dinner– often caramelized onions over bread. Back in Argentina, the menu was similar. In their case they were eating *fugazza*– a sort of pizza made of crust and onions.

While Paul was in Germany, he worked with movie projectors. He had been interested in electricity before he left Argentina, which got him in trouble as that interest manifested itself when, as a teenager, he electrified his father's bed for a joke that was probably not well-received. Paul's interest in electricity (and refrigeration) burgeoned during his stay in Germany. When he returned to Argentina, he was able to find a well-paying job running projectors there, as they were new to his country, and bought his own 35Mm movie camera and projector. Later, a German man who had arrived in Argentina with Paul's father and held some position with the Hospital Espanol in Buenos Aires was able to get Paul a job working with the x-ray machines at the hospital. Paul had such a facility with electricity at eventually he was able to rebuild a transformer there and hold the position of head electrician at the hospital. When Paul's son Pablo visited Buenos Aires in 1993, he went to the Hospital Espanol and was shown Paul's name engraved in the marble of an electrical switchbox in the main kitchen. Because of the lack of components duirng WWII, Paul had built the box from scratch.



There were other changes in Paul's life, however. At the hospital he met Maria Gonsalez, a charge nurse, and decided it was at long last the right time to marry. His son Pablo says that when family members got announcements of the coming wedding, they thought it was a joke. They could not believe that Paul was finally gettting married at age 44.

Both Paul and Maria died at the hospital where they met on Avda. Belgrano. Their son Pablo said that when his father died, the hospital became his "afterschool program," as his mother was allowed to have him with her as she worked there. "What I enjoyed the most," he added, "was the Pathology Department. I still remember the flasks with the specimens in them." Perhaps young Pablo was influenced by the science around him there, as he later studied physics.

Pablo moved to the United States with his wife Ana and his daughter Erika and lived in the Boston area and then in Centereach, New York. In regards to his studies, Pablo e-mailed me on November 2, 2005, "I study physics in the University of Buenos Aires. I didint' finish so I didn't get the title. (The title there were: "Licenciatura en Fisica" and then "Doctorado en Fisica" there is no "credits" no bachellor or master or

Ph.D.) Here, at the Univ. of Massachusetts I got 102 out of 120 credits in Computer Science. Finally I took classes in order to get a certification in order to work as a legal and medical interpreter. Ana instead got her "Licenciatura en Quimica" at the Univ. of Buenos Aires and then a Master and a Ph.D. in Chemistry at the University of Massachusetts, then another Master in Administration in Higher Education at Suffolk University in Boston, MA."

3. Maria *Marta* was born on January 10, 1896, married Jorge Andres Girardo on April 6, 1921, and died on February 4, 1995.They had four sons: Jorge Jose, Federico, Juan Martin, and Carlos Augusto. Jorge studied naval engineering; Federico studied civil engineering; Martin became a neurosurgeon; Carlos studied agricultural engineering. Maria is buried in the German Cemetery in Buenos Aires with her parents.

4. Ernestina Elena was born in 1902 and died at home of cerebral meningitis on September 12, 1905– according to her death certificate. But as her cousin Paul explained to me, that was not the real cause of her death. Her sister had been pushing her on a swing, and Ernestina fell and was fatally injured. The family asked that the cause of death be falsified.

Death Documentation:

In the capital of the Republic, the twelfth of september of thousand nine hundred five, before me justice of the ___fourth session of the August registration, Pablo Naumann, 42 years, married, German resident of number 1760 Suipache, saying I declare that today at two in the morning in her residence died Ernestina Elena Naumann, of cerebral meningitis according to the certificate of Doctor H. Gronge. She was a female, three years old, legitimate daughter of Ana Cristina Hartung, German resident of the same house. Witness Manuel Ghioldi, age 45 years, resident of number 1991 Matheu Street, who dressed the body.

5. Ida *Alina* was born on July 3, 1907; married Friedrich Wagner on January 27, 1934, and died on September 21, 1987. They had five daughters: Renata, Gisela, Marta, Ula Alina, and Juana.

Appendix 1 contains the full descendancy of Anna Hartung and August Naumann as researched by Pablo Naumann, their grandson.

E-MAIL: from Erich Hofmann, May 8, 2004, to his cousin Albert Hofmann says, "Anna Hartung married August Paul Naumann. They emigrated to Buenos Aires and had four children...A descendant of their son Pablo Guillermo (married with Maria Gonzales), emigrated to the US (!) some fifteen years ago. His name is Paul Angel Naumann, he is married with Ana and their daughter Erika was born near Boston. I know about Pablo=Paul, because on a trip to Germany some twenty years ago he came to Hamburg to see my father. I was in Frankfurt then...I hear that all of the fore Naumann children born in Argentina have deceased. I had contact with their daughter Renate, but I didn't receive any news since Xmas 2002, and Pablo in Boston has also lost contact."

E-MAIL: from Paul (Pablo) Naumann, October 27, 2005

In 1981 I went to Hamburg looking for my family with just one postcard from Henry Hofmann to my father. In Hamburg I found the "biberhaus" I think it is a government agency. In half an hour I was in Henry's house. When I showed him my passport from Argentina (with my name Pablo Naumann) he just said, "you are too young." He was thinking in my father (also Pablo Naumann). I never met Erich Hofmann, he was in Frankfort.

CONVERSATION: with Paul (Pablo) Naumann, October 27, 2005

Paul said that Henry had been welcoming, "very kind and very pleased" to see him and that he had asked his second wife to "prepare a good dinner" for him. Henry spoke to him very quickly and at length and concluded with a conversation about the war, and his military assignment in Posnan. He gave a picture of himself dressed in his WWII uniform to Paul.

5. **Justin Catharina Johanna** (more earlier)
6. Emmi, m. a Knobloch. May have emigrated to Wisconsin.
7. Martha (?)

At right: turn-of-the-century Hamburg in which the Puttfarken children grew up. Below: August and Anna (Hartung) Naumann

Dieser stempel- und gebührenfrei ausgestellte Trauschein ist nur für den Zweck der Invaliditäts- und Altersversicherung gültig. Peters, Pastor zu Moorfleth.

Auszug

aus dem

Proclamations- und Copulations-Register der Kirche

zu Moorfleth, Hamburger Gebiet.

Jahrgang 18 64 № 39

Im Jahre Eintausend Achthundert und vier und sechzig

am vierten Dezember (den 4 Dezember 1864)

wurden üblichermaßen proclamirt und darauf

am achtzehnten Dezember desselben Jahres (den 18. Dezember 1864)

copulirt: 13 130 gr 15 391 gr 607 gr

Bräutigam: Christian Lorenz Stephan Hartung [Wittwer: Bertha Johanna Maria geb. Schumacher]

gebürtig [illegible] wohnhaft St. Georg

dessen Vater: Franz Christoph Hartung

dessen Mutter: Johanna Marie geb. Weber, todt

Braut: Jgfr Auguste Catharina Christiana Puttfarken [illegible]

gebürtig Billwerder Neuerdeich wohnhaft Billwerder Ausschlag 7/4 Elbe

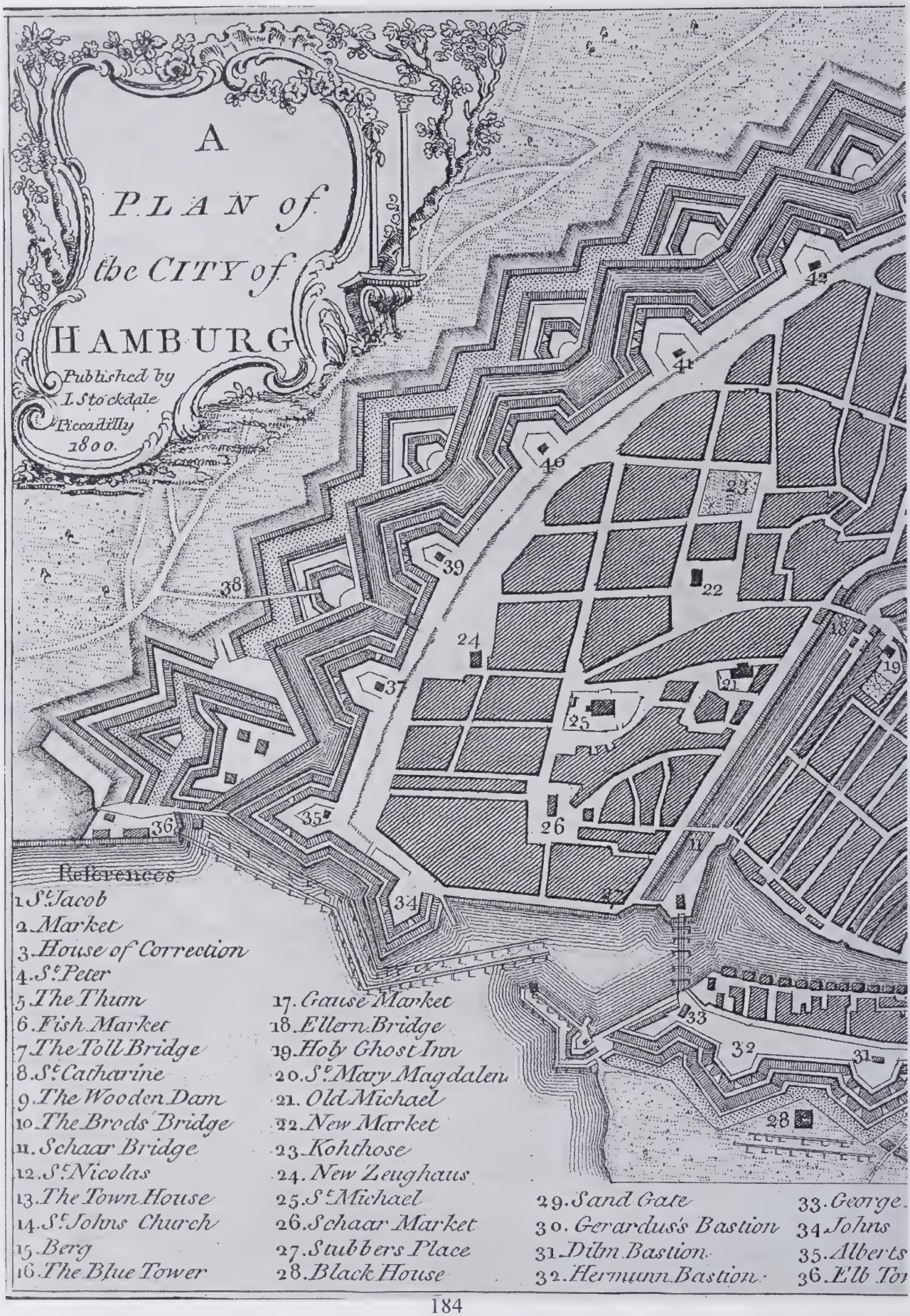
deren Vater: Heinrich Christian Puttfarken

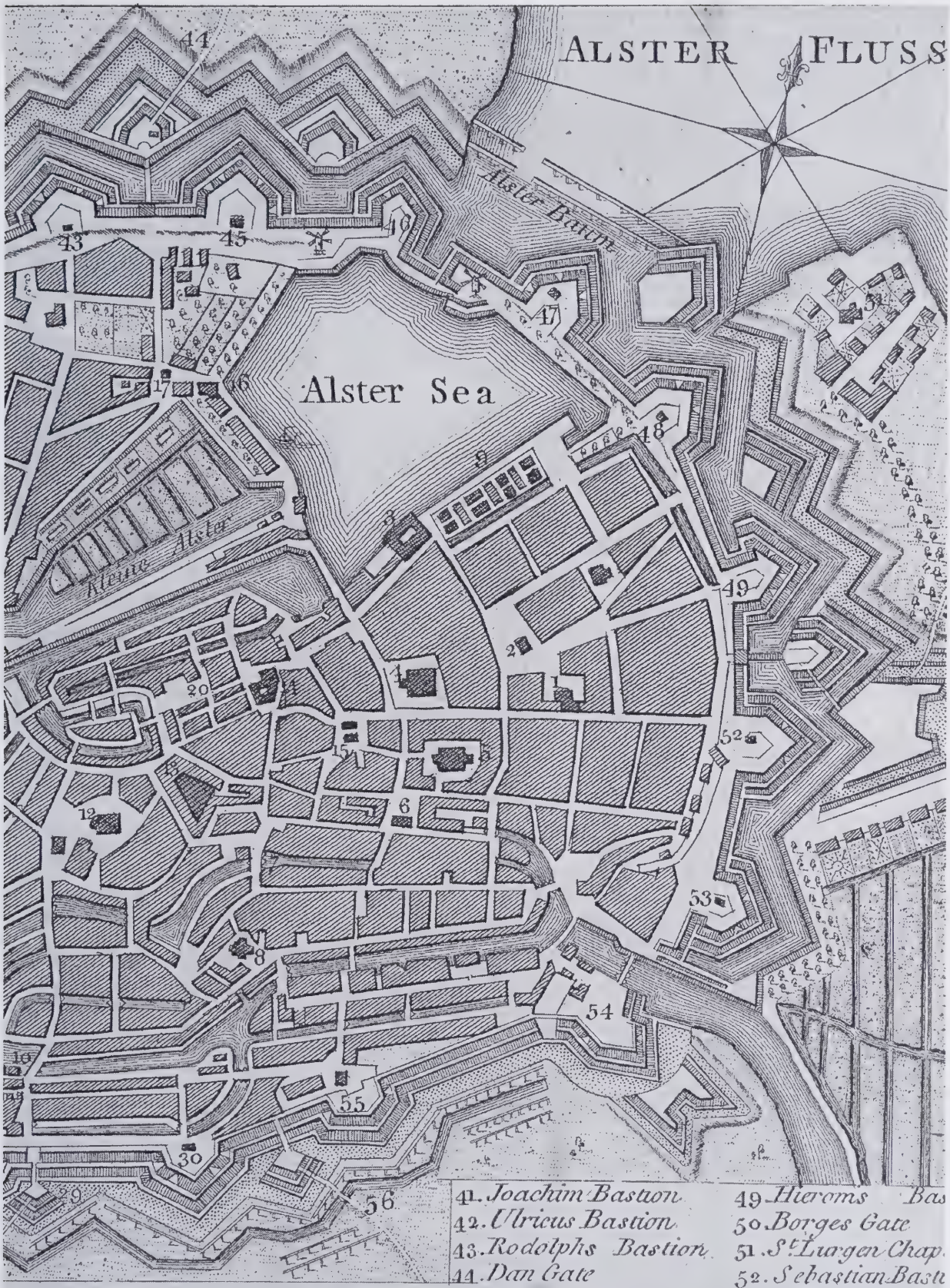
deren Mutter: Amalia Sabine Friederike geb. Sternberg

Moorfleth, ~~Kirchenbuchführer.~~

den 23 Januar 1901

marriage certificate of Christian Hartung and Auguste Puttfarken, parents of Johanna, Louisa, Anna, and Emmi Hartung


A
PLAN of
the CITY of
HAMBURG
Published by
I. Stockdale
Piccadilly
1800.
References
1. St. Jacob
2. Market
3. House of Correction
4. St. Peter
5. The Thum
6. Fish Market
7. The Toll Bridge
8. St. Catharine
9. The Wooden Dam
10. The Brods Bridge
11. Schaar Bridge
12. St. Nicolas
13. The Town House
14. St. Johns Church
15. Berg
16. The Blue Tower
17. Gause Market
18. Ellern Bridge
19. Holy Ghost Inn
20. St. Mary Magdalen
21. Old Michael
22. New Market
23. Kohthose
24. New Zeughaus
25. St. Michael
26. Schaar Market
27. Stubbers Place
28. Black House
29. Sand Gate
30. Gerarduss Bastion
31. Dihn Bastion
32. Hermann Bastion
33. George
34. Johns
35. Alberts
36. Elb To



Bastion
Bastion
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wer

37. Caspar Bastion
38. Mullern Gate
39. Henrys Bastion
40. Eberhardg Bastion

41. Joachim Bastion
42. Ulricus Bastion
43. Rodolphs Bastion
44. Dan Gate

45. Peters Bastion
46. Dirk Bastion
47. David Bastion
48. Vincents Bastion

49. Hieroms Bas
50. Borges Gate
51. St. Lurgen Chap.
52. Sebastian Bastu
53. Bertoldus Bastu
54. Erious Bastion
55. Nicolas Bastio
56. Grasbrock Gate

#70 HEINRICH CHRISTIAN PUTTFARKEN (1810-?)

Heinrich Puttfarken was born on October 11, 1810, and christened in Moorfleth Lutheran Parish (near Hamburg) on November 11. He was the son of the cobbler, Johann Puttfarken, and his wife, Anna Elisabeth Strokarck (written in some places as Stroksrck). Both Johann and Anna were born in Hamburg; Johann, in the Neuen Deich area of the city. The engraving on this page shows a group of men at work in Hamburg in 1808 who may have been dressed similarly to Johann at the time Heinrich was born.

Johann certainly would have had more pressing concerns than clothing, however, as Heinrich came into this world less than two months before Napoleon invaded Hamburg and annexed it to France along with two other Hanseatic cities, Bremen and Lubeck. Napoleon went on to seize the Duchy of Oldenburg, which lay between Hamburg and Holland. His armies continued to run Hamburg as a military district with the aim of ending British trade with the Continent. So Heinrich's first four years of life in Hamburg would have been lived under the cloud of the occupation of his city, and his parents would have been fearful and angry about the usual abuses of conquerors such as executions of dissenters, confiscation of property, graft, and outright theft. It was not until 1814 that Napoleon was run out of Hamburg, and then only after the city had suffered through a razing of many of its buildings so that Marshal Davout, the military authority would have a clear vield of fire for his 350 cannons. Some 25,000 citizens were expelled from the city, and the rest endured a year-long siege as up to 120,000 soldiers surrounded Hamburg.

Life returned to normal in Hamburg and stayed so for several decades. Heinrich married Amalie Sabine Fredericka Sternberg, born May 28, 1815, to Magnus Sternberg and Maria Petersen. Her birth certificate says that she was born in the Propstei Pinneberg district of Hamburg (Schleswig-Holstein volume 1815), baptized on June 4, 1815, and that her parents were natives of Katzhagen, yet another district of Hamburg. The church in which she was baptized was the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Uetersen (Holstein).

The number of Heinrich and Amalie's children is unknown, but we do know they had at least one daughter, Auguste, and I am told that they had another, named Louisa Bertha Anna Puttfarken. But however many children they had, whatever profession Heinrich may have followed, and whatever economic strata they inhabited, Heinrich and Amalie would have lived in a stimulating environment in a free Hamburg. Hodgskin's *Travels in Northern Germany* (1820) presents a picture of a busy, liberal city with much to offer. "On one side, through its whole length, there is a row of handsome houses, a broad carriage road, a walk planted with four rows of trees, and the other side is bounded by a small handsome lake formed by the Alster, a river that flows into the Elbe at Hamburg. The coffee-houses may almost vie with those of the Palais Royal for splendour; and, towards evening, it seemed as if the whole population of the town were collected on this single spot. The busy hum of conversation of such a multitude, and their restless movement, was like the waves as they break on the shore...The multitude were of all ages, of all descriptions, and of all countries; and remained enjoying themselves late in the night. In other parts of Germany, the people go quietly home, and to bed, towards ten o'clock; but, at midnight, the walk was yet crowded..." Hodgskin termed the people of Hamburg, "greedy of amusement" and fond of their "splendid and numerous dancing saloons."

Heinrich and Amalie's relatives, the Puttfarkens, the Strokarcks, the Sternbergs, and the Petersens, may have been among those multitudes. They may have spent their Sunday afternoons in the manner in which Hodgskin describes as well... "The gay and the wealthy were gallopping on horseback or rattling along in a sort of wicker carriages, many of which were standing to be hired; the modest and the middling classes were hurrying out of the dust to reach some of the delightful public gardens which lie on the banks of the Elbe. The poorer people sought their pleasure in the cabarets of the neighborhood, or in looking at curiosities and wonders which they probably saw every Sunday. Wild beasts, and stalls for the sale of old books, fruit-sellers, dealers in earthenware and in old iron, fiddlers, hand-organ players, and Punch, fortune-tellers, and men inviting the passer by to game, some bawling English blacking, and others praising as wonderful for its virtues Dutch cement, curiosities both dead and alive, here a remarkable calf, and

Auszug aus dem Taufregister

der evang.-luth. Kirche zu Moorfleth in bei Hamburg

Jahrgang 1810 Blatt — Seite — Nr. 64

Alle für die Abstammung wichtigen Angaben, die in dem vorbezeichneten Eintrag enthalten sind, müssen wiedergegeben werden; auf andere Einträge darf jedoch zur Ausfüllung nicht zurückgegriffen werden.

Täufling:	Puttfarken, Heinrich Christian geboren: 11. Oktober 1810 getauft: 11. November 1810
Eltern:	Johann Christian Puttfarken, gebürtig von Neuen Deich Anna Elisabeth, geb. Strokarck gebürtig aus Hamburg
Sonstige für die Abstammung wichtige Angaben:	

Hamburg, den 26. Mai 1936

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Moorfleth Lutheran Parish near Hamburg
Christening records of 1810, entry 64
Heinrich Christian Puttfarken was born on 11 October 1810 and christened on 11 November 1810. His parents are Johann Christian Puttfarken, born in Neuen Deich, and Anna Elisabeth nee Strokarck, born in Hamburg.
Extracted in Hamburg on 26 May 1936.

there a penny show, booths in which feats of horse-manship and wire dancing were exhibited: In sport, some amusements and follies of all kinds were collected on this single spot." Hodgkin says Hamburg compared favorably to Paris, London, and Naples for revelry and that in that, Hamburg was rare among German cities.

Hodgskin makes the point that Hamburg was a liberal, cosmopolitan city and a refuge for people of many nations. Heinrich and Amalie and their families would have rubbed shoulders with the descendants of the Jews who were expelled by the Portugese in 1497, of the citizens of Antwerp who fled to Hamburg when their city was taken over by the Spanish in 1576, of the French after the Edict of Nantes in 1598, and of those French who fled the Revolution in 1789. Hamburg's predilection for the cosmopolitan grew as a result of her location. Because the city was far removed from the other busy parts of Germany and because of its status as a port, Hamburg had far more to do with Britain and other countries than with even other parts of Germany itself. Hamburg was constantly visited by travelers and merchants of every country. The Puttfarkens would have walked through a melange of national costumes and languages every day.

Whereas Hodgskin felt that the Germans of the northern states were almost universally "dull and heavy," he exempted the Germans of Hamburg from that description. He felt that they escaped being "dull and heavy" due to their dense population and activity. He also attributed to their uncharacteristic energy, the fact that they had "always participated in the management of their own affairs" and had not allowed "their industry" to be "controlled or limited by an arbitrary government."

He noted that the people of Hamburg were distinguished by apparent comfort, cleanliness, and affluence "All around the city there are several little distinct districts, or lands, some of them dependent on Hamburg, and some on Hannover...F [illegible] these districts has a costume somewhat resembling the costumes of the Swiss, and the people, who are generally handsome, look [illegible] and gay...The servants and workmen were all neatly and well dressed . I saw nothing like poverty and wretchedness...."

Amalie may have been among the women of Hamburg – "almost every woman of Hamburg"– who carried a small long basket under her arm, which is covered and concealed by a shawl employed solely to hide it." Apparently each woman wore the very best shawl that she could afford and passed it down to her daughters. The picture on the opposite page was taken in 1900 in the Hamburg market. It is interesting to note that eighty years after Hodgskin described those baskets, they were still on the arms of Hamburg's women.

Just as a reader of Hodgskin thinks he can do nothing but praise Hamburg, he writes that "the streets are narrow, crooked, and ill paved, the houses are badly built and huddled together, and when good-looking can rarely be seen" because they are hidden amongst

larger buildings." He pointed out that the churches had all settled so that their steeples leaned to one side. Then he says that the "town itself is not kept clean." I do not know how the people were clean if the town were so dirty, but there you go. He complains that the canals were allowed to go dry and stunk in warm weather, that St. Michael's church was built second rate and gloomy looking.

Hodgskin did find the "environs of Hamburg delightful." He found beauty in the River Elbe "smooth as a mirror," and in the land below Hamburg where "the land rises rather abruptly from the river, and its bank is adorned with well laid out gardens and fine houses." All in all, Hamburg seems to have been a great place to raise a family. But in 1842, when Heinrich and Amalie would have been young adults and probably parents to several children, including one-year-old Auguste, almost a third of the central area of the city was destroyed by a fire that raged for one-hundred hours between May 5th and 8th. It broke out at one o'clock in the morning and spread with the help of a strong south west wind, the exceeding dryness of the wood used in the centuries-old houses, and their proximity to each other. The Nicolai Church burned; the old city hall burned; half of the old town was on fire.

Fire-fighting equipment was, of course, unequal to the task. It amounted to wagons with large water barrels mounted on them. The men who fought the fire were poorly trained as well. Certain bridges and buildings were blown up ahead of the fire, but these attempts to curb it were fruitless. Before it was out, over 4,000 homes had been destroyed, leaving 20,000 people (10% of the population) homeless. There were donations of supplies and money from the European community, but speculators arrived with them, trying to profit from Hamburg's catastrophe. When the dust settled, the center of the city was developed and improved. Beautiful buildings like the Alsterarkaden and the Spaetklassizistischen were erected; roads were straightened. Even today, however, the fire is remembered in the name of the road on which the last burning house stood: *Fire End.*

An engraving of Hamburg during the 1842 fire

APPENDIX 1: Pablo (Paul) Anjel Naumann's Descendants of Ana Hartung and August Naumann

1. Emilia Ana Augusta Naumann (married Federico Guillermo Timm)
2. Pablo Guillermo Naumann (married María Gonzalez)
3. María Marta Naumann (married Jorge Andrés Girado)
4. Ernestina Elena Naumann (died when she was 3 years old)
5. Ida Alina Naumann (married Federico Wagner)
Note: If this were a genealogy intended for Argentinians, the names above would all be followed by their mother's maiden name, Hartung, as in Emilia Ana Augusta Naumann Hartung.

1. Emilia Ana Augusta Naumann
(*) 24/Set/1892 in Buenos Aires (+) 15/Feb/1952 in Buenos Aires
married **Federico Guillermo Timm**
(*) 11/Set/1886 in ??? (+) 5/Nov/1947 in Buenos Aires
They had 3 daughters: (Ana, Ida Federica Elsa & Margarita)
1.1. Ana Timm
married Mr. Leonel Nogueira in Buenos Aires
(they had 2 boys and 2 girls):
1.1.1. Federico Nogueira
1.1.2. Marta Nogueira
1.1.3. Ana María Nogueira
1.1.4. Adolfo Nogueira
1.2. Ida Federica Elsa Timm
(*) 15/May/1914 (+) 15/Aug/1960
married on 18/Nov/1933 in Buenos Aires:
Mr. Vicente Antonio Gualco (*) 26/Jan/1912 (+)11/Jun/1966
They had 2 boys and 1 girl:
1.2.1. Jorge Horacio Gualco (*) 1/Set/1939 (+) 25/May/1982 (Diabetic)
Married on 4/May/1968: Cora Rosa Arce Patrón (*) 12/Jun/1938
They had no children.
1.2.2. Carlos Federico Gualco (*) 12/Oct/1937
1.2.3. Elsa Susana Gualco (*) 27/nov/1945
Living together ?? with Mr. José María Madariaga
Before she had 1 son:
1.2.3.4. Enrique Humberto Velazquez
(*) 21/Oct/1964
1.3. Margarita Timm
married in Buenos Aires on ?????
Pedro Sala
they had 2 daughters: (Norma & Esther)
1.3.1. Norma Sala
(*) 2/Set/1940
Married in Buenos Aires on 5/May/1967
Ubaldo Raul Casani (*) 21/Nov/1937 (+) I do not have the date of his death
They had 1 girl and 2 boys:
1.3.1.1. Ana Carolina Casani (*)27/Nov/1968
1.3.1.2. Augusto Martín Casani (*)15/Jun/1970
1.3.1.3. Federico Andrés Casani (*) 1/Oct/1973
1.3.2. Esther Margarita Sala (*) 23/Feb/1943
Married in Buenos Aires on 4/Dec/1970
Carlos Angel Aguirre
(*) 9/Apr/1944
They had 1 girl and 1 boy:
1.3.2.1. Verónica Esther Aguirre
(*) 31 ? /Apr/1973
1.3.2.2. Martín Carlos Aguirre
(*) 12/Oct/1975

The Timms

The Timms at the zoo

2. Pablo Guillermo Naumann
(*) 28/Dec/1893 in Buenos Aires (+) 23/Dec/1956 in Buenos Aires
married in Buenos Aires on 27/Feb/1937
María Gonzalez
(*) 27/Apr/1911 in Abruciños, Galicia, Spain (+) 1/Nov/1980 in Buenos Aires
They had 1 son (Pablo Angel):
2.1. Pablo Angel Naumann
(*) 22/Dec/1949 in Buenos Aires
Married in Buenos Aires on 30/Dec/1983
Ana Matilde Gaillat (*) 9/Jul/1960 in Buenos Aires
They had 1 daughter (Erika):
2.1.1. Erika Inés Naumann
(*) 3/Oct/1996 in Springfield, Massachusetts, USA.

3. María Marta Naumann
(*)in Buenos Aires (+)in Buenos Aires
married in Buenos Aires on 6/Apr/1921
Mr. Jorge Andrés Girado
(*) 4/Feb/1895 in Buenos Aires (+) / /1954?? in Buenos Aires
They had 4 boys (Jorge José, Federico, Juan Martín & Carlos Augusto):
3.1. Jorge José Girado
(*) 26/Jan/1922 in Buenos Aires (+) in Buenos Aires on ?/?/19??
married in Buenos Aires on 17/May/1947
Juana Alcira Arrondo (Chirita)
(*) 18/Mar/1922 in Chascomús, Provincia de Buenos Aires
they had 2 sons (Federico José y Jorge):
3.1.1. Federico José Girado
(*) 29/Apr/1948
married in Buenos Aires on 9/Jun/1973
Elsa Cristina Storni
(*) 6/Jul/1949
3.1.1.1. Ignacio Girado
(*) 19/Aug/1974
3.1.1.2. Cecilia Girado
(*)4/Set/1975
3.1.1.3. Agustín Girado
(*) 28/Apr/1978
married in ????? on ?/?/2005
3.1.1.4. Gonzalo Girado
(*) 2/May/1980
3.1.1.5. Tomás Girado
(*) 17/Apr/1983
3.1.1.6. Federico Girado
(*) 2/Feb/1986
3.1.1.7. Nicolás Girado
(*) 28/Mar/1988
3.1.1.8. Lucía Girado
(*) 7/Jul/1992
3.1.1.9. ????????
3.1.2. Jorge Girado
(*) 2/Jul/1949 in Buenos Aires (+) 15/Dec/1965 in Buenos Aires
He had no children
3.2. Federico Girado (Bruda)
(*) 6/Feb/1923 in Buenos Aires
married in Buenos Aires on 11/Jul/1951
Isabel María Rosa Pangaro (Betty)
(*) 5/Oct/1929 in ????
3.2.1. Alicia Beatriz Girado
(*) 8/May/1952
married in Buenos Aires on 13/Dec/1980
Mario Alberto Toscano
(*)30/May/1953
3.2.2. Federico Guillermo Girado

Top, Maria Marta and Pablo Naumann
Bottom, Maria Gonsalez and Pablo Naumann, possibly taken in 1937 in Castelar, the location of their first house

(*) 13/Jun/1953 in Buenos Aires (+) 18/Apr/1985
married in Buenos Aires on ??/Apr/1984
Claudia DeAngelis
They had 1 daughter (Josefina):
3.2.2.1. Josefina Girado
(*) 13/Jun/1985
3.2.3. Irene Isabel Girado
(*) 1/Jan/1955? in
Married in Buenos Aires on 20/Oct/1978
José Enrique García Enciso
(*) 16/Jun/1951
3.2.4. Ana Inés Girado
(*) 27/Oct/1958 ?
3.2.5. Eduardo Andrés Girado
(*) 24/Oct/1964
3.2.6. Santiago Girado
(*) 22/Jan/1969
3.3. Juan Martín Girado
(*) 7/Oct/1925 in Buenos Aires (+) ?/?/2004 in Buenos Aires.
married on 29/Dec/??? in Buenos Aires
María Inés Serrao
(*) 27/Feb/1928
3.3.1. Marta Inés Girado
(*) 30/Oct/1954 in Buenos Aires
married in Buenos Aires on 25/Nov/1977
Cosme Federico Argerich
(*) 4/Jan/1953
3.3.2. Luis Martín Girado
(*) 31/Dec/1956 in Buenos Aires
married in Buenos Aires on 12/Aug/1983
Mónica Beatriz Guevara
They had ?????????
3.3.3. María Margarita Girado
(*) 6/Oct/1958 in Buenos Aires
married in Buenos Aires on ??/Nov/1982
Mariano Domingo Obregón
they had ?????
3.3.4. Felipe Manuel Girado
(*) 8/Nov/1968 in Buenos Aires
3.4. Carlos Augusto Girado
(*) 27/Jun/1928 in Buenos Aires (+) / /19????
Isolina Dato Torres Cabrera
(*)31/Jul/1932 in ???
they divorced in ?????
3.4.1. Juan Gregorio Girado
(*) 16/Mar/1957 in Buenos Aires
married in Buenos Aires on 1986 ??
Patricia Agresti
They divorced on ?????
3.4.1.1. Tobías Girado
(*) in Buenos Aires on / /198 ??
3.4.1.2. Teresa María Girado
(*) in Buenos Aires on / /198 ??
3.4.3. ?????? Girado
3.4.1.4. ?????? Girado
3.4.1.4. ?????? Girado
3.4.2. Javier Ignacio Girado
(*) 20/Apr/1959 in Buenos Aires
resides in Chicago, Il, USA
he had no children that I know
3.4.3. Carlos María Girado
(*) 17/Aug/1960 in Buenos Aires
3.4.3.1. Francisco José Girado

The Girardos: Federico, Carlos, Maria, Juan, Jorge

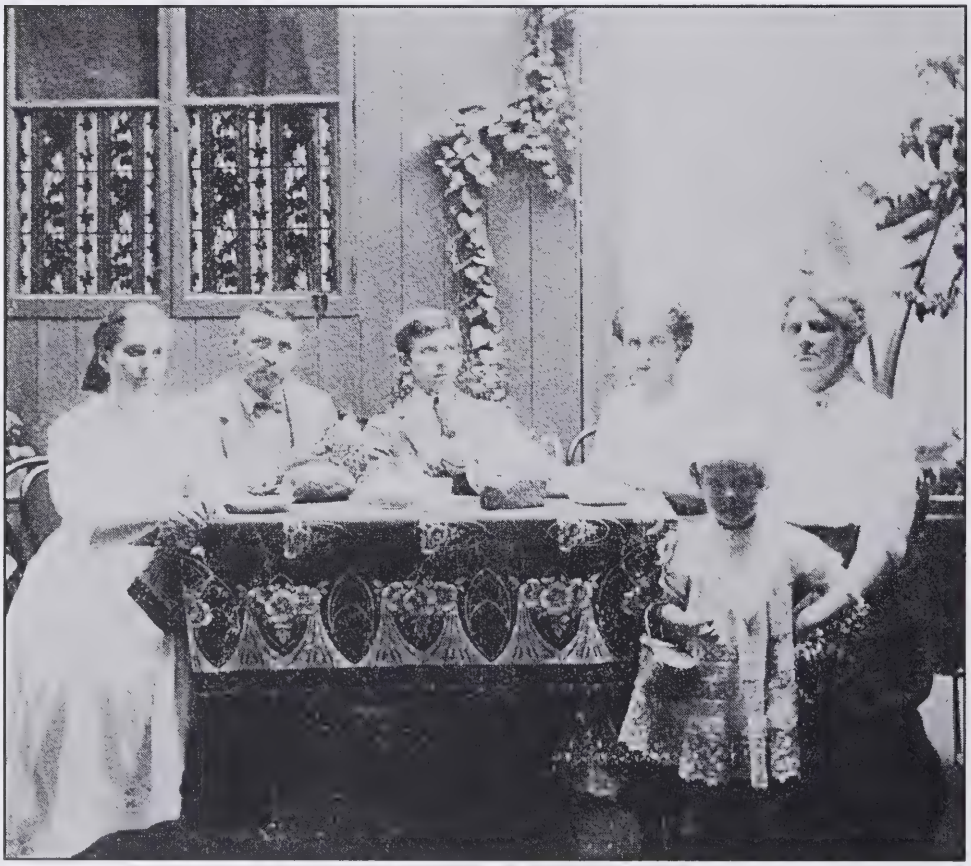
(*) ??/Dec/1992 in Buenos Aires
3.4.3.2. ??? Girado
3.4.3.3. ??? Girado
3.4.3.4. ??? Girado
3.4.3.5. ??? Girado

4. Ernestina Elena Naumann (died when she was 3 years old)
no issue

5. Ida Alina Naumann
(*)in Buenos Aires (+)in Buenos Aires
married in Buenos Aires on
Mr. Federico Wagner (I do not know his complete name in german)
(*) in Bavaria ?, Germany (+) in Buenos Aires
They had 5 girls (Renata, Gísela, Marta, Ula Alina & Juana):
4.1. Renata Wagner (Renate)
(*) 11/May/1935 in Buenos Aires
married in Buenos Aires on ???
??? Ruoff (Neco)
Walter Gullner (2nd. Husband)
(*) 16/Set/1927 in ??
they had no children
4.1.1. Elisabeth Karin Ruoff
(*) 5/Apr/1960 in Buenos Aires
married
Ricardo Nocera (Dicki)
They moved to Little Compton, Rhode Island, USA on
they had 3 boys (Santiago, Tomás & Lucas):
4.1.1.1. Santiago Nocera
(*) 30/Dec/ 19??
4.1.1.2. Tomás Nocera
(*) 30/May/19??
4.1.1.3. Lucas Nocera
(*) 7/Jul?19??
4.1.2. Silvia Ruoff
(*) 16/Oct/1962 in Buenos Aires
No married and no children that I know (Oct.2005)
4.2. Gísela Wagner
(*) 26/Feb/1939 in Buenos Aires
married in Buenos Aires on 24/Feb/1978
Antonio Fagalde
(*) 8/Dec/1936 in ?
they had 1 girl (Gísela Tamara):
4.2.1. Gísela Tamara Fagalde
(*) 11/Jul/1980 in Buenos Aires
4.3. Martha Wagner
(*) 7/Dic/1940 in Buenos Aires
married in Buenos Aires on 26/Set/1963
Siegfried Otto Gustavo Wolfsteller
(*) 4/May/1940 in ?
they had 2 girls and 1 boy (Mónica Irene, Siegfried Otto Federico & Cynthia Mariana):
4.3.1. Mónica Irene Wolfsteller
(*) 14/Jul/1966 in Buenos Aires
married on 30/Nov/1988 in ???
Guillermo Montonatti
4.3.2. Siegfried Otto Federico Wolfsteller
(*) 12/Mar/1970 in Buenos Aires
4.3.3. Cynthia Mariana Wolfsteller
(*) 14/Oct/1973 in Buenos Aires

The Wagner girls ca. 1947 in the apartment of Pablo Naumann in Buenos Aires City and later, perhap in the mid-1980's, with husbands and their mother Alina.

4.4. Ula Alina Wagner
(*) 14/Jun/1942 in Buenos Aires
married in Buenos Aires on 6/Oct/1959
José Federico Tossenberger
(*) 27/Feb/1942 in
they had 1 girl and 2 boys (Norbert Federico, Alejandro Juan & Vanesa Patricia):
4.4.1. Norbert Federico Tossenberger
(*) 10/Feb/1961 in Buenos Aires
4.4.2. Alejandro Juan Tossenberger (Alex)
(*) 5/Set/1963 in Buenos Aires
4.4.3. Vanesa Patricia Tossenberger
(*) 8/Feb/1970 in Buenos Aires
4.5. Juana Wagner (Hani)
(*) 4/Set/1946 in Buenos Aires (+) 1995 ?? in Buenos Aires
married in Buenos Aires on 22/Jan/1972
Román Enrique Chasco
(*) 20/Nov/1940 in
They had 1 girl (Carola Solange)
4.5.1. Carola Solange Chasco
(*) 29/Jan/1977 in Buenos Aires
No married and no children that I know (Oct.2005)



Naumann family: Maria (Marta), August, Pablo, Emilia (Ana), unknown child, Anna

#32 HERMANN HOFMANN (1847-1883)

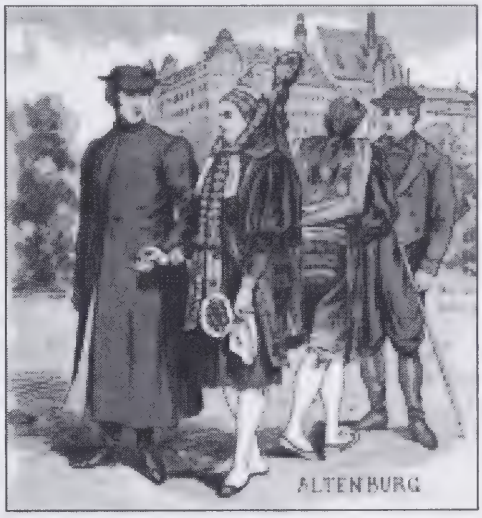
Hermann Hofmann was born in Dobitschen on October 29, 1847, the grandson of a weaver, which may have allowed him to step up from the farming class to the middle class. He became a tailor in the nearby city of Altenburg. The move would have made sense as far more people would have used his services in that larger city than in his small village, but even that didn't satisfy Hermann, as he moved the family to Hamburg between 1877 and 1883.

The tailor was not one of the highest paid of trades in mid-19th century Germany, as there were many tailors. The relatively low pay for tailors as opposed to certain other crafts, can best be noted when one looks at the tax exemption which was given to tradesmen living in poverty in Berlin. During the 1840's all the butchers and bakers, 90% of the carpenters and 70% of the mason had to pay their taxes, but only 10% of the weavers, tailors, potters, and chair makers had to pay theirs.

Still, the tailor was considered amongst the middle class of the tradesman and despite the low pay, tailoring required years of training as did every other trade. Hermann would have gone through two levels of skill before becoming a master tailor: apprentice and journeyman. At the apprentice level, he would have been bound to one master for years and remained with him until he had learned enough to progress to the next stage. As a journeyman, however, he may have been, as many journeymen were, itinerant, going from town to town.

Many tailors, cobblers, and cabinetmakers learned "on the road" that led to Paris the prevailing early socialist theories that they brought back to their own country. In 1848, just a year after Hermann had been born, there was an uprising of the tradespeople– especially the cobblers, tailors, and cabinetmakers. Their journeymen had sent various petitions to the German and Prussian national assemblies and the Austrian Reichstag, to various magistrates and employers, demanding higher wages, shorter work hours, and the end of the use of machinery and of a female labor force. Interestingly enough, it was in that struggle that hostility towards the Jews began to take hold, as the trades the Jews dominated were that of tailor and cobbler. At the same time political protests were being made against the Kaiser. A variety of reforms were demanded, but in the end the revolution failed and by 1851 most basic freedoms had been withdrawn.

By the time Hermann was an adult and a master tailor, he would have shared their problems. He actually would have begun working as a tailor just as factory-produced clothing had become cheap enough to give the tailors competition. Wages for those who found work fell close to subsistence. Previously, the native dress of Germany, the *Tracht*, had to be made by tailors with specialized training out of natural fibers and decorated with embroidery and hand-woven fabrics or lace. Each area of the country had a specific dress which was wholly theirs. But as the cheaper clothing became available, native dress began to disappear. It was only at the end of the century, when Hermann was already dead, that it found a resurgence in nationalist movements that swept Germany



In his son's grade report book, Hermann's occupation is listed as *schneider*– a sort of basic word for *tailor*. But tailors often specialized. He may have been a *wamsler* and made coats and jackets, a *hosenschneider* who made trousers, a *rochmacher* who made blouses and shirts. He could have been a repairer of old clothes, an *altflicker*. Other terms that referred in general to tailoring were *tuchscherer* or *incisor* or *drapier* or *sartor*.

At age 23 Hermann married, according to his grandson, Erich Hofmann, "below his level." I am not certain what qualified his wife to be beneath him unless it was that she was illegitimate. She was a pleasant-looking woman, and maybe she was a kind one. He may well already have been stricken at the time of their marriage with the tuberculosis that killed him when he was just 35. Perhaps she was willing to take him despite his illness. They had three children before Hermann died his untimely death on January 28, 1883. He did not live to see his youngest child born.

Interestingly enough, it was only a year before Hermann died that a German, Dr. Robert Koch, discovered the bacterium that caused tuberculosis. Earlier in the 19th century, TB was considered a refined disease, one that affected artistic, morally superior individuals. After all,

Trauschein.

13/87 Hermann Hofmann, Schneider in Altenburg, zweiter Sohn des Handarbeiters Melchior Hofmann hier

und

18/104 Katharina Ehlerding, Tochter der ledigen Katharine Ehlerding von Gravenburg in Hannover

wurden in hiesiger Kirche am 6. 7. und 8. Sonntag nach Trinitatis 1870 aufgeboten und nach Ausweis des Kirchenbuches am 9 neunten August 1870 Eintausendachthundert und siebzig zu Altenburg getraut.

Dobitschen, den 12. März 1875.

Das Pfarramt des

[illegible]

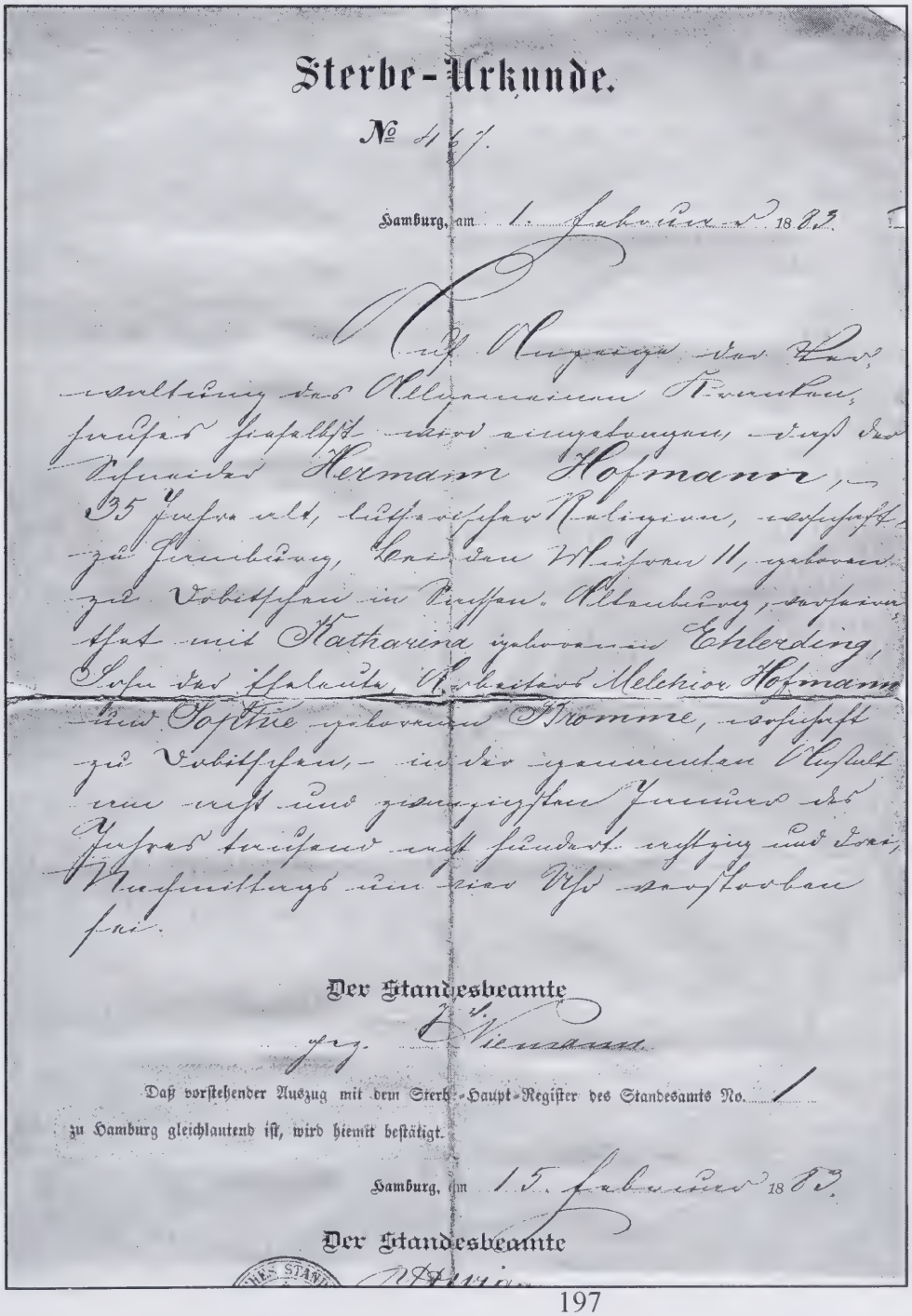
Marriage certificate (above)
13/87 Hermann Hofmann, tailor in Altenburg, second son of laborer Melchior Hofmann, local resident and 18/104 Katharine Ehlerding, daughter of unmarried Katherina Ehlerding, from, from Kranenburg in Hannover. Proclamations were read in this church on 26 July, 2 August, and 9 August 1870 and the marriage took place on 9 August 1870 in Altenburg. Dobitschen, 12 March 1875. parish office (signature of pastor)

Death Certificate (at right)
Death Certificate No. 467. Hamburg, 1 February 1883
Based upon a report by the General Hospital of this city, it is hereby certified that tailor Hermann Hofmann, age 35 years, of the Lutheran faith, a resident of Hamburg at bei den Muhren 11, born at Dobitschen in Saxe-Altenburg, the husband of Katharina nee Ehlerding, son of laborer Melchior Hofmann and Sophie nee Bromme, residents of Dobitschen, passed away in said hospital on the 28th day of January in the year 1883 at 4 p.m. This certifies that the above text is a complete and correct extract of the original record kept in the main registry No. 1 in Hamburg.

Frederick Chopin, Henry David Thoreau, Anton Chekhov, and John Keats had all died of tuberculosis. It was depicted romantically by various artists and authors. *La Boheme* presented a young lady wasting away from the disease. Sculptor David French presented the young tubercular John Harvard in a statue which stands in Harvard Yard. But as more and more non-refined, non-artistic people got it, that theory switched to one in which the victims themselves were blamed for their disease. Acquiring it was attributed to a person's lifestyle. Patients were shunned; people hid the fact that members of their families were tubercular.

If a victim received any treatment at all, it would have been a stay in a sanitarium. It was believed that fresh air, bed rest, simple food, and regular exercise was the only recourse. Obviously, there were no antibiotics to combat the tubercular bacillus. It was also believed that companionship was good for a patient.

Hermann was actually a typical patient. The Industrial Revolution saw scores of people leaving the countryside, going to large towns where they lived in crowded conditions, ate poorly, and worked long, hard hours and coughed or sneezed microbes carrying the disease onto their neighbors. Such towns were nothing more than breeding grounds for tuberculosis. It was during this period, the period in which Hermann contracted the disease, that it reached epidemic proportions, spilling out of the lower classes into the upper classes until it became obvious that there was nothing romantic about the pale, wan, wasted victims of this disease. Termed the *White Plague*, it was particularly virulent in slums, and it was not until sanitation and water quality had been improved that any progress was made in ending tuberculosis in the civilized world. Far too late for Hermann.



Sterbe-Urkunde.

№ 467.

Hamburg, am 1. Februar 1883.

Auf Anzeige der Verwaltung des Allgemeinen Krankenhauses hieselbst wird eingetragen, daß der Schneider Hermann Hofmann, 35 Jahre alt, lutherischer Religion, wohnhaft zu Hamburg, bei den Mühren 11, geboren zu Dobitschen in Sachsen-Altenburg, verheirathet mit Katharina geborenen Ehlerding, Sohn der Eheleute, Arbeiters Melchior Hofmann und Sophie geborenen Bromme, wohnhaft zu Dobitschen, in der genannten Anstalt am acht und zwanzigsten Januar des Jahres tausend acht hundert achtzig und drei, Nachmittags um vier Uhr verstorben sei.

Der Standesbeamte

gez. Niemann

Daß vorstehender Auszug mit dem Sterbe-Haupt-Register des Standesamts No. 1 zu Hamburg gleichlautend ist, wird hiemit bestätigt.

Hamburg, am 15. Februar 1883.

Der Standesbeamte

EMAIL: Erich Hofmann to his cousin, Albert Hofmann, June 4, 2004

By the way I am not the last of the Mohicans in old Europe. Grandfather had at least one brother, named Georg. I know because my father went to see him in Altenburg in the twentieth (twenties?), and I got a photo. (A later e-mail said that Georg might not have technically been a brother but might have just been of some relationship to Karl. According to all sources, Karl had no brother Georg. Perhaps Hermann had a brother Karl.)

#33 ALBERTINE KATHERINA EHLERDING (1848-1910)

Albertine was born out of wedlock in Kranenburg, near the North Sea, on April 13, 1848. This was not the rare event that one might think it would be in those days. Illegitimacy in the larger cities of Germany ran at about 10% at the time. In some areas such as Dresden, one in four children was born illegitimate. (www.oll.libertyfund.org/home3/EBook.php?recordID=0468.01) Their parents, however, were often punished heavily. Both were subjected to a painful interrogation and fined by the village judges. I do not know if the custom prevalant in 1800 still existed in 1848 in which a woman who had an illegitimate child had to stand on Sunday in front of the church with a straw garland on her head; her lover beside her, carrying a straw sword. But I am certain that Albertine's mother suffered some unfortunate consequences due to her misstep.

Albertine's mother, Katherina Ehlerding, was born on October 3, 1818, in Kranenburg, Germany, and died, never having married, in Hamburg on March 18, 1885. Albertine's supposed father was a man named Friedrich Stange, of Oestlich, Holstein. Katherina's parents, Jurgen (born March 19, 1784) and Catherine Holthusen Ehlerding (born May 19, 1792) were married April 11, 1815, in Kranenburg. Her grandparents, Heinrich Holthusen, Margaretha Hagenahs, Margreth Muggen, and the policeman Johann Ehlerding (born, Hannover) also lived in Kranenburg. So Albertine's heritage was largely from that city for several generations and perhaps more.

Kranenburg means *castle of the cranes*, and the city's logo shows both a castle and a pair of cranes standing like bookends beside it. Some people believe that the city was so named because a large number of cranes once lived in that area, but others say that they were not cranes, but herons, which are still prevalent in the area today. People go to Kranenburg today, as well, to view the 150,000 geese that overwinter in the Rhine Valley from the polar regions and may have done so for hundreds of years.

The town has been a place of pilgrimage since 1308, with people coming to see a figure of Christ in the shape of a cross and looking like a carved wooden sculpture. Local legend has it that the figure sprang miraculously from a communion wafer that was discarded near a tree.

Kranenburg is a walled town and still has a medieval appearance with many of the houses surviving which were built into the perimeter wall centuries ago. It is situated along the Dutch border. The Lower Rhine flows near Kranenburg with its eight outlying villages amongst "flat pastures, knotted willow trees, old orchards, hedges, and endless poplar avenues." Such would have been the images of Albertine's childhood.

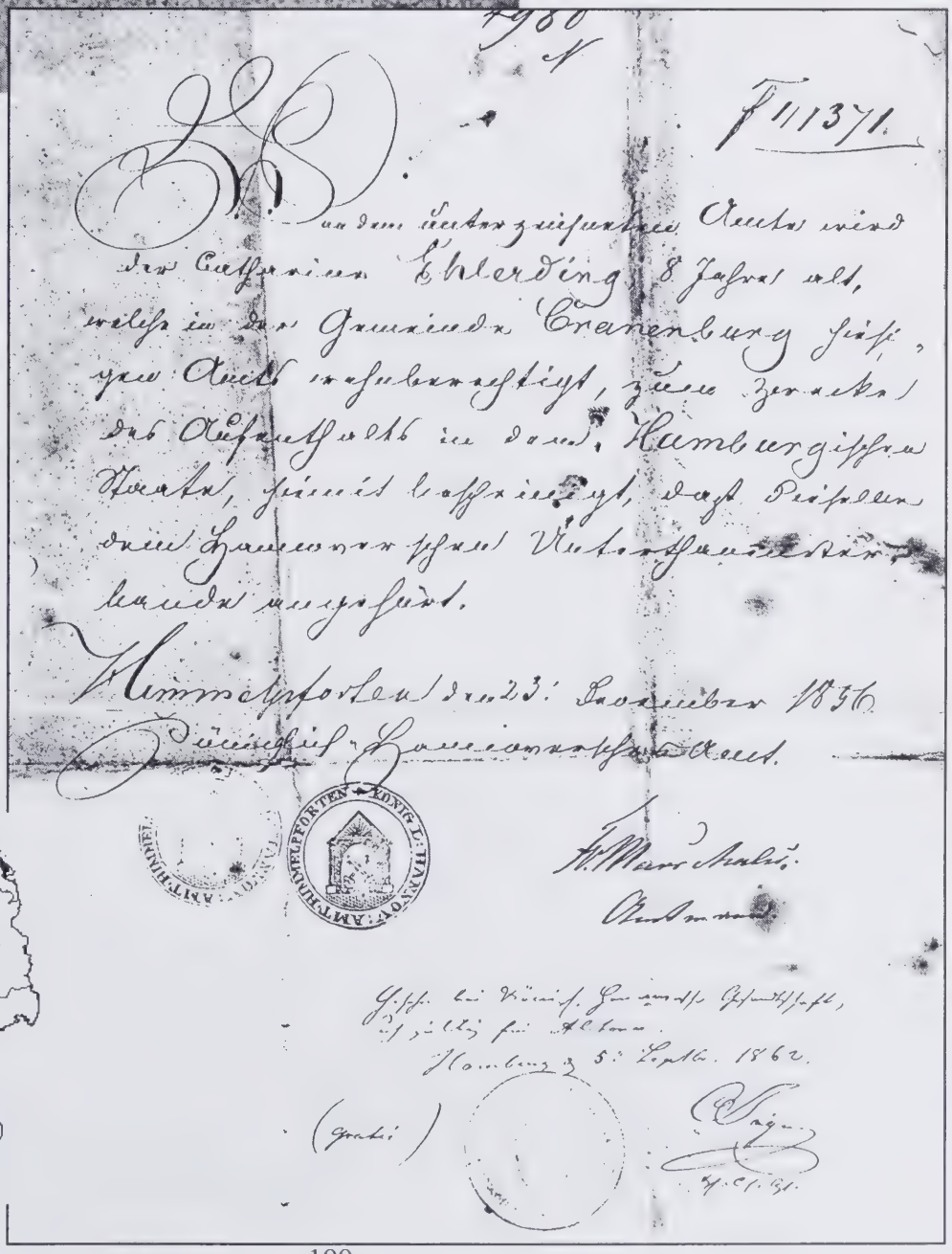
A document pictured on the opposite page reveals, however, that she had moved to the state of Hamburg by the time she was eight years old. From there either she and her mother and possibly Albertine's sister moved to Altenburg where she married Hermann Hofmann on August 9, 1870. They lived together in Altenburg where their son Karl was born and then moved to Hamburg. Unfortunately, their lives together were cut short when Hermann died when they had been married just about ten years. She was five months pregnant with her younger daughter and left alone to take care of three small children. Two years after she lost her husband, she lost her mother.

Albertine herself died on January 27, 1910. She is the only one of our direct German ancestors whose tombstone we have a picture of, as many hundreds of dollars must be paid to maintain such stones for just five years. Most people are unable or unwilling to pay the accumulating fees as ancestor after ancestor dies, so the stones– and maybe the

bodies–are disposed of. She was buried in a Hamburg cemetery. The following inscription is on her stone (opposite page): "Our dear mother, nee Ehlerding. Born April 13, 1848. Died January 27, 1910."

At left, a view of Kranenburg and above, a view of the rathaus.

The office named below hereby certifies that Catharina Ehlerding, age 8 years, a registered resident of the town of Kranenburg in this county, is a citizen of the state of Hannover. This statement is issued in connection with her intention to reside in the free state of Hamburg. Done at Himmelpforten on 23 December 1856. Royal Hanoverian County Office. (signature of official) Approved by the consulate of the Royal Hanoverian in Hamburg on 5 September 1862. Valid for Altona. (signature of official)



4980
N

F 11371.

Von dem unterzeichneten Amte wird der Catharina Ehlerding 8 Jahre alt, welche in der Gemeinde Cranenburg hiesigen Amts wohnberechtigt, zum Zwecke des Aufenthalts in dem Hamburgischen Staate, hiemit bescheinigt, daß Dieselbe dem Hannoverschen Unterthanenverbande angehört.

Himmelpforten den 23. December 1856.

Königlich Hannoversches Amt.

AMT HIMMELPFORTEN KÖNIG L. HANNOV.

Hamburg d. 5. Septbr. 1862.

(gratis)

CHILDREN OF HERMANN & ALBERTINE HOFMANN:

1. **Karl Max Louis** (more earlier)
2. Bothilde (Tilly) Thekla Anna

Born: October 1, 1877

Married: Carl Heinrich Adolf Rathmann , April 21, 1906

Adolf was a book binder and a soldier who was killed in the First World War, April 16, 1916. I am told that he was buried in France. An Adolf Rathmann lies buried in Azannes I military cemetery whose death is listed as having occurred on April 26, 1916. Transcription errors may have been made by my source (Jurgen Gehrt) or the cemetery or it could have been a burial date rather than death date.

Children: none

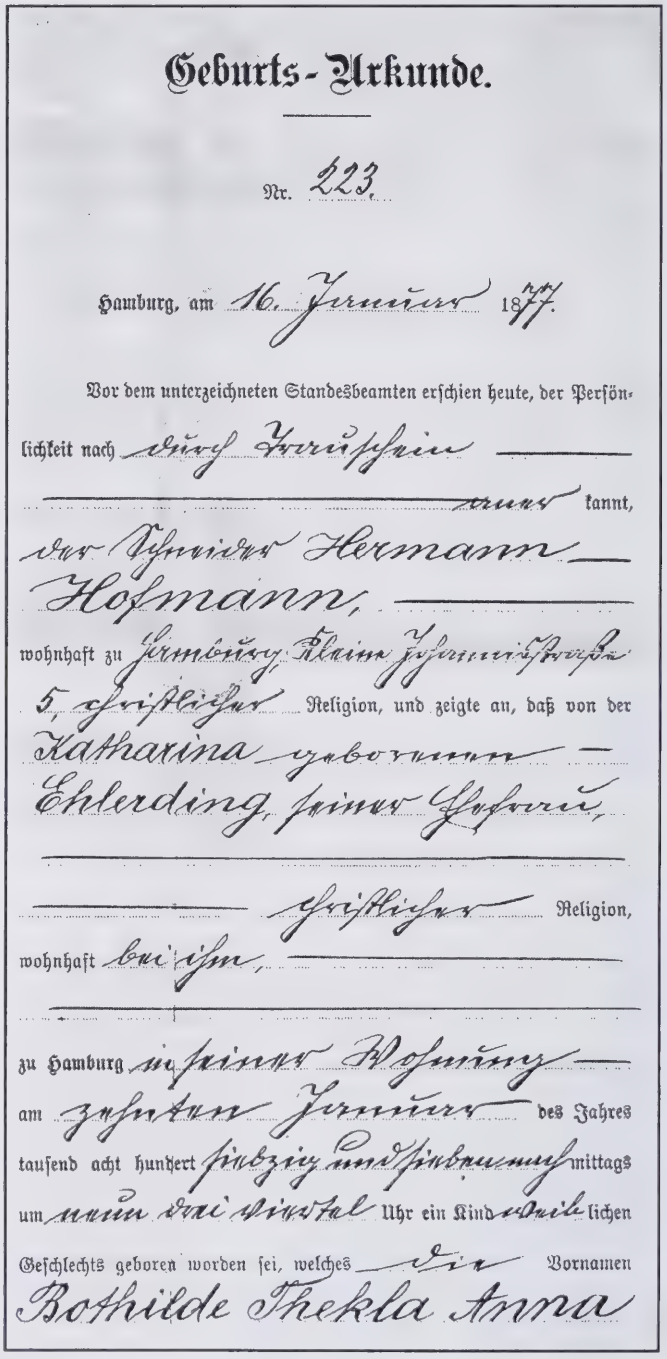
Occupation: Insurance clerk

Died: of cancer, January 26, 1940

Photograph above: Bothilde, unknown woman, Hermine Hofmann Richter, Henny Hartung Hofmann (looking remarkably like her grandson Albert Hofmann). I think it is possible that the unknown woman is Albertine Catherine Hofmann. It seems logical that she would be standing with her two daughters and daughter-in-law.

BIRTH CERTIFICATE: from the Civil Registry Office 1 of Hamburg. It is certificate number 223.

Hamburg, 16 January 1877. The following person appeared before me and identified himself by presenting a marriage certificate: tailor Hermann Hofmann, a resident of Hamburg, Kleine Johannis-Strasse 5, a Christian, who reported that his wife, Katharina nee Ehlerding, a Christian, residing in his home, gave birth to a baby girl on 10 January 1877 at 9:45 p.m. The child was given the name Bothilde Thekla Anna. The above was read aloud and approved. Signature of H. Hofmann. Signature of civil registrar: J.V. Niemann. The extract above is certified to be a true and correct copy of the original record made in the office of Civil Registry District 1 in Hamburg. Hamburg, 25 July 1905. The Civil Registrar J.V. Cramer. (seal and fee)



Geburts-Urkunde.

Nr. 223.

Hamburg, am 16. Januar 1877.

Vor dem unterzeichneten Standesbeamten erschien heute, der Persönlichkeit nach durch Vorzeigung seines Trauscheins bekannt, der Schneider Hermann Hofmann, wohnhaft zu Hamburg, Klein Johannis-Straße 5, christlicher Religion, und zeigte an, daß von der Katharina geborenen Ehlerding, seiner Ehefrau, christlicher Religion, wohnhaft bei ihm, zu Hamburg in seiner Wohnung am zehnten Januar des Jahres tausend acht hundert siebzig und sieben nachmittags um neun drei Viertel Uhr ein Kind weiblichen Geschlechts geboren worden sei, welches die Vornamen Bothilde Thekla Anna

3. Hermine Caroline

Born: May 23, 1883; Hamburg, Germany

Married: Robert Rudolph Gutthilf Richter; Hamburg, Germany; October 21, 1905

Robert was a joiner. He died of a heart attack. on January 1, 1938, in Hamburg.

Child: Karla Paula, b. July 8, 1907; married Ernst Otto Gehrt, Hamburg, July 7, 1928; child Jurgen Robert Christian; d. September 10, 1979, Wandsbek, Germany

Jurgen was born May 3, 1935, in Hamburg, and married Ilse Hinsch on August 1, 1963. They had just one child, Anja, born September 19, 1968, who married Michael Bacher. Jurgen worked at the state tax office in Hamburg. His experiences in WWII are briefly related in emails he sent my father-in-law which appear amongst other letters and emails later in this book.

Died: of an apoplectic fit, December 23, 1936; Hamburg, Germany

Hermine Hofmann
Robert Richter
Verlobte.
Hamburg, Ostern 1904.

BIRTH CERTIFICATE: Civil Registry Office 1, certificate 2321
Hamburg, 4 June 1885
The following person appeared before me and identified himself by presenting a marriage certificate. Katharina nee Ehlerding, widow of Mr. Hofmann, no occupation, a resident of Hamburg, Reimerstwiete 29, of the Lutheran faith, who reported that she, the widow of tailor Hermann Hofmann, of the Lutheran faith, who died on 28 January 1883, gave birth in her home to a baby girl on 23 May 1883 at 4:15 a.m. The child was given the name of Hermine Caroline. The above was read aloud and approved. Signature of K. Hofmann. Signature of civil registrar: J.V. Niemann. The extract above is certified to be a true and correct copy of the orginal record made in the office of the Civil Registry District 1 in Hamburg. Hamburg, 25 July 1905. The Civil Registrar J.V. Cramer. (seal and fee)

ENGAGEMENT CARD: above. Easter, 1904.

Standesamt № 1.

Geburts-Urkunde.

HAMBURGISCHES STANDESAMT No 1

Nr. 2321.

Hamburg, am 4. Juni 1883.

Vor dem unterzeichneten Standesbeamten erschien heute, der Persönlichkeit nach durch Trauschein ——— aner kannt Katharina geborene Ehlerding verwitwete Hofmann, ohne Geschäft, wohnhaft zu Hamburg, Reimerstwiete 29, lutherischer Religion, und zeigte an, daß von der Anzeigenden, Witwe des am 28. Januar tausendacht hundert achtzig und drei verstorbenen Schneiders Hermann Hofmann, lutherischer Religion wohnhaft ——— zu Hamburg in ihrer Wohnung ——— am drei und zwanzigsten Mai des Jahres tausend acht hundert achtzig und drei vor mittags um vier ein viertel Uhr ein Kind weiblichen Geschlechts geboren worden sei, welches die Vornamen Hermine Caroline

Henry Hofmann, Hermine Hofmann Richter, Karla Richter, Kurt Hofmann, Bothilde Hofmann Rathmann

(top)An extract made in 1935 from the Grossenworden parish of the birth and baptism of Catrine Holthusen. It says she was the daughter of Hinrich and Margrethe nee Hagenahs Holthusen, born May 19, 1792, and baptized the next day. Hinrich and Margrethe were inhabitants of Grossenworden.

This document, like all the others on these pages, is written in Suetterlin script, which was developed by the German graphic artist, Louise Suetterlin. It was taught in German schools from 1915 til 1941.

(Bottom) An extract made in 1936 from the church book of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Hechthausen. Hechthausen is a village near Grossenworden. (See map at far right.) This extract says that Jurgen Heinrich Ehlerding was born in Kranenburg on March 20, 1784, the son of Johann Heinrich Ehlerding (constable in Hannover now living in Kranenburg) and his wife Margreth nee Muggen.

Bescheinigung

aus dem Geburts- und Taufbuche
~~Verzeichnis der Getauften~~

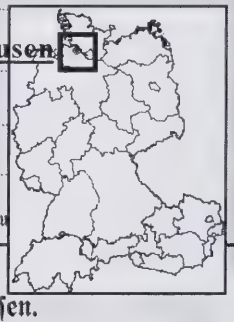
der evang.-luth. Parochie Grossenwörden

Jahrgang 1792 Nummer 18.

1. Name des Kindes: Catrine Holthusen
2. Ort der Geburt: Grossenwörden
3. Tag und Jahr der Geburt: 19. Mai 1792
4. Tag und Jahr der Taufe: 20. Mai 1792
5. Name, Stand und Wohnort der Eltern: Hinrich Holthusen, Einwohner in Grossenwörden am Tiefe und seine Ehefrau Margrethe geb. Hagenahs
6. Bemerkungen:

Grossenwörden

Zu



Auszug aus dem Kirchenbuche der ev. luth. Kirchengemeinde zu Hechthausen.

Jahrgang 1784 Register Nr. 18.

Geborene und Getaufte
~~Copulirte (Getraute)~~
~~Beerdigte.~~

20. März.

Jürgen Heinrich Ehlerding Einwohners aus Hannover jetzt zu Kranenburg wohnhaft und seiner Ehefrau Margreth geb. Müggen den 19. abends um 7 Uhr geborener Sohn, Jürgen Heinrich genannt.

Zeuge Heinrich Martens – Kranenburg.
Klaus Kollhorst uxil. Fr. R. Wolf –
Alle drei, Heinrich Ehlers Ehefrau.

Hechthausen, den 9. März 1936.

DER INSIGEL • HECHTHAUSEN

Zur Beglaubigung

Auszug aus dem Kirchenbuche der ev. luth. Kirchengemeinde zu Hechthausen.

Jahrgang 1815 Register Nr. 4

~~Geborene und Getaufte~~
Copulirte (Getraute)
~~Beerdigte~~.

11. April.

Jürgen Hinrich Ehlerding des weil. Jürgen Hinrich Ehlerding Häusling in Cranenburg Sohn u. Catharine Holthusen des weil. Hinrich Holthusen aus Großenwörden Tochter. In der Kirche c.

Hechthausen, den 5. Februar 1936

Zur Beglaubigung
Mohrmann P.

(top) Extract from the Hechthausen church register made in 1936. It states that Jurgen Heinrich Ehlerding, son of Jurgen Heinrich Ehlerding, and Catrina Holthusen, daughter of Hinrich Holthusen, married on April 11, 1815. The marriage is recorded in Register 4.
(bottom) An extract from the Hechthausen church register made in 1936. It states that Catharina Ehlerding was born on October 3, 1818, and baptized on October 5. Her father was Jurgen Hinrich Ehlerding, and her mother was Margaretha Holthusen. Apparently, Margaretha and Catrina are one and the same.

Auszug aus dem Kirchenbuche der ev. luth. Kirchengemeinde zu Hechthausen.

Jahrgang 1818 Register Nr. 48.

Geborene und Getaufte
~~Copulirte (Getraute)~~
~~Beerdigte~~.

5.ten Oktober

Jürgen Hinrich Ehlerding, Häuslings zu Cranenburg und dessen Ehefrau Catharine geborene Holthusen am 3ten ejusdem geborene Tochter, genannt:

Catharine

Gev. Friedrich Tiedemann, Margarethe Plate, Mette Adelheid Peters.

Hechthausen, den 5. Februar 1936.

Zur Beglaubigung
Mohrmann P.

Abschrift aus dem Sterberegister des Standesamts I

No. 1003 vom Jahre 1885, Eintragung vom 18.3.1885:

Auf Anzeige der Verwaltung des Allgemeinen Krankenhauses hierselbst wird eingetragen, dass C a t h a r i n a E h l e r d i n g, früher Arbeiterin, 66 Jahre alt, l u t h e r i s c h e r Religion, wohnhaft zu Hamburg, Fuhlentwiete 20, geboren zu Cranenburg, ledigen Standes, Namen der verstorbenen Eltern nicht bekannt, in der genannten Anstalt, am achtzehnten März des Jahres tausendachthundertachtzigundfünf vormittags um dreieinhalb Uhr verstorben ist.

Der Standesbeamte.

J. V.

gez. Arendt.

J. 24. 1. 36

Lieber Karl. Die Grossmutter ist also im Jahre 1819 geboren. Einen Ort Cranenburg mit „C„ gibt es nicht, wohl dagegen mit „K„, also Kranenburg. Der eine liegt in der Rheinprovinz. Dieser kommt nicht in Betracht, der andere Ort ~~liegt~~

heisst Kranenburg, Reg.Bezirk Stade, Post Himmelpfordten.

Dieser letztere Ort wird wohl der Geburtsort Deiner Grossmutter sein. Du brauchst Dir vom dortigen Pastorat nur eingehende ~~Geburts~~Geburts-oder Taufurkunde zu bestellen. Aus dieser Urkunde wirst Du auch die Eltern Deiner Grossmutter ersehen.

Herzl.Gruss.

Heinz Herz.

Auszug aus dem Kirchenbuche der ev. luth. Kirchengemeinde zu Hechthausen.

Jahrgang 1848 Register Nr. —

Geborene und Getaufte
~~Copulirte (Getraute)~~
~~Beerdigte.~~

3. Mai

Kathrine Ehlerding, des Heinrich Ehlerding in Cranenburg Tochter, eine den 13ten April geborene uneheliche Tochter:

Cathrine

Gev: Heinrich Ehlerding, Adelheid Rockmann aus Cranenburg, Kathrine Quell aus Estorf.

Als Vater ist angegeben: Friedrich Stange ein Dienstknecht aus Ostlich im Holsteinschen.

Hechthausen, den 5. Februar 1936.

Zur Beglaubigung
Hofmann P

(at left) An extract made from the civil registry made in 1936
Copy of the death index of the registry office I, number 1003, of the year 1885. This states that Catharina Ehlerding, unmarried, former worker, age 66 years old, of the Lutheran faith, resident of Hamburg (Fuhlentwiete 20), died March 18, 1885, in the general hospital in Hamburg. She was born in Kranenburg of unknown parents. She died at 3:30 A.M.
Apparently, Karl had a friend get this record for him because at the bottom of the page it says, "Dear Karl, your grandmother was born in the year 1818. It does not give the birthplace as Cranenburg with a *C*, but with a *K*, therefore it means *Crane Castle*. That city lies in the Rhine Provinces. The registry is Kranenburg; the district is Stade; the postal service is Himmelpfordten. This is probably where your grandmother was born. You will notice reference to the parents of your grandmother at the end of this document. With affection and greetings (name)."
Erich Hofmann noted that the man who wrote the note at the bottom of the page must have been a very good friend, as he did not sign the note with "Heil Hitler."

(above) An extract from the church book of Hechthausen made in 1936
This extract states that Cathrina Ehlerding was born in Cranenburg on May 3, 1848, the daughter of the unmarried Kathrin Ehlerding. The father is said to be Friedrich Stange of Ostlich/Holstein, a town on the northern side of the River Elbe, opposite Kranenburg. Karl Hofmann, in his war time postcards wrote of writing to Aunt Ehlerding. So Catharina may have had two daughters. Or it is possible that Karl was referring to a great-aunt and that Catharina had a sister.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH OR ABOUT BOTHILDE , HERMINE, AND HERMINE'S FAMILY:
Other such correspondence appears in notes following transcriptions of letters written by Kurt Hofmann in his section of this book.

CARD: from Kurt Hofmann to his Aunt Hermine and Uncle Robert Richter (written around November 15, 1930)

Dear Aunt Hermine and Uncle Robert! Belated good wishes on your silver anniversary. Hope that you remain healthy and celebrate the golden one also. We entirely forgot that it was coming up and apologize. Yes, we are moving again because we need a larger house. We will have three bedrooms and an entirely modern house. In four weeks (December 15) we expect Grandmother Petersen. The most anxious (presumably to see Grandma) is little Albi. But although I have plenty of excuses, I am guilty (for not remembering your anniversary).

POSTCARD: from Karla Richter to Albert Hofmann. She had visited his father in America in 1963. Letters which mention her are in the section of this book devoted to Kurt Hofmann.

Just a few lines for all of you from Germany. From Kurt and Kay you already know that we had a safe trip home to Hamburg and a wonderful flight back. Our pictures brought back the wonderful time we spent in America (Yes, it really was great and we think a lot and often about it.) Now we have been back to Germany for three months already. The time really goes by fast. The garden looks a lot like autumn, brown leaves, gray skies, and most of the time rain. Although we did have some nice days after the rainy summer. We got a lot done in the garden during these days. There is so much to do. We are going to have to have some more lawn. It will be easier for Jurgen to handle now that he is on his own. We have a lot of fruit this year. We cannot give it away. Everybody has so much. In case this card arrives earlier than the letter to Kurt and Kay, please tell them the slides got back alright (3 boxes). Now we are going to show them to all our friends. Most of them have not seen them yet. I forgot to give this to Allen. Sorry. Me

Top: Anja Gehrt; Karla, Jurgen and Ernst Gehrt. Middle: a picture taken during Karla and Jurgen's visit to the United States in 1960. They were at the Bass Lake cabin of Kurt Hofmann. Left to right: Karla Richter Gehrt, Karen Hofmann, Jurgen Gehrt, Albert Hofmann, Mrs. Yuriga, Kay Yuriga Hofmann, Allen Hofmann, Kurt Hofmann, Bonnie Hofmann. Bottom: Karla, Anja, Jurgen, and Inga.

BIRTHDAY CARD: from Karla Gehrt to Albert Hofmann, written from Hamburg, November 21, 1960. Translated by her son Jurgen in 2005.

Dear Al,

We sent very heartily wishes for your birthday and the new year of life. Heratily greetings and kisses. Your Karla & Jurgen.

Dear Bonnie, Al and Children,

For all of you some words from Germany. You surely heard fram Kay and Kurt that we arrived safely in Hamburg. We had a wonderful flight back. The pictures show us again the lovely time we were allowed to have in US. Really a lovely time for us and we think often and much back to it. Now we are already back home for 3 month, the time is running. Our garden look like autumn, brown leaves, dark heaven and mostly rain. We had some fine days too after the rainy summer and worked in the garden. We have more lawn now to make the work easier for Jurgen. We had such a lot of fruits this year that nobody wanted it. If your postcard arrives earlier as a letter for Kay and Kurt, tell them please that the pictures (3 boxes) have arrived safely here. Now we shall show them to our friends. Best wishes again from Karla and Jurgen. Give our greetings please to Kay and Kurt and Bonnies parents and everybody we know over there. For you two much pleasure on your big journey.

LETTER: from Jurgen Gehrt to Roberta Hofmann
Jurgen Gehrt
Schleemer Weg 46
2000 Hamburg 74 Tel. 040/7330445 Hmb., 5. August 1976

Dear Mrs. Hofmann,
My mother and I liked to hear something from overthere. I would have answered earlier, but I had my summer holyday at the sea. I hope everything was going allright with your baby and we congratulate You and Allen. I myself have no facts about the Hofmann family, but my mother found a few details. What You are looking for, are older dates, I think. But we don't have any others. You may be interested about those. I write to You, also, so You can see, how it has go on with us over here. My mother will look for some photos, may be she will find some. As you know, I have been overthere in USA at Uncle Kurt's house in 1960 and my mother stayed later two times, I think, again there. Uncle Henry, Kurt's brother, was very angry about uncle Kurt was inviting us but not him. Since that time he does not speak to us, only say "good morning," when we meet him at the street. I am sure he could help you more than I can do. His son Erich, who has a phantastic job in Frankfurt, would surely help you. We see him mostly twice a year at Easter and Christmas and when I have to go to Frankfurt for business, I meet him. But I do not know, when that will be next time. We did not hear anything from uncle Kurt and anty Kay for a couple of years, we do not even know, if he is still alive. My mother and I would like to hear about that. Please give my best wishes and also from my mother to everybody of Your family I met in 1960 in USA. Sincerely, Jurgen Gehrt

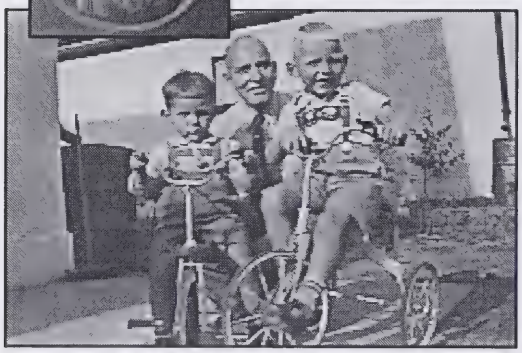
LETTER: from Jurgen Gehrt to Roberta Hofmann, dated Hamburg 1.September 1976
Dear Mrs. Hofmann,
I hope this letter will reach you safely and you can use some pictures for your purposes. First of all our best congratulations to the birth of your little son. I got a letter from Al too, which I enjoyed very much. I shall answer soon, but my lazyness in writing letters breaks me sometimes, so please tell him not to be angry with me, if that "soon" takes a little longer. It is interesting to hear, that you moved already 8 times. People here, who work for big concerns have to move to other parts of Germany too, sometimes even to other countries in Europe. I myself am lucky, for I work for the state of Hamburg, I have only to move to another office, not to another living-place. When I married, I and Inga lived in my mothers house first, and before Anja was born we bought an appartment, where we still live. It is a suborb of Hamburg and by underground it takes 15 minutes to the city, where I work mostly. Please give my love and best wishes to your family. Sincerely, Jurgen Gehrt, Inga & Anja

LETTER: from Jurgen Gehrt to Albert Hofmann
Schleemer Weg 46 2 September 1976
2000 Hamburg 74
Deutschland
Dear Al,
thank you very much for your long letter. It is nice to hear from overthere after that long time. In deed, it happened a lot in those 16 years. First of all congratulations to Bonnie and you for your new grand-son. I sent a couple of old pictures to Roberta yesterday. I stayed yesterday evening at my mothers house, translated your letter (which she enjoyed very much– she told me to send all best wishes to you and your whole family) and picked some more photos out of her different boxes and books. May be, you have some of them, but some have the handwriting of your father and you might like to keep them. I especially like that one from Berlin. Well, let me tell some details from here. Ilse (we call her Inga) and I got married on 1. August 1963. Till 1969 we lived in my mother's house after having built a new bathroom, kitchen and sleepingroom. The both ladies did not understand too well, and then, when Anja was born on 19. September 1968 (as matt on 19), we moved in 1969 to Hamburg 74 (6 km from my mothers house) in an own appartement. We all feel well, also my mother, who is 69 now. I had a bad operation on my backbones in 1974 and had to stay in hospital for 70 days, but don't have any pain with it now. Last time my mother stayed at Uncle Kurts was in 1963. They corresponded during 2 or 3 years, but we got know answer later. I think Kay stopped that. So your letter is the first, which informed us about your fathers death. We should like to have some pictures from your birthday-party. I think pictures would be better, if you can manage it, they are easier to send and you can look at them, when ever you like. Well now to Robertas problem. Erich is the genius member of the whole clan (in Europe). He is absolutely perfect in English, French and Spanish and I am sure he understands some other languages. The states-bank in Frankfurt, he works for, sends him to Paris, Bruxelles and in some countries in South-Amerika. He has no wife and therefore lot of room in his head for other things. I think you better do not write to Henry now. I shall write Erich, we have a good contact, and tell him about your work on the family tree. And I think he can ask his father, if he has a copy and he can tell him, that he wants ist for his own interests. I am not sure, how he will react, but I beliefe he will help. Henry is also able to read English but I do not know, how he will react, because he did not speak to his brother during the last ...(I do not have the rest of this letter.)

LETTER: Jurgen Gehrt to Roberta Hofmann. At that time his address was 2 Hamburg 74, Schleemer Weg 46, Deutschland. I was living at RR2, Box 70B, Royal Center, Indiana 46978. It was written in December of 1979.
Dear Everyone over there,
We wish you a happy christmas and a good new year 1980. It is now three months ago, when my mother died and it will be a strange feeling having Christmas without her. Anyway, life goes on and we have lots of things to arrange because we shall live in my mother's house next year. There is something to repair (windows and heating) and we are going to build a new bathroom and kitchen and have new doors inside. It is not ver far from our apartment we live in now. I don't know if he has told you, that Erich Hofmann has married September 14th. His wife comes from Belgium and she ist only 29 years old (he is nearly my age). Best wishes again from Inga, Anya & Jurgen

E-MAIL: Jurgen Gehrt to Albert Hofmann, August 13, 2005, in response to questions about Jurgen's experiences during WWII.

We had a lot of damage to our house. 300 meters in the neighbourhood they dropped a 500 kilo bomb. 4 houses were complately destroyed. Our roof was totally gone, all doors and windows came out of the walls (not only the glas). Upstairs were walls displaced and the ceilings in all rooms came down. The morning after that big bombing we were ordered to the barracks (where we celebrated my birthday). There we had to wait for trucks which should bring us to the countrysides. But mother and I were lucky, a neighbour, who was a bandleader at the army but not at the frontline found us and his family and told us to leave that place. Together with him we went to our and his house. Picked up all fruits and filled the pram with halfripe apples, took his bike and walked out of the town. My father was in Russia at that time. After some miles we met a chap with a car and a trailer who did not know where to go. My neighbour promissed him that he and his family could stay with my aunt in a little village. So we all entered the car and the trailer and after a ride of 25 miles we arrived at my fathers sister in law with 5 grownups and 5 kids and a baby. We slept some days upstairs at the loft in hay. The two other families drove away after some days and mother and I got two rooms in the schoolhouse where we lived until January 1946, without a kitchen and the lavatory in a cabin in the yard. Our house was confiscated by the administrative body, it was scantyly mended and 2 families with 6 people and a baby were sent to it. We did not get any paying for that. When my father came back from Norway, where he was a prisoner of war, in Dezember 1945, we were allowed to go back to Hamburg, because father worked there and there was no possibility to go to the town by train. But They gave us only one room (the kitchen in our house). Father slept in the kitchen and mother and I with Erichs mother opposite the street in their house. Till 1960 we still had to let one room (where you slept Al) to an old lady. 1949 my parents mended most of the war damages. But 1980 after mother died I made it what it is today. But you still see a lot of damages on the walls and the ceilings. The coat of arms on the wall besides our door is the symbol of Wandsbek especially the swan. The hat, the stick and the bag shall remember on the famous Wandsbek poet Matthias Claudius who lived in our county as an editor of a newspaper called *Wandsbeker Bote*. Bote means messenger or courier. And a Courier needs this outfit stick, hat and map.



pictures this page:
top right,
Jurgen's Uncle Paul Gehrt, who died in WWI at age 18. middle, Ernst as a Hamburg policeman (1921) and the Wandsbek coat of arms; lower left, Erich Hofmann, Ernst Gehrt, Jurgen Gehrt

pictures opposite page: Ernst Gehrt during WWI
Ernst Gehrt, taken at the Minsk meat factory. Notice he is holding a cow's bone and wearing the pins pictured at far right. (See Jurgen's discussion of the pins on page 210.)

Note: 216.239.37.104/translate_c?hl=en&sl=de&u=http://www.abendblatt.de/daten/2004/12... This is an uneven translation of an article about housing and other problems in postwar Hamburg.

Hamburg surrendered without resistance on May 3, 1945. In the city lived 2/3 of the pre-war population of approximately 1.2 million people. Week after week thousands of refugees who came "despite official influx barrier in the inhabitant agencies" in order to find a shelter, had to be rejected. Inhabitant lists, which were to be delivered on the police stations, should serve as basis for rigorous dwelling management– called quartering. There were shortages of food, clothing, shoes, and housing. Everyday life consisted of standing in queues in front of food shops, in front of offices and authorities, because literally everything was rationed. In the summer of 1945 hunger emergencies prevailed in Hamburg...Forty, fifty, even sixty children in a class were not rare.

E-MAIL: Jurgen Gehrt to Albert Hofmann August 17, 2005

From 1939 to 1941 my father was in France, than he came back and worked in his job in Hamburg for some month. Then he was sent to Russia the town of Minsk in White Russia (now Belarus) as we call it. There he was the manager of a meat factory which produced for the forces. He had to leave that place when the Russians came. He got the last aeroplane (Ju 52) going to Germany. Back here they sent him to Norway where the English put him in prison untzil Dezember 1945. Erich's poor father was kept in Russia for 5 years.

I shall not be able to write on Sunday because we are going to have a garden party at our house, hope it will be fine weather. Otherwise we shall have 20 people inside the house, not so good, would be a bit too crowded. On Saturday Inga and I go by bus to the Eastern part of the Baltic Sea with my heart sport group. Tomorrow I got to Bremen by train with some friends. You see no time to do anything else as having fun and pleasure.

E-MAIL: Jurgen Gehrt to Albert Hofmann, October 2, 2005

This e-mail was written in response to Albert asking how Jurgen's father came to run the meat factory.

He worked in Hamburg for at that time the biggest food dealer company, and they arranged to get him free from war in France because they wanted him in Russia as a civilian manager. When the Russian soldiers came near to that factory the German had to give up. He was lucky to get the last transport plane JU 52 from Minsk to Berlin, but he lost all his clothes and personel things in Russia. Back in Hamburg they put him back to the forces and that time to an Air Force group in Norway. There were no fights anymore in Norway at that time.

Note: http://www.jewishgen.org/Belarus/newsletter/MinskHolocaust.htm

Before the Nazi invasion, about 375,000 Jews lived in Belarus, of which more than ninety percent lived in towns and cities. Jews com-

prised about thirty percent of the urban population in Belarus. Minsk, the capital, was home to between 70,000 and 80,000 Jews who comprised about a third of the total population, which was about 240,000 Minsk was one of the largest industrial centers in the Soviet Union. It was also the administrative and cultural capital of Belarus. It was the site of a chemical factory, a radio factory, an automobile factory, a wallpaper factory, and a meat packing plant....The Nazis unexpectedly invaded the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941.

E-MAIL: from Jurgen Gehrt to Albert Hofmann dated September 29th and 30th, 2005, in response to questions posed by Albert Hofmann regarding the pins that Ernst was wearing in his photograph and Ernst's service. (See picture on page 209.)
1. My father was at the end of the war a sergeant at the airforce. When they took him to war in 1939 he was in the army as an ordinary sodier in France. The end of the war he was in Norway. The button on his jacket is the sign for members of the NSDA (Hitlers Party).
2. The one (pin) beneth the NSDAP is a little sign what was given to him when he was badly wounded during the 1. world war. I don't know the other one. He does not hold a paper. It is a long bone out of a cows leg. The picture was taken in Russia when he was a manager of a meat factory which hat to supply the soldiers. I can remember that stick. When I used to be very very naughty and I had told him lies he hit my back with it. The only time he hit me.

E-MAIL: from Jurgen Gehrt to Albert Hofmann, dated October 8, 2005, in response to a request from Albert Hofmann for military pictures of Ernst Gehrt.

I found some pictures of my father. Two are from 1921, when he was a policeman in Hamburg. He had a very good prospect (perspective). But he gave up that job, because my mother and her mother were afraid he might get killed because at that time the communists made street fightings every day and many people were killed. One picture is from wwI, don't know which year. I think it is from 1914, for when the soldiers were at the front line there was no opportunity to take pics.

E-MAIL: Jurgen Gehrt to Albert Hofmann, September 9, 2005

See, when my father was a war prisoner in Norway. We did not hear from him from May (end of war) to December 22. Suddenly he was standing in the door 2 days before Christmas in that little village (*Gronwold*, green wood), where my mother and I lived during the war– We had two rooms in the loft of the old school house, no kitchen and the lavatory was a small cold house in the garden. When father arrived we had nothing to burn for the old big oven. The day before Xmas he lent a wagon and a horse and we drove to a near forest where he loaded trees and bushes and on the top of that load he put a christmas tree. And so we had a nice warm room and our father back at home.

E-MAIL: from Jurgen Gehrt to Albert Hofmann, September 25, 2005
Hi Bonnie and Al,
the essay about the life during the Hitlertime in Wandsbek reminds me on many similar details what happened also to me, though I was only a little boy. I don't remember that time as not too bad, because children do not notice the political things around them. When my mother and I lived at the small village near Hamburg I went to school at a two-room school. Pupils from 6 to ten were in one room, from 11 to 14 years were taught in the other room. You could not learn too much at that time. Because my parents wanted me to go to the high school later, I and another boy were taught privately by the teacher in the afternoon. From March to Oktober 1945 no lessons were given, because the withdrawing German soldiers stayed in our village and they had their tailor and shoemaker workshop in the schoolrooms. When the English came they used the schoolhouse as a canteen. We kids were waiting at the door and when the soldiers came out some of them gave us sandwiches. They took us for a ride in their jeeps and their tanks and one gave me a whole roe (deer). My mother and I fastened it to the window frame and pulled off the coat and cut the meat. During that time at the village we did not go hungry. The bad time started in 1946 when we came back to Hamburg.

E-MAIL: from Jurgen Gehrt to Albert Hofmann, October 2, 2005

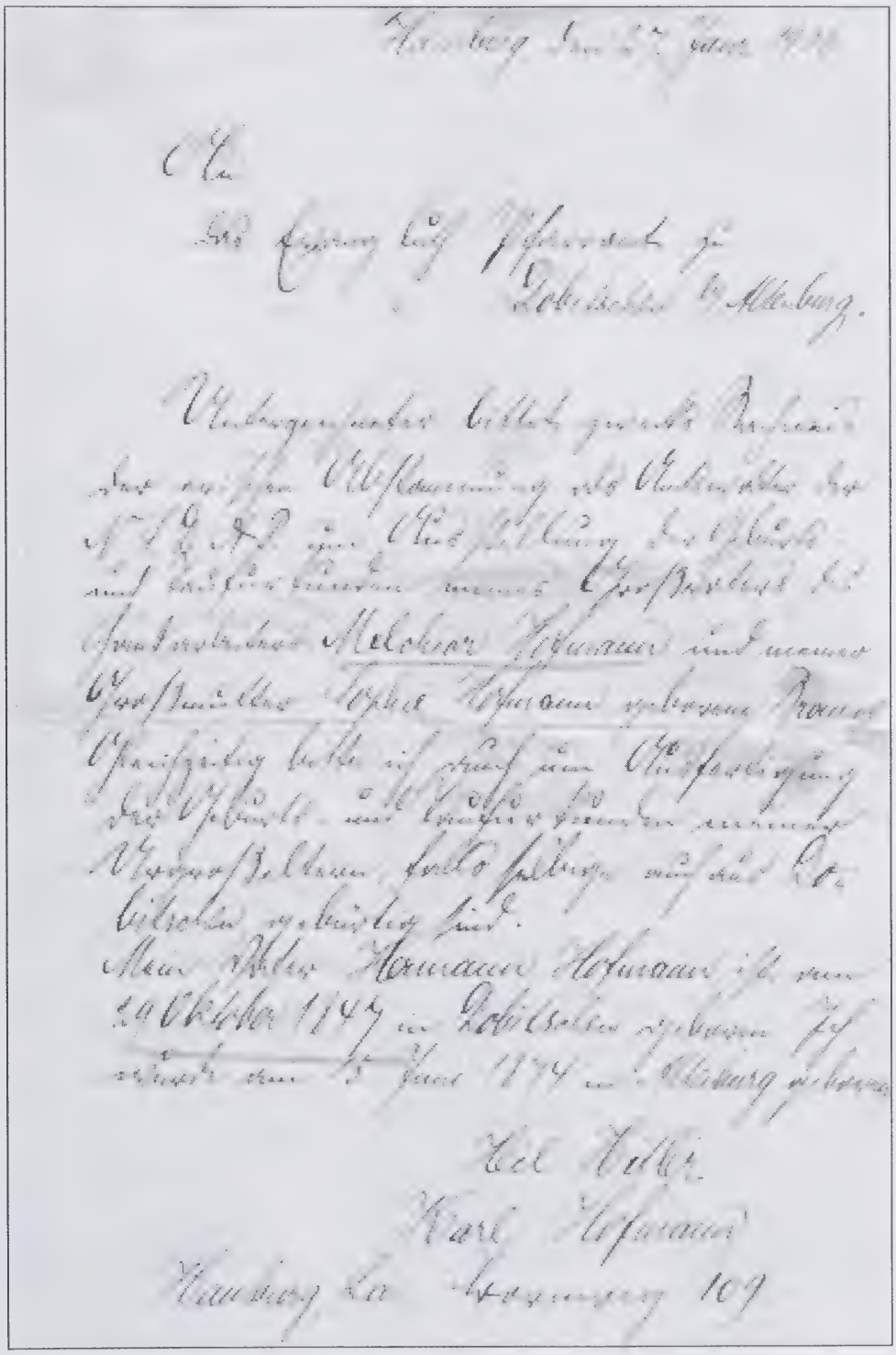
My father borne in 1898 came to war 1916. He was a machine gun man in the front row (front line). Shortly bevor the end of the war he was wounded. He was hit into the chin and lost a couple of teeth. I'm not sure where he fighted. I'm so bad at history, I even do not know which countries were in war with us in wwI! But he was in Russia, when he was wounded. When father came from hospital 1918 he just arrived home on that day when they buried his father, who died from influencia age of 60. Next letter soon, Jurgen.

(right) A stageset depicting Wandsbek during WWII

#64 MELCHIOR HOFMANN (1812-)

Melchior Hofmann was born on March 19, 1812, and worked as a manual laborer, possibly on farms. He married Sophie Brommeoder Brumme on April 20, 1840. When his grandson, Karl Hofmann, joined the Nazi party, he had to prove that his descent was purely Aryan and contained no Jewish ancestors. To that end, he wrote the parish in Dobitschen, requesting church records to serve as proof of his claim. The pastor was required by law to send him the records that he needed and did so.

Karl wrote in the Sutterlein script in the clear hand of a professional clerk:



Hamburg den 27 Juni 1938

An

das Evang. luth. Pfarramt zu

Dobitschen b. Altenburg.

Untergeschneter bittet zwecks Nachweis der arischen Abstammung als Ankwalter der N.S.D.A.P. um Ausstellung der Geburts- und Taufurkunden meines Großvaters des Handarbeiters Melchior Hofmann und meiner Großmutter Sophie Hofmann geborene Brumme. Gleichzeitig bitte ich auch um Ausfertigung der Geburts- und Taufurkunden meiner Urgroßeltern, falls selbige auch aus Dobitschen gebürtig sind.

Mein Vater Hermann Hofmann ist am 29 Oktober 1847 in Dobitschen geboren. Ich wurde am 5 Juni 1874 in Altenburg geboren.

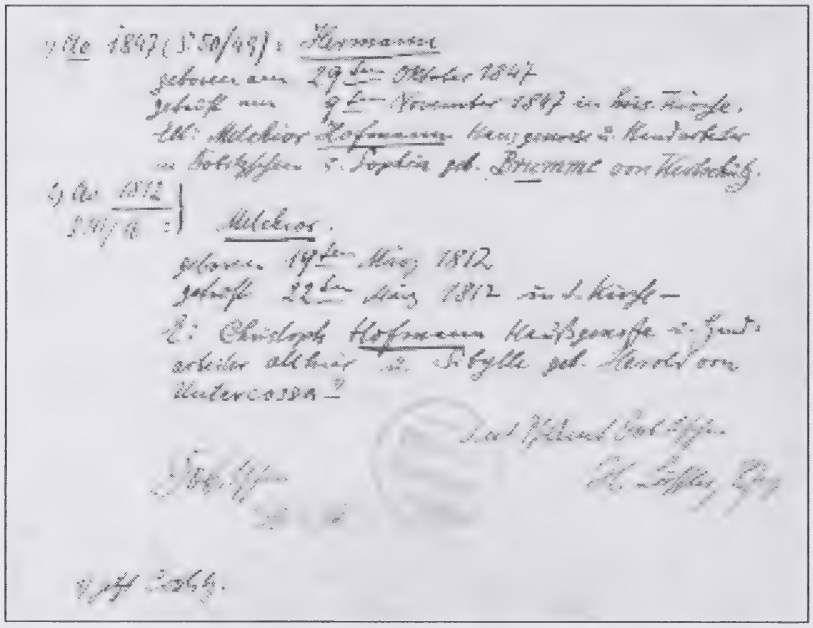
Heil Hitler

Karl Hofmann

Hamburg La Hornweg 109

The letter says, "Hamburg 27, 1936, to the Evangelical-Lutheran Church in Dobitschen by Altenburg. For the purpose of proving Aryan ancestry as an official of the NSDAP, the undersigned requests a copy of the birth and christening record of my grandfather, laborer Melchior Hofmann, and of my grandmother, Sophie Hofmann nee Brumme. At the same time I would request a copy of the birth and christening record of my great-grandparents, should they also have been born in Dobitschen. My father, Hermann Hofmann, was born on 29 October 1847 in Dobitschen. I was born on 15 June 1874 in Altenburg. Heil Hitler! Karl Hofmann, Hamburg-Langenborn, Wornweg 109."

On the other side of the paper on which Karl wrote this letter, the pastor scribbled some notes, saying that Melchior Hofmann and Sophia Brumme had been married in the parish of Melna in Gollnitz, that there was a birth record for Sophia in the same place, that two documents were being sent to Karl at a fee of 1.20 Reichsmark and that payment should be sent to account 8748 of the Thuringian State Bank in Altenburg. The pastor found the birth records of Melchior as well as his son Hermann.



That is, "(Ao. 1847, S. 50/49) Hermann Hofmann, born 29th October 1847; baptized on 9th November 1847 in this church. His father, Melchior Hofmann, resident and manual laborer in Dobitschen married Sophia nee Brumme of Kurtschutz. (Ao 1812, S. 41/16). Melchior Hofmann, born 19th March 1812; baptized 22nd March 1812 in this church. His father, Christoph Hofmann, resident and manual laborer, married Sybille nee Herold of Untercossa."

Architecture common to Thuringian villages.

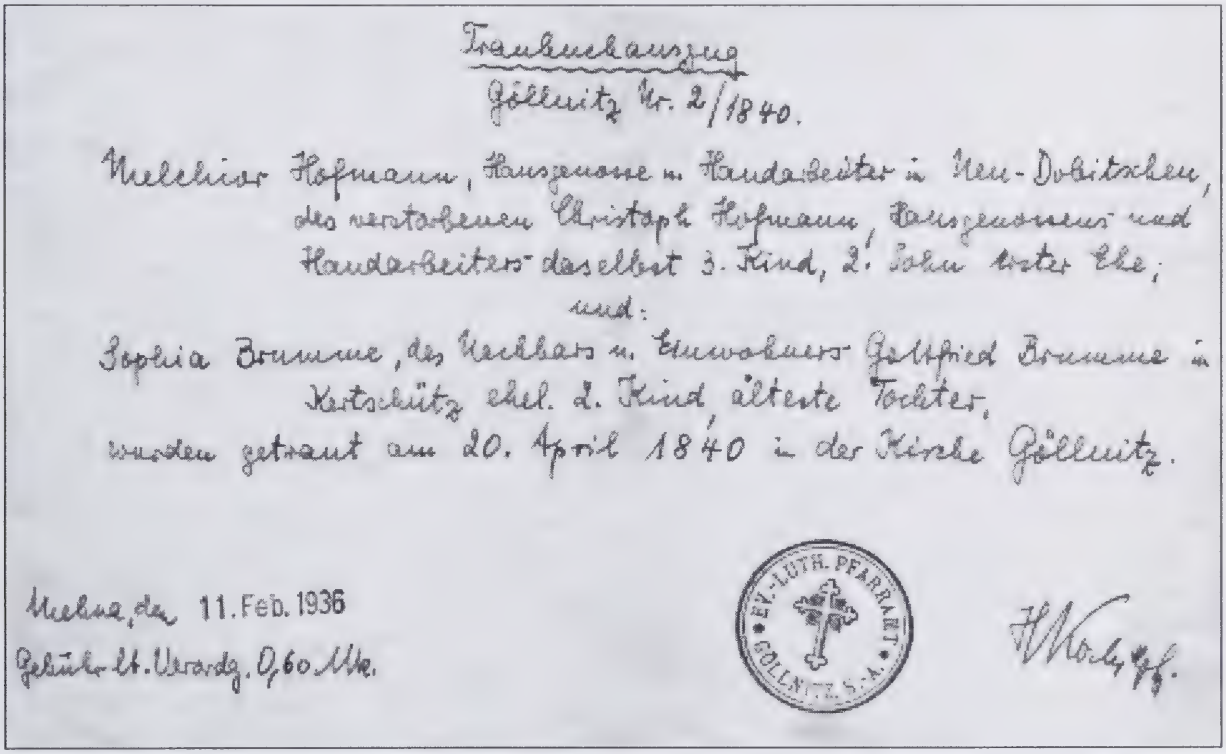
#65 SOPHIE BRUMME (HOFMANN) (1814-?)

Sophie Brumme was born in Kertschutz, Germany, on June 10, 1814. Most of what we know about her comes from the record of her marriage sent to Karl Hofmann upon his request. It states that she was the "legitimate child and eldest daughter of citzen and resident Gottfried Brumme in Kertschutz." The records of the Evangelical-Lutheran Church of Gollnitz tell us that her father was the legitimate eldest son of Christoph Brumme and his wife Anna, nee Schade, both of Burkersdorf. Gottfried was born April 10, 1786, and baptized at the church in Saara (Baptism register 1786/12. Saara. Record requested March 3, 1936, and was sent upon payment of a ,60 reichmarks.) As the register says that Gottfried was the son of Christoph's first marriage, it is obvious that Christoph married more than once.

Gottfried married Christine Gentsch, the only daughter of Christoph Gentsch of Burkersdorf on May 31, 1808, at the Evangelical Church of Gollnitz. At that time, however, they are listed as residents of Kertschutz. Although they undoubtedly had a number of children, the only one we know of is their daughter Sophie who married Melchior Hofmann in Gollnitz on April 20, 1840.

Christine and Gottfried were both the children of men who made harness for coaches or wagons of some sort: George Gentsch of Kertschutz and Christoph Brumme of Burckersdorf. Like most of our Hofmann/Hartung ancestors, they were the children of tradesmen. That, again, is not surprising, as people rarely married out of their class.

There was some confusion about the occupation of Gentsch and Brumme initially. Jurgen Gehrt translated *schirrmacher* as *harness maker* because *schirr* means *harness*. But my professional translator translated *schirrmacher* as *wagonmaker*. I was puzzled about this until I read at tr62.de/occupation/groups.htm that farmers would make most of the parts of their wagons themselves and have made by skilled manual workers the parts that they could not make themselves. I am thinking that Gentsch and Brumme must have made the leather parts of the wagons, perhaps the reins, for example or maybe there were leather fasteners or some sort.


Trauungsauszug
Göllnitz Nr. 2/1840.

Melchior Hofmann, Hausgenosse u. Handarbeiter in Neu-Dobitschen, des verstorbenen Christoph Hofmann, Hausgenossen und Handarbeiters daselbst 3. Kind, 2. Sohn erster Ehe;
und:
Sophia Brumme, des Nachbars u. Einwohners Gottfried Brumme in Kertschütz ehel. 2. Kind, älteste Tochter,
wurden getraut am 20. April 1840 in der Kirche Göllnitz.

Mehna, den 11. Feb. 1936
Gebühr lt. Verordg. 0,60 Mk.

EV.-LUTH. PFARRAMT GOLLNITZ S.-A.

H. Hock, Pf.

Extract from the marriage records, Gollnitz, no. 2 of 1840
Melchior Hofmann, resident and laborer in Neu-Dobitschen, third child and second son of the first marriage of the deceased Christoph Hofmann, resident and laborer in Neu-Dobitschen, with Sophia Brumme, legitimate second child and eldest daughter of citizen and resident Gottfried Brumme in Kertschutz. The marriage took place on 20 April 1840 in the church in Gollnitz. Mehna on 11 February 1936. Fee as stipulated by law: 0,60 Reichsmark (seal) H. Hock, Pastor

Gollnitz is a town near Dobitschen.

Extracted birth record of Gottfried Brumme, son of Christoph Brumme of Burkersdorf and his wife Anna Schade

Ev.-luth. Pfarramt Saara
Post Lehndorf, Kreis Altenburg, Thür.

G e b u r t s u r k u n d e .

Gottfried Brumme, Sohn des Christoph Brumme in Burkersdorf und seiner Ehefrau Anna geborene Schade von Burkersdorf, wurde am 1o.4.1786 in Burkersdorf geboren und am 11.4.1786 in der Kirche zu Saara getauft.
Taufregister: 1786/12.
Saara, den 4.3.1936.
Gebühren: 0.6o Rm.

Ev. luth. Pfarramt Saara & Lehndorf S/A.

Christoph Brumme, Nachbar u. Einwohner, wie auch Schirrmacher in Burckersdorf

George Gentsch, Nachbar u. Einwohner, wie auch Schirrmacher in Kertschütz

Mehna 24. Feb. 1936

Ev.-luth. Pfarramt Gollnitz S.-A.

Back side of extracted marriage record of Gottfried Brumme and Christina Gentsch showing their parents' names and the cities in which they lived.

Extracted record of Sophia Brumme's birth

Auszug aus den Geburts = und Taufnachrichten bei der Kirche zu

Jg.: 1814 Reg.Nr.: 5, Göllnitz

Sophia Brumme

~~Sohn~~/Tochter Kind des

Gottfried Brumme, Häusler u. Einwohner zu Kertschütz,

und der Christine, geb. Pentsch

wurde am 7. Juni 1814

Eintausendachthundert ~~siebenhundert~~ vierzehn in Kertschütz

geboren und am 10. Juni 1814 in der ev.

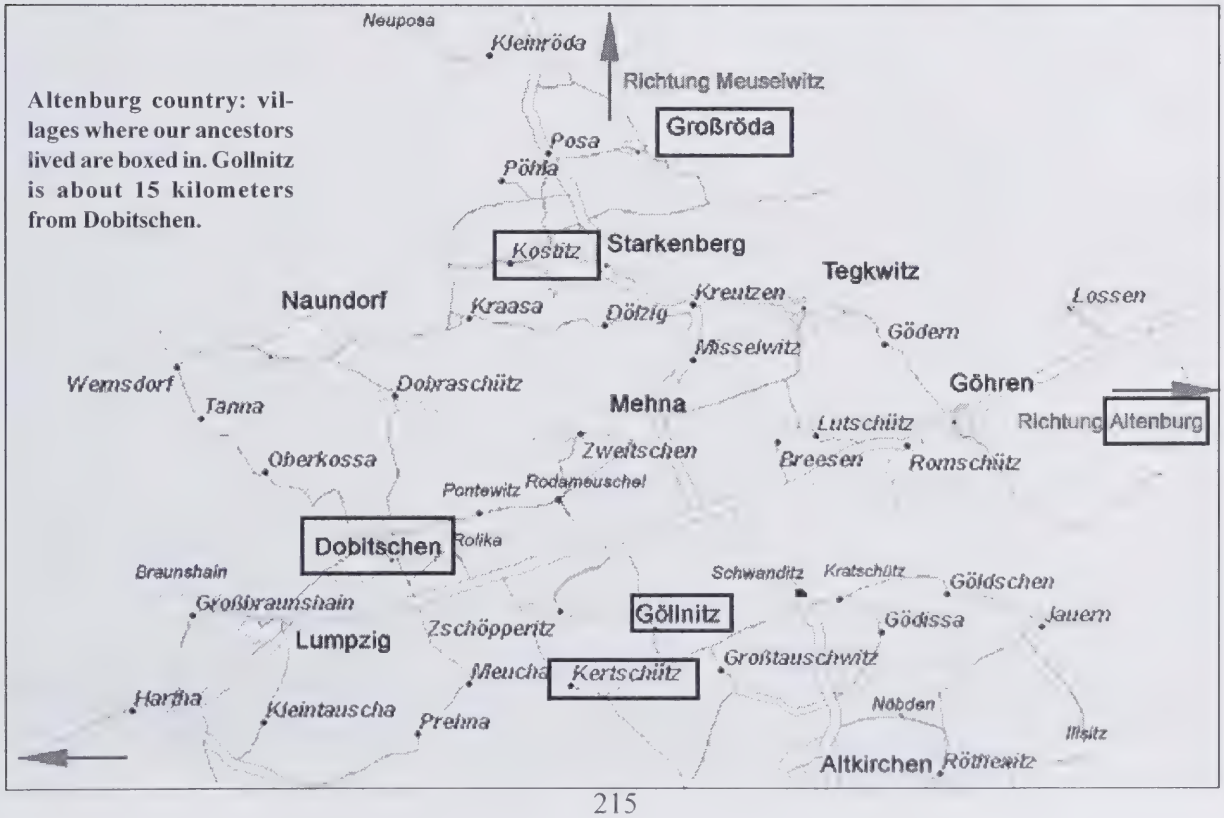
Kirche Göllnitz getauft.

Die Richtigkeit des Auszuges bescheinigt

Mehna den 11. Feb. 1936 193

evang. Pfarramt.

EV.-LUTH. PFARRAMT GÖLLNITZ



Altenburg country: villages where our ancestors lived are boxed in. Gollnitz is about 15 kilometers from Dobitschen.

#128 CHRISTOPH HOFMANN (1780–before April 20, 1840)

Christoph Hofmann was born in 1780 and made his living as a farm worker in Neu-Dobitschen. In addition to the various social levels that existed outside a village, a person living in early 19th century Germany would have been subject to the same sort of hierarchy within his own village. The population of a rural village was obviously made up almost entirely of people who made their living off the land but some were ranked higher than others. Land-owning farmers held the position of highest rank, but there were even social levels among them: *whole farmers*, *half farmers*, and *quarter farmers*, determined by the amount of land that they owned.

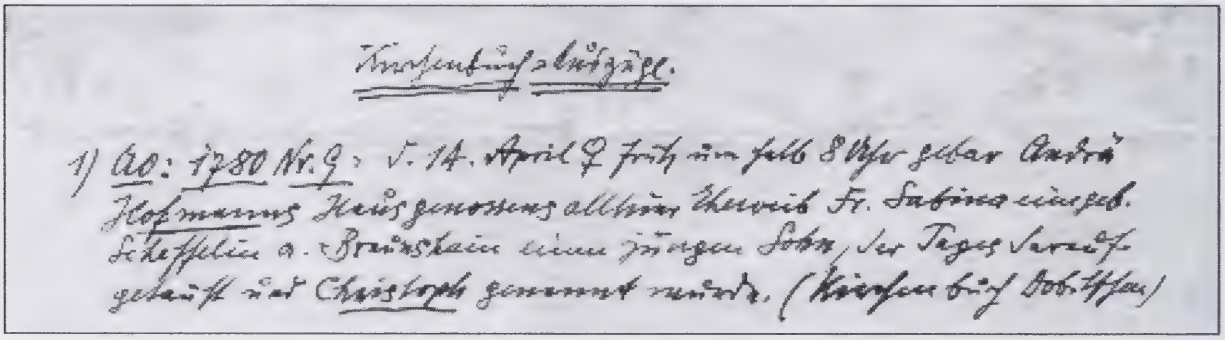
The wealthy land-owning farmers actually only possessed a part of a large farm; the rest belonged to a landlord or a church or a monastery to whom they paid taxes. Such a farmer would hold the important village positions such as village judge, governor, etc. Common farmers owned smaller farms which were also part of a fief. These farmers worked hard and were usually able to maintain a modest standard of living for their families. In 1800 most common farmers had just one ox and a team of horses and were under obligation in terms of things such as taxes to the owner the estate to which their property was attached.

After land-owning farmers in the village hierarchy came cotters who occupied a house on a small piece of property and subtenants who might not even have owned a home of their own or might have been younger, property-less children of farmers. The latter were on the same footing as tradesmen such as smiths, weavers, and tanners. Below them were municipal employees such as the priest or teacher, herdsmen such as Christoph's father, and the night watchmen. The lowest in the ranking were male and female servants and farm hands such as Christoph himself who were often paid in produce or bread in lieu of wages. (www.felix-game.ca/html_files/gfarmer2.html)

Men like Christoph were essentially day laborers (*tageloehner*), working for the other farmers, being paid day wages. They made up between 20 and 40% of the people in a village; were very, very poor; and had many children, many of which died immediately after their births. Christoph would have possessed not much more than a cottage, a vegetable garden, and perhaps, if he were fortunate, a goat and some chickens. In 1800 the daily twelve-hour wage for a *tageloehner was* 1/10th of a florin. Consider that a horse cost about 100 florins, a bull about 40 florins, and a cow, about 15 florins, and it is easy to see why he would not have owned much of anything. (www.geisheimer.org/info/germ/village.htm)

Christoph, therefore, married somewhat above his station when he took for his wife the daughter of a master weaver. More than anything else, the social class of the village into which a person was born determined his whole life. So this marriage must have been no mean feat at that time. A craftsman's daughter married a craftsman. It was generally only after a disaster such as a plague or a war that social classes intermixed. So how the daughter of a master craftsman came to marry a farm worker is a bit of a mystery. One wonders if Christoph were particularly handsome and charming or if the daughter were particularly unappealing or if indeed some catastrophe had struck the village and shaken up the order of things.

Whatever the case, Christoph married Sibilla Herold, born September 29, 1778, in Kostitz, Germany. Kostitz was one of a dozen or more small villages near Dobitschen. So he did not go far from home to find a wife. How many children they had and what became of them is not known. However, Christoph had died by 1840 when his son Melchior married, as note was made of that on Melchior's marriage certificate.


Kirchenbuchsauszüge.

1) Ao: 1780 Nr. 9. v. 14. April 7 früh um halb 8 Uhr gebar Andrä Hofmanns Hausgenossens allhier Ehewib Fr. Sabina eingeb. Scheffelin a. Braunshain einen jungen Sohn, der Tags darauf getauft und Christoph genannt wurde. (Kirchen bis Dobitschen)

(An extract from the church records of the Evangelical-Lutheran Parish of Dobitschen. It says, "In the year 1780, entry no. 9. On 14 April at 7:30 a.m. Sabina nee Scheffel of Braunshain, wife of local citizen Andra Hofmann, gave birth to a son who was christened the next day and given the name Christoph."

#129 SYBILLA HEROLD (1778-?)

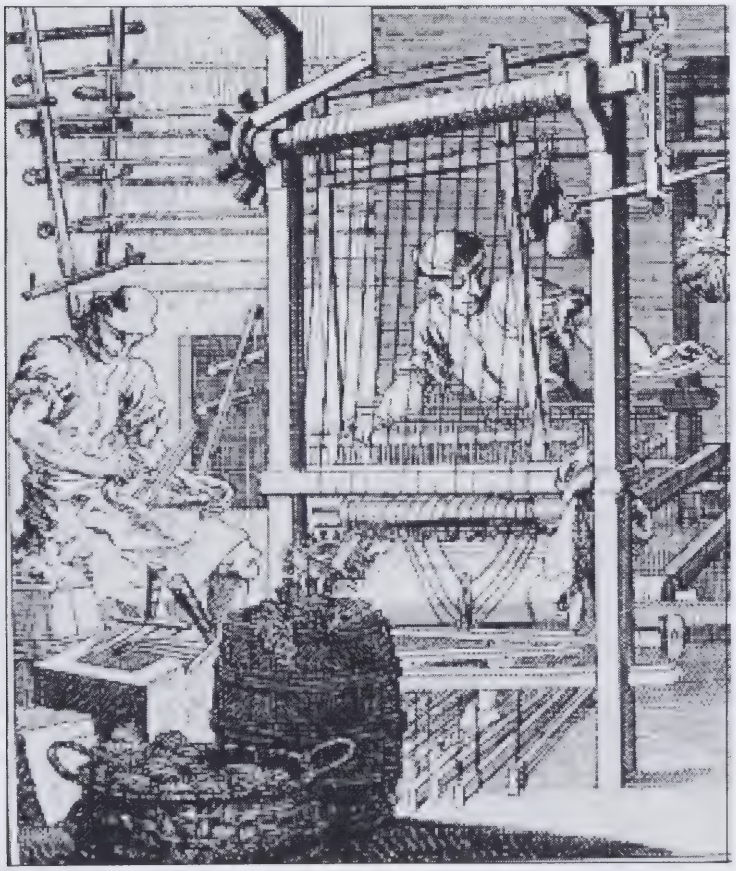
We know from the church records of the Evangelical Church of Grossroda in the state of Thuringen that Sybilla was born September 29, 1778, in Kostitz, yet another village near Altenburg and Dobitschen, and baptized in the church at Grossroda (*Crossroad*) on October 1. Her mother was Sibilla Gabler of Kostitz. Her father was Gottfried Herold, a master linen weaver. Sybilla herself would have likely worked along with her parents at that trade, as generally all family members contributed in a cottage industry, each taking on tasks appropriate to his age and skill level.

It was common for a farmer of that day to reserve approximately two acres of land for the cultivation of flax, a slender, grass-like, annual with narrow leaves that blooms with light blue flowers in early summer. When a field is in bloom, it looks from a distance like a lake. I saw many such fields in England. Flax was planted in early spring, and grew to a height of 18 to 30 inches. When the seed-pods replaced the flowers, the flax was ready to harvest, by pulling the plant from the ground, rather than cutting it. The linen that Gottfried Herold would have woven would have been stronger than what we have today precisely because it was harvested in the old way. Today flax is cut by machine which reduces the length of the fibers. It is the greater length of the fibers which increases the strength of the fabric.

After the flax had been harvested, the seed pods would have been removed from the plant by using a flax flail, a heavy wooden beam about four inches square and two feet long, with a crooked handle along one side. Flax was spread on the barn floor and the farmer would pound on the flax, separating the seeds from the stalk. The fibers that are used to produce linen are found inside the stalk. In order to get to those fibers, the flax was wet in order to dissolve the "glue" that bound the flax to the stalk. Then the flax stalks were placed inside a *break*, a wooden device which crushed the stalk. Other devices such as *heckles* and nail-studded *combs* were used to successively break down the stalk more and more until the fibers could be reached. Coarser fibers were used to spin tow, a coarse fabric used for feed bags and the like--such as the cloth used in slaves' clothing in America. Silkier fibers were used for better quality linen.

The women and girls of a household would spin the fibers into thread, usually during the winter. The Saxony wheel was very popular in Germany at the time the Herolds were weaving. When they had spun enough thread, they would take it to a weaver. Very few 18th century households owned their own full-sized looms which were very large and expensive pieces of equipment for the most part owned and operated by those like Gottfried who were weavers by trade. However, households might have small looms upon which narrow cloth could be woven. Gottfried would have been paid in cloth which he could then sell. He would keep a certain percentage of the cloth that he wove. The entire process from seed to clothes could take a year or longer to complete, so linen clothing was patched and passed down until it was no longer of any use. Even then, the linen rags were collected by paper mills and converted to paper.

Once the thread had been given to Sybilla's father, Gottfried, he would have strung it on his loom and proceeded to use the simple tools of his profession to make cloth. They consisted of the loom itself; one or more *sword beaters*, which are made of flat wood, pointed at both ends and beveled on both edges; and a *hook beater*. Thread was strung to form the *warp* (lengthwise threads). The sword beater assisted in opening the *shed*, the space between the two sets of threads into which the crosswise yarn (the *weft*) was placed. When turned on its side, it created tension, which is essential for a tight weave. A shuttle, a simple stick on which the weft yarn is placed was wound in figure-eights and passed through the shed each time the weaver pushed down or lifted up the sets of warps not secured yet.



Linen weavers were a bit more fortunate than cotton weavers in that linen thread did not lend itself to factory use. The principal difficulty arose through the hardness and inelasticity of the linen yarns which broke under the tension to which it was subjected by factory looms. Still, they were considered the lower class amongst the tradesmen along with ropemakers, and tanners. So it is not likely that the Herolds had much in the way of extra cash, though perhaps they were better off than most, as Gottfried was at least a *master* linen weaver. As such he would have had apprentices and journeymen working for him.

Unfortunately, he would likely have had to cope with the problem of being fleeced by the landlord who owned the estate upon which he lived as well as the linen dealers who determined what price he would have gotten for his cloth. In that, he would have been of the last generation to be controlled by the remnants of a feudal state.

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Auszug aus dem Taufregister

der evangelischen Pfarrkirche Grossröda in Thüringen

Jahrgang 1778 Seite 252 Nr. 15

Alle für die Abstammung wichtigen Angaben, die in dem vorbezeichneten Eintrag enthalten sind, müssen wiedergegeben werden; auf andere Einträge darf jedoch zur Ausfüllung nicht zurückgegriffen werden.

Täufling:	Name, Vornamen: H e r o l d, Sibilla Geburtstag: 29. (neunundzwanzigste) September 1778 Geburtsort: K o s t i t z über Altenburg Thür. Tauftag: 1. Oktober 1778 in der Kirche zu Grossröda Sonstige Angaben:
Eltern:	Vater: Name, Vornamen: H e r o l d, Gottfried Beruf: Woll- und Leinswebermeister Mutter: Geburtsname, Vornamen: G a b l e r, Sibilla aus Kostitz Wohnort der Eltern: K o s t i t z über Altenburg Thür. Sonstige Angaben:
Sonstige für die Abstammung wichtige Angaben:	z. B. Angaben über den Erzeuger eines unehelichen Kindes, über Paten, die als Verwandte des Täuflings erkennbar sind, usw.

Ort und Datum: M o n s t a b, 5. Februar 1936

Unterschrift: Meudner, Pfr.

Siegel der Pfarrei Monstab

Gebühr 0,60 Rm.

An extract from the church registers that notes the birth and baptism of Sybilla Herold.

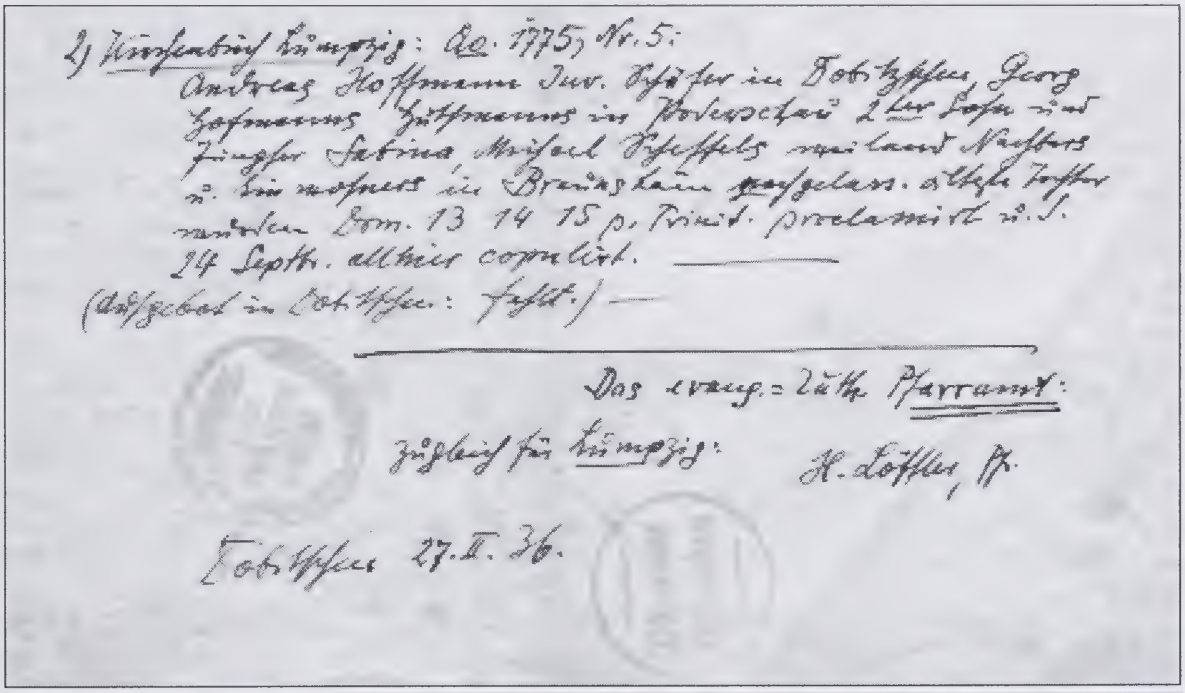
#256 ANDREAS HOFMANN (ca. 1750-)

Andreas Hofmann was born in Dobitschen and married Sabina Scheffel there on the 24th of September 1775. I think perhaps his full name was Andreas Christoph or Christoph Andreas, as the pastor writing Karl Hofmann about his ancestry noted that a Christoph Hofmann had married a Sabine Scheffel in 1775.

This extract from the Evangelical-Lutheran parish records in Dobitschen (1775, no. 5) says that Andreas Hofmann, unmarried sheepherder in Dobitschen, second son of the hatmaker Georg Hofmann in Poderschau, married Sabina, eldest daughter of the deceased resident Michael Scheffel of Braunshain. The banns were read on the 10th, 17th, and 24th of September, and the wedding took place on September 24th, 1775. An extract of their wedding record is reproduced below.

There does not seem much to say about a sheep herder. Basically, Andreas would take flocks of sheep out to graze whereever there was place for it, in the stubble left in mowed fields, in strips of grass between planted fields, and the like. The tools of his profession would have been a long stick and a herding dog to assist him in controlling flocks. One immediately thinks of German shepherd dogs, which date from the 7th century, but that breed was not bred for standard characteristics until the 1890's. Prior to the late 19th century, Germans would simply mate a dog with traits they liked to another dog whose traits they admired. This haphazard breeding nevertheless produced a distinctive dog which came to have the traits we associate with German shepherds today.

Andreas' dog would not have had the appearance that we would be familiar with today with that breed. In reality the appearance of the German Shepherd has changed radically since 1889 when Max von Stephanitz selected a working sheep dog named Horand von Grafarth with endurance, intelligence, and a remarkable native ability that required no direction to be the sire of the breed.



2) Kirchenbuch Kumpzig: Ao. 1775, Nr. 5:
Andreas Hoffmann Inv. Schäfer in Dobitzschen, Georg Hofmanns Hutmanns in Poderschau 2ter Sohn und Jungfer Sabina, Michael Scheffels weiland Nachbars u. Einwohners in Braunshain nachgelass. älteste Tochter wurden Dom. 13 14 15 p. Trinit. proclamirt u. d. 24 Septbr. allhier copulirt.
(Aufgebot in Dobitschen: fehlt.)

Das evang.-luth. Pfarramt:
zugleich für Kumpzig: H. Löffler, Pf.

Dobitschen 27.II.36.

Horand

German sheep herder

#512 GEORG HOFMANN (ca. 1725-)

Georg Hofmann, the most ancient of the known Hofmann ancestors worked as a hatmaker or was a cowherd in the small town of Poderschau, near Altenburg, then in the Prussian principality of Sachsen-Anhalt or Saxony but now in Thuringen. Poderschau is located in the central Eastern part of Germany.

This difference of opinion stems from translations of the marriage record of Georg and the marriage record of his son. Erich Hofmann translates the word which indicates Georg's profession in the former record as *cowherd;* my professional translator translates it in the second document as *hatmaker*. The explanation for the discrepancy may be as simple as that as a young man Georg was a sheepherder but had learned the trade of hatmaking by the time he was fifty and his son Andreas married.

As a hatmaker in the mid-to-late 18th century, Georg would have made a lot of tricorns. They were the most popular men's hat and were even worn by women, fancied up with trailing ribbons. It was interesting to learn that the tricorn because it was the custom to carry one's hat under one's arm--something much easier to do with a folded hat like the tricorn. The tricorn was hand-blocked, hand-sewn, made of wool felt or silk or furfelt with a bombazine or felt foundation and drawn with a cotton string. Towards the end of the century the bicorn came in--Napoleon's signature hat. Georg would also have made hats out of straw and even beaver.

If he were making a beaver hat, Georg would use a mold. After much time-consuming preparation of the fur, carding, weighing, etc., it was gradually applied to a revolving, perforated copper cone with the aid of a suction device and smoothed with the hands. With the application of a spray of hot water, the fibers began to mat together into a durable fabric called *felt* (even if it were *fur*). The cone of wet fur was then tranferred to a hat mold while still soft and warm and worked into the desired shape. When the felt was dry, shellac was applied to the inside of the hat to help hold the shape. Molds would be used in a similar manner to form the crown of any felt hat such as a tricorn, although as a matter of fact, tricorns were made of beaver as well as felt.

By the mid-1800's Swiss and Italian straws, together with imitation straws made from paper, cardboard, grass, and horsehair were available for women's hats along with the introduction of velvet and tulle. Georg would need a brim for such hats. He would sew or block the felt or fabric onto a mold for that, then sew the brim and crown together. There would follow steaming, ironing, brushing, and lining. I do not know if Georg made women's hats, as I do not know if the word for *hatmaker* in German covered millinery.

Whatever he did to put food on the table, we can find some clues concerning the social conditions under which Georg and his family lived by reading a letter sent by Peter and Clement Studebaker, two immigrants living in Pennsylvania, back to their home in Germany in 1737. Published first in 1962, it was found in the archives of Bavaria; today a transcription of the letter can be found at www.studebakerfamily.org/1737letter.htm. Basically, it compares life in Germany and life in America. The Studebakers tell their brothers that unlike in Germany, that there is no reason to fear the authorities in America. "You can go to a person in authority in the same way as to a peasant. You don't have to take your hat off for a person in authority. They administer justice. Nobody suffers violence or injustice from them. They don't harm or vex anybody as they do you. When you sell something here, e.g., inheritance or tools, it does not concern the authorities....If a person lives a quiet and pious life, he may believe what he likes...Any man who is able and willing to work can make a lot of money here. ...For we are better off here rather than in Europe, because anyone who is willing to work can make a good living...In conclusion, anybody who is willing to work here can prosper and live well...When you think of Germany, you feel pity and horror."

While Georg did not live in Bavaria, it does adjoin Thuringia, where Georg did live. It seems logical to assume that the two states would have shared certain problems. It would appear that the Germany being described is still clinging to vestiges of feudalism in which the authorities–be they state or local– were still free to abuse the general populace with impunity and tax them perhaps more than was fair. It is likely that Georg would have lived with some fear or intimidation of those of higher rank than he.

And judging from the Studebaker's emphasis on work for those willing to work and prosperity for those who were willing to work, chances are good that those two things were not options in Germany. Prosperity would have stayed in the hands of the prosperous; Georg would have had no chance at it. Although, if Georg did rise from sheepherder to hatmaker, he certainly would have felt himself well off.